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SATAN AMONG THE BIOGRAPHERS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

By Satan I do not mean the evil spirit who goes about like a roaring lion. I have in mind the Satan who appears in the prologue to the Book of Job. He is the adversary, the one who presents the other side. When the sons of God came together, then came the adversary among them. He belonged to the assembly, but he sat on the opposition bench. He introduced questions which had occurred to him as he walked up and down upon the earth. His function was to challenge generally received opinions. There was Job. Everyone looked upon him as a man who was as righteous as he was prosperous. But was he? Satan suggested that his character should be analyzed. Take away Job's prosperity and let us see what becomes of his righteousness.

Now that critical spirit has entered into the biographers and influenced their attitude toward what they used to call the subject of their sketch. It used to be taken for granted that the tone of biography should be eulogistic. 'Let us praise famous men and the fathers who begat us.' This indicates how closely biography is related to genealogy. The text is often transformed into, 'Let us praise the fathers who begat us, and if we have sufficient lit-

erary skill we may make them famous.'

The lives of the saints have a great sameness, for it is necessary that they should be saintly. Even when their adventures are of the most astonishing character, the chronicler must throw in a word now and then to show that they are not acting out of character. Thus that wild Irish saint, Saint Brandan, who went careering over the Western Sea like another Sindbad the Sailor, must have a religious motive for his voyage. The chronicler declares, 'seven years on the back of a whale he rode, which was a difficult mode of piety.' Had Brandan been a layman, we might have admired him for his acrobatic gifts. Being a saint, we must see him balancing himself on the back of a whale as a pious exercise.

Biographers on the whole have been a rather modest folk and have had scant recognition in academic circles. Thus there are numberless professors of history — ancient and modern — but when recently a Minnesota college established a professorship of biography, the title seemed a strange one. The educational world has followed the example of Nature — so careful of the type, so careless of the single life.

But a new school of biography has

arisen, and it is of interest to compare it with the old. The great difference is in the attitude of the biographer toward his subject. The attitude of the old biographer was that of a painter who was commissioned to paint the portrait of a great man. He wished to make a likeness and to make it as lifelike as possible; but he had to recognize the proprieties. The painter is frankly on the outside, and can give only so much of character as is revealed in the countenance. So the biographer was dealing frankly with externals. What the great man did or said could be recorded, but what he meant could only be guessed. Every man's mind was his castle, and there were private rooms into which the public had no right to intrude. If a person were very inquisitive, he might, if he got the chance, peep in through the windows of the soul; but that was as far as he could go. He was necessarily an outsider.

But of late the biographer has become bolder and, instead of peeping in, has taken to breaking and entering. His method is described as 'penetrating.' We see him not only prowling in the consciousness, but penetrating into the most remote portions of the subconsciousness. We see him throwing his flashlight upon motives concealed from nearest friends. It is the era of the X-ray, and human character cannot escape the methods of research. The biographer attempts to show us a man's mind as viewed from the inside. How he gets inside is his business—not ours.

Let us compare John Morley's *Gladstone* with Mr. Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Morley takes his subject very seriously. Gladstone was a great man, and knew it, and so did everyone else. He lived in a great period and was an important part of it. Morley was a friend who followed his career with respectful but discriminating interest.

He was in a position to know a great many facts. But he did not intrude. A vast number of details are given, but the result of it all is that we feel that we are looking *at* Gladstone and not through him. We know what he did and what he said, and we know what interpretations his friend Morley put upon his words and actions; but we can only guess at his ulterior motives. We see the conclusions to which he came but not all the mental processes by which they were reached. Mr. Gladstone always appears to us clothed and in his right mind. If he had any un-lucid intervals, they are not a part of the record. As for exploring Gladstone's subconscious mind, his friend would as soon have thought of poking about in his host's pantry without asking leave. What did Gladstone think when he was n't addressing the public or preparing to address it? The biographer would say, 'That is none of your business, nor is it mine.'

The same impression is made by Trevelyan's *John Bright*. We feel that we know John Bright as well as his constituents knew him. It never occurs to us that we know him better.

Turn to Mr. Strachey's delightful biography of Queen Victoria. We have a surprise. We are conscious of a new sensation. To say that the book is stimulating is faint praise. It is intoxicating. Here is biography with its crudenesses and irrelevancies distilled away. We get the essential spirit.

It is not that we are behind the scenes as an ordinary playgoer who is allowed this novel experience, that he may see how things look on that side of the curtain. We are behind the scenes as a playwright who is also his own stage-manager may be behind the scenes. We feel that somehow we have an intimate knowledge of how the lights should be arranged to produce the best effects. We have no illusions ourselves,

but this allows us to watch the production of the play with keener intellectual interest.

We see Queen Victoria, not as her admiring subjects, with superstitious ideas about royalty, saw her, but as she would have seen herself, had she been as clever as we are. The revelation has all the charm that an autobiography would have if a person could speak about himself without vanity and without self-consciousness.

In reading the *Confessions* of St. Augustine or Rousseau, we feel that they are trying to tell the whole truth about themselves, but we are not convinced that they have succeeded. They confess certain sins that attract their attention; but what of those failings which St. Paul describes as 'the sins that so easily beset us'? Some of these beset a person so closely that he does n't know that they are there. There are certain commonplace faults which are seldom confessed by the most conscientious. I have never come across an autobiography in which the writer drew attention to the fact that his friends often found him a little wearing.

Mr. Strachey gives us Victoria's autobiography written by somebody else who saw through her. There is an awareness of all her limitations and a cool appreciation of her middle-class virtues. We sympathize with her efforts to live up to her station in life. We see her successes and admire her pluck. When she makes mistakes we recognize that she is thoroughly conscientious. Her judgments are often shrewd. She is rather muddle-headed in regard to the new problems of the day, but not more so than her constitutional advisers. She is a real character, and we know her in the same way that we know Becky Sharp and Mrs. Proudie. We feel that we not only know what she did, but we know the moving why she did it. We know also

why she did not do more. It was because it was n't in her to do more. And her environment was exactly fitted to her personality. We feel that it was no mere coincidence that she lived in the Victorian Age.

In *Eminent Victorians*, Mr. Strachey reversed the methods practised by writers like Walter Scott. They took some well-known historical character and allowed their imagination to play about it. The result was Historical Romance, or Romance founded on fact.

Mr. Strachey takes well-known historical characters of the last generation, like Arnold of Rugby, Cardinal Manning, Chinese Gordon, and Florence Nightingale, and shows us that they have become in a short time little better than noted names of fiction. Every man is his own myth-maker and his friends and enemies collaborate in producing something quite different from the reality. The ordinary biography is, therefore, little more than a collection of facts founded on a fiction. The problem, then, is not simply to reëxamine the facts, but to rearrange them so that they will tell a true story and not a false. The biographer is like a typesetter. He must first distribute the type and then set it up again to form new words and sentences.

No saint in the calendar had a legend more firmly fixed and authenticated than Florence Nightingale. The public not only knew what she did, but was convinced that it knew what kind of a person she was. She was the lady with the lamp, the gentle ministering angel who went about through the hospitals in the Crimea. She was the one who brought the feminine touch to war.

Mr. Strachey does not change the outlines of her story. That is a matter of historic record. She did all and more than we have been taught to believe. But he shows Florence Nightingale as an altogether different kind of a person.

The feminine gives way to a masterful personality. Florence Nightingale was the stuff that successful politicians and captains of industry are made of. She appears as a formidable person, abrupt in manner, often bitter in speech, the terror of evil-doers, and still more the terror of incompetent well-doers. She was strong minded, neurasthenic, intense in her antipathies, and not pleasant to live with; but she got things done.

She was born in a wealthy family. She wanted to have her own way, but was never quite sure what it was to be. This was an endless trouble to her family, who never knew what to do with Florence, or rather what Florence would let them do for her.

When marriage was suggested, she writes, 'The thoughts and feelings I have now I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties I have always felt essential to me. Everything has been tried — foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God, what is to become of me?'

Then came the Crimean War with the breakdown of the hospital service. At last she had her own way and it proved a gloriously right way. She won immortal fame.

The war ended, and Florence Nightingale had fifty years of invalidism. But she was the same energetic, pugnacious personality. Almost to the end she refused to wear the halo prepared for her by the public which she continued to serve faithfully and acrimoniously. We are made to feel that Florence Nightingale loved her fellow men, but not as an amiable person loves those friends whom he finds congenial. She loved mankind as a thoroughly conscientious person might love his enemies. 'Sometimes,' says Mr. Strachey, 'her rages were terrible. The intoler-

able futility of mankind obsessed her, and she gnashed her teeth at it.'

This is a triumph of biographical reconstruction. We see Florence Nightingale as great and good, though with very different virtues.

When I turn to Arnold of Rugby and Chinese Gordon, I begin to have misgivings. Mr. Strachey's portraits are marvelously clear, but there is something lacking. Looking through the eyes of Thomas Hughes and Dean Stanley, we see Dr. Arnold as a great man. We cannot expect Mr. Strachey to share their awe, for Dr. Arnold was not his schoolmaster. But we do not feel that he accounts for the impression the Doctor made on those who knew him.

As for General Gordon, we see him not through the eyes of a hero worshiper, but as he appeared to one who had no sympathy with his enthusiasms. That irony which is delightful when playing around the figure of Queen Victoria seems out of place when directed toward the hero of Khartum. There was a touch of fanaticism about Gordon, just as there was about Cromwell. But Carlyle's Cromwell stands out against the background of eternity, and is justified. Strachey's Gordon stands condemned against a bleak background of common sense. Even the final tragedy is told without any relenting admiration. The whole thing was so unnecessary. When all was over, we are told of the group of Arabs whom Slatin Pasha saw, one of whom was carrying something wrapped in a cloth. 'Then the cloth was lifted and he saw before him Gordon's head. The trophy was taken to the Mahdi; at last the two fanatics met face to face.'

Thirteen years after, Kitchener fearfully avenged his death at Omdurman, 'after which it was thought proper that a religious ceremony in honor of Gordon should be held at the Palace in Khartum. The service was conducted by four

chaplains and concluded with a performance of "Abide with Me," General Gordon's favorite hymn. General Gordon, fluttering in some remote Nirvana the pages of a phantasmal Bible, might have ventured a satirical remark. But General Gordon had always been a contradictory person, even a little off his head perhaps — though a hero; and besides he was no longer there to contradict. At any rate, all ended happily in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring.'

What is it that offends in this? It is the unfairness not to Gordon but to his contemporaries. Gordon represented an ideal that belonged to his generation. It was British imperialism touched with a sense of responsibility for the government of the world. We have broken with imperialism, but we ought to be touched by the heroism. In brushing aside the judgment of his contemporaries with a touch of scorn, we feel the kind of unfairness of which Cato complained when, after he had passed his eightieth year, he was compelled to defend himself in the Senate. 'It is hard,' he said, 'to have lived with one generation, and to be tried by another.'

Each generation takes itself seriously. It has its own ideals and its own standards of judgment. One who has made a great place for himself in the hearts of his contemporaries cannot be dismissed lightly because he does not conform to the standards of another period. The visitor to Colorado is taken by his friends for a drive over the high plains in sight of the mountains. Pointing to a slight rise of ground that is little more than a hillock, the Coloradoan remarks: 'That we call Mount Washington, as it happens to be the exact height of your New Hampshire hill.'

The New Englander recalls, with shame at his provincialism, the time

when he thought Mount Washington sublime. When he recovers his self-respect, he remembers that a mountain is as high as it looks. It should be measured not from the level of the sea but from the level of its surrounding country. Mount Washington seen from the Glen looks higher than Pike's Peak seen from the window of a Pullman car.

In like manner a great man is one who towers above the level of his own times. He dominates the human situation as the great mountain dominates the landscape of which it is a part.

II

A very alluring opportunity is offered for the scientific study of personages who have made a great place for themselves in history. They have all of them been more or less ailing, and have had 'symptoms' of one kind and another. An American medical man has given us a number of volumes entitled *Biographic Clinics*.

Mr. Frederick Chamberlin has given us a large volume on *The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth*. Elizabeth is defended against the charges made by her enemies, but the defense is damaging to the romance which has gathered around her name. She is treated as if she were an out-patient in the General Hospital. The first thing, of course, is to take her family history. Then we have sixty pages of the medical history of Elizabeth Tudor.

The writer is most conscientious, and says, 'Items are numbered consecutively, accompanied by Elizabeth's age and the date of each. It is attempted to confine each disease or illness to one group.' In her long life she had a number of ailments. We are spared not one detail. Following the itemized health record, there are twenty-five pages of 'The Opinions of Medical Experts.' Mr. Chamberlin, who is not by pro-

fession a medical man, presented the data he had collected to the leading consultants, to get their opinion as to what was the matter with Queen Elizabeth.

Sir William Osler was rather brief in his answers to the questions. While agreeing that, judging from the records, the patient could hardly be said to be in good health, he says, 'Apart from the dropsy, which may have been nephritis, and the smallpox, the descriptions are too indefinite to bare any opinion of much value.' To Question IV — What was her probable health during the years for which there are no data supplied? — Dr. Osler answers, 'Impossible to say.'

Sir Clifford Allbutt is equally unsatisfactory. 'Would it be too much to say that after her fifteenth year she was practically an invalid with the possible exception of the years for which no data are supplied, directly or indirectly?' He answers, 'It would be too much.'

But Dr. Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons gives an opinion at great length, accompanied by a clinical chart. We learn that she had anemia, stomach and liver derangements, septic conditions of the teeth, and the pain in her left arm may have been from rheumatism.

The reader's apprehensions, however, are somewhat relieved by the consideration that all these ailments did not come at once but were scattered over a period of sixty-nine years. Dr. Keith adds very justly that the diagnosis would be more complete had the physician had an opportunity to personally examine the patient. 'In the case of Queen Elizabeth, the modern physician is separated from his patient by more than three hundred years; he has to attempt a diagnosis on historical data.'

By the way, it is interesting to see how the course of history modifies scientific opinion. When she was about

eighteen, Elizabeth had an illness which Dr. Howard at first diagnosed as the most extreme form of kidney disease. 'But,' he adds, 'it seems hardly possible that the subject of nephritis of so severe a type would live to be nearly seventy.' He therefore inclines to the theory that the trouble was 'acute endocarditis and mitral regurgitation'; and then he adds, with the fairness characteristic of a scientific man, 'The same objection to longevity might be raised to this diagnosis also.'

Modern pathology may throw light on some historical characters, but one feels that it has its limitations. Not only do the modern physicians find it difficult to make a complete diagnosis when the patient has been dead for three hundred years, but they find it difficult to keep to the highest standard of professional ethics when speaking of the practitioners of a former day.

Thus Sir Clifford, speaking of the doctors who treated Queen Elizabeth, says: 'My impression is that in the sixteenth century medicine was below contempt. In Queen Elizabeth's time Clowes did somewhat, and, possibly, Lowe; but really all the medicine of value was in Italy; and only by studying in Italy could our doctors then have known anything. Some few did, of course. The rest were hard-shell Galenish and quacks.'

This is rather hard, coming from a consultant of the twentieth century who was called into a case that belonged to medical men of the sixteenth century. The fact that these medical men had kept the patient alive for almost seventy years, while the modern diagnosticians would have given her up at twenty, ought to count for something.

I am willing to admit that pathological inquiries may have their uses for the biographer, but there are limits. In this sphere pathology may be a good servant, but it is a bad master.

The same may be said of psychology. The psychologist in his own sphere is a modest and hard-working person. The advancement of any science within its own territory is always slow work. If one is to get results he must work for them and share them with others.

III

But there is a border line between the sciences which is a fair field for adventure. The bold borderer, with a few merry men, may make a foray and return with booty. The psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have invaded the field of biography in force and are now engaged in consolidating their conquests. Biography is a particularly inviting field. To psychoanalyze a living person takes a great deal of time and patience. But to psychoanalyze historical personages and to point out their various complexes and repressions and conflicts is an inviting pastime. There is no one to contradict.

The old-time theologians in discussing predestination ventured into the recesses of the Divine Mind. Assuming that God both fore-knew and fore-ordained man's fall, they asked which had the priority, fore-knowledge or fore-ordination. Did God fore-know that man would fall and therefore fore-ordain that he should be punished everlastingly? So said the sub-lapsarians. With more rigid logic the supra-lapsarians contended that fore-ordination is absolute and independent of all contingencies. God fore-ordained man's creation, his fall, and his punishment in one decree, and of course he fore-knew that the decree would be fulfilled.

Theologians to-day are more modest and are inclined to admit that there are some things which they do not know. But there are biographers whose minds seem to be built on the high supra-lapsarian plan. When we open the

book we feel that everything is fore-ordained. There are no contingencies. The man's character being determined, the biographer presents us with the incidents which illustrate it. We know the kind of a person he is, and his deeds are pre-determined.

The clear-cut character sketches in which a man represents a single trait are interesting, but they are most sharply defined when we know only one incident. Some of the most familiar characters of the Bible are known only from a chance word or mere gesture. 'Gallio cared for none of these things.' Generations of preachers have held up Gallio as an example of the sin of indifference. He was the kind of man who, if he lived now, would neglect his religious privileges and forget to register at the primaries. But was Gallio that kind of a man? All we know about this Roman magistrate is that he dismissed a case over which he had no jurisdiction, and in regard to which he had little interest. Had we a glimpse of him on another day, we might revise our opinion.

The name of Ananias has been used as a synonym for habitual liar. But in the Book of the Acts it is not said that Ananias *told* a lie: all that is said is that he sold his possessions and laid part of the price at the Apostle's feet. In other words, Ananias did not, on this occasion, make a complete return of his personal property.

When this method is applied to persons whose lives are well known, there will always be a great deal of skepticism. How can we be sure that the clever writer has happened on the right clue to the character he undertakes to reveal to us?

In the *Mirrors of Downing Street*, and *Painted Windows*, and *Uncensored Celebrities*, we have interesting studies of character. We have snapshots of distinguished statesmen and churchmen.

But do we really get inside the minds of these persons; and, if we did, should we be as wise as we think we should be?

Take this question in regard to Mr. Lloyd George. The writer, speaking of that statesman's sudden change of front, asks, 'How came it that the most pronounced pacifist of a pacifist liberal cabinet, who had, six weeks before, begun a passionate crusade against armaments, on the fateful August 4, 1914, gave his voice for war?'

Now I venture to say that no biographer, furnished with the latest instruments of psychological precision, exploring the recesses of Mr. Lloyd George's mind but ignoring the tremendous events of crowded days, could give the right answer to that question.

Why does it happen that a quiet householder in Kansas, who is shingling his kitchen roof, is seen the next moment frantically digging himself out of a mass of débris? You cannot understand the sudden change of occupation by an intensive study of the Kansas mind — you have to take into account the nature of a cyclone.

The student of Mr. Lloyd George's mind says: 'He is always readier to experience than to think. To him the present tick of the clock has all the dignity of the Eternal. If thought is a malady, he is of all men most healthy. The more he advocates a policy, the less he can be trusted to carry it through.'

This is clever analysis, but the question intrudes — How does the writer know so much about what goes on inside of Mr. Lloyd George's mind? Why may he not be doing a good deal of rapid thinking while he is experiencing so vividly? And why may not this thought directed to the question of the moment be fairly accurate? Granted that he changed his mind rapidly, did he change it any more rapidly than the circumstances with which he had to

deal changed? Granted that he did n't bring anything to its logical conclusion. Amid the tremendous forces that were struggling in the world, could anything be brought to its logical conclusion? There is room here for honest doubt.

The biographer may well sharpen his wits by means of psychology, but he must not allow a formula to stand in the way of an individual. From the rigid supra-lapsarians we are always happy to escape to the biographers, ancient or modern, who are of the humanistic school. In their pages we see characters developing unevenly under the stress of circumstances. We cannot tell what a person is capable of doing till he does it; and even then we are not always sure that we have all his reasons. There is no programme that is followed. Unexpected things are all the time turning up and bringing into play powers which we had not looked for. We are compelled to revise our first impressions both of the man and his times. The more the individual is observed, the more individualistic he appears to be. He becomes less significant as a symbol and more interesting as a personality.

There, for example, is Plutarch's Cato. No attempt is made to analyze his character or to account for his idiosyncrasies. We see him just as he happened to be. He does n't correspond to any formula. He is just Cato.

Cato was gray-eyed and red-headed. He was a self-made man. He worked hard and liked to wear old clothes when he was in the country. He was fond of turnips and of cabbage. He was very thrifty, and when his slaves began to grow old he sold them to save the depreciation in his property. He disliked flatterers, but was not averse to praising himself. He loved sharp jests. He was a popular orator and a good soldier. When he was elected to office, he put a super-tax on articles of luxury; he cut the pipes by which wealthy household-

ers had surreptitiously drawn water from the public fountains; he reduced the rates of interest on loans, and conducted himself with such outrageous rectitude that all the best people turned against him.

All these incidents have to do with the outward life of Cato. Plutarch is content to set them down with the remark, 'Whether such things are proof of greatness or of littleness of mind, let each reader judge for himself.' Yet somehow they make the red-headed Roman seem very real to us. We know him in the same way that we know a contemporary. If we were to drop into Rome on election day and be told that the paramount issue was 'Anything to beat old Cato,' we should feel at home. We should probably vote for Cato, and regret it after the election.

We have this sense of complete reality in the characters of statesmen and soldiers which we come upon in the crowded pages of Clarendon. Here is Clarendon's Hampden. It is the portrait of a gentleman drawn by another gentleman who was his enemy. But one would prefer to have Clarendon as an enemy rather than another man as a friend.

John Hampden 'was a gentleman of good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world he indulged to himself all the license in sports, and exercises, and company, which was used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and above all a flowing courtesy to all men. . . . He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion with him but a desire of information and instruction;

but he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he left his opinions with those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. . . . He was indeed a very wise man and of great parts and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, that is, the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew.'

In Clarendon's eyes, John Hampden was a very dangerous man. 'He begat many opinions and motions, the education of which he committed to other men.' Of one thing we are not left in doubt. He was a very great man, though he fought on the wrong side.

'He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend.' It is after all these qualities have been acknowledged that Clarendon adds: '*His death therefore seemed a great deliverance to the nation.*'

No psychologist by the most painstaking analysis could produce the effect that these words make upon us. We are conscious of John Hampden's personality as a force against which strong men are contending. We not only see the man himself, but we see why some men loved him and others resisted him. He was part of a mighty movement, which he largely directed.

Biography cannot be reduced to a science, but it may rise into the finest of the arts. It is the art of reproducing not merely the incidents of a great man's life, but the impression he made on those who knew him best.

EVIL AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

BY ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK

I

THE new psychology appears to be making a discovery, the first promise of which is not yet perceived, even by the psychologists. This discovery is difficult to state, both because it is not yet fully made, and because it concerns the human mind, about which we know so little that we have not even words to express that little precisely. I will, therefore, ask the reader to forgive me if my statement fails to satisfy him.

It is being made in the effort to cure certain mental disorders, such as those which are called *phobias*. The phobia, it appears, has its origin in the mental history of the patient, in some shock or other mischance which he has forgotten. The fact that he has forgotten the origin is itself part of the cause of the phobia; and, if the origin can by some means be discovered and made known to the patient, then he will be able to cure himself of the phobia. The whole process, though seeming to work mechanically, is mental. It is like putting a machine in order, except that the machine knows that it is out of order and rights itself by becoming aware of the origin of its disorder. The healing knowledge comes from outside, from the psychoanalyst, yet it also comes as knowledge to the patient. It is absorbed mentally, just as medicine is absorbed physically; and then, like medicine, it works, the patient cannot tell how, but still mentally.

Now, as I have said, the full promise of this discovery is not commonly per-

ceived, even by psychologists; for, in the first place, they have not yet insisted that it can be extended to the errors and moral perversities of normal people; and, in the second, they are often prevented by certain unconscious assumptions of their own from seeing what a new light it throws upon the whole problem of evil. These two points are closely connected with each other, so that the first will lead me naturally to the second. I will, then, begin with the first, namely the extension of the discovery to the errors and perversities of normal people.

We are all aware, or should be, that our common method of dealing with each other's errors, namely, by controversy, is not successful; its failure is well expressed in the lines:—

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

That is to say, a man convinced against his will is not convinced. Indeed, you cannot convince him of any error, thoroughly established in his mind, by a rational process; for the error itself was not established by a rational process. The psychoanalysts, when they deal with a phobia, are aware of this. They do not argue with a patient, do not tell him that it is absurd to be afraid of edged tools or of open spaces, or what not. They know that argument in such cases is like rubbing a sore: it only makes the patient more aware of his disorder, and so more con-

vinced of its reality. The psychoanalyst's method is, rather, to assume that it is a mere disorder, to place it in the category of disease, not in that of reason; and to tell the patient how it has come about. Then, for the patient also, it passes out of the category of reason into that of disease; and, when he knows the cause of it, it becomes to him something finite, mechanical, external, and so loses its intimidating power over him. Instead of classing it with madness, he classes it with toothache; and this very classification, by separating it, as it were, from the whole system of his mind, is itself a cure.

Thus it is that we should deal with error, both in others and, finally, in ourselves. We should, to begin with, understand that the processes by which truth and error establish themselves in the mind are different; and, wherever we find error firmly established, we should seek for the cause of it and explain that cause to the person who is in error. Argument, in such cases, is worse than useless; for it treats error as if it were of the same nature as truth, takes it seriously, and assumes its origin to be rational. Further, when we attack a man's errors by argument, we enlist all his self-love in defense of them. They are to him part of himself; but, if he is to renounce them, he must be persuaded that they are not part of himself, but an accident that has happened to him, like a phobia.

Opinions or beliefs, once very firmly held, often vanish from our minds, without our knowing why or how they have vanished. We may think that some argument has destroyed them, and then wonder why we have seen the force of this argument at last, when we have been familiar with it so long without heeding it. In such cases the argument is usually a mere summons to surrender: the battle has really been

fought, and the victory won, in the unconscious; for the cause of our belief has, for some reason, disappeared, and the belief itself has remained only until challenged. The cause of a false belief is really an obstacle to perception of the truth, and, that obstacle removed, the truth is seen. At present, this removal of obstacles is often a matter of chance; but the discovery of the new psychology should help us to effect it deliberately, in ourselves and in others. The mere knowledge that there may be causes of our dearest beliefs, unknown to ourselves, should set us examining those beliefs with a new and more critical curiosity; for there is not one of us that really wishes to believe nonsense. We believe it because some particular credulity in our minds makes it appear to be sense; and credulity is always particular, not general; it is a tendency to believe, not any nonsense, but some favorite kind of nonsense. For it has always a particular cause; and, when once that is discovered, the beliefs in which the credulity expresses itself do not need to be argued with: they have lost their prestige for us, like an often repeated tune, the melody of which has turned to stale sentimentality. Yet, even when we have discovered the cause of a credulity, we seldom connect that discovery with the resulting change of belief. The change works in the unconscious, just as a patient is cured of a phobia without seeing how he is cured.

Suppose, for instance, that you believe more ill about someone than is true. That is because you have a readiness to believe ill about him — a credulity on that point for which there is a cause, not a reason. The credulity means a resentment against him, which, like a phobia, has power over you just because you are not aware of its cause. But then, suppose you suddenly become aware, by some means,

of the cause of this resentment — as that he has wounded your vanity, or has caused you some loss of income, or that for some reason you are afraid of him. This cause you have hidden from yourself because you wished to enjoy the resentment, and could do so only by rationalizing it; that is to say by believing that the man's actions and character justified it. But, the moment you are aware of the cause, the resentment itself loses its charm for you and is reduced to its proper proportions. Though, perhaps, the man has really behaved ill to you, your pleasure will no longer be in your anger, but rather in trying to be just in spite of it. You will judge yourself for your resentment, as well as him for provoking it. Your whole state of mind toward him will have lost its prestige and you will see it as having, not a reason, but a cause which it is your business to remove.

Resentments are just like phobias in this, that they are greatest and most dangerous to right thinking and feeling when the cause of them is unknown; then the mind is poisoned by them, as the body by a festering, covered wound. So, if you find yourself thinking and feeling about someone altogether in terms of some resentment, you may be sure that it has an unknown cause. Find the cause, and you will isolate the resentment from the rest of your mind. You will see it in its danger and ugliness, and have the will to rid yourself of it. We all have within us a will to be sane, and it acts as soon as we become aware of the caused insanity of any of our beliefs, of the feelings which make us credulous; for the beliefs are but a rationalizing of the feelings.

And this is true, not only of particular errors, such as we can detect in each other when we do not share them, but also of collective beliefs held by great masses of people, such as nations, or even by whole generations of

every nation. The way to destroy these also is, not to argue with them, but to discover their cause and state it clearly. Only so can their prestige be destroyed.

If, for instance, it can be shown that a theological belief has been developed and maintained by a priesthood in its own professional interests, then it will lose its prestige for the laity, and even for the priesthood. Or if it can be shown that the whole doctrine of *laissez-faire* had its cause in the desire of people with capital to get every possible advantage from their capital without doing violence to their consciences, then that doctrine also will lose its prestige, even for them. But in all such cases the cause must be discovered and stated with precision, so that it will be clear, even to unwilling minds. Then it will gradually and unconsciously work its effect upon them, and they will find themselves no longer able to believe what they have believed, for their own comfort. It is impossible for us to believe anything for our comfort, as soon as we know that that is why we have been believing it. The process of comforting belief must be unconscious. To make us conscious of it is to end it.

Behind most, if not all, of our common and persistent erroneous beliefs there is some kind of fear; they are of the nature of phobias, though the fear, being an *entirely* negative and, therefore, unpleasant feeling, disguises itself in some more positive form. And even beliefs not altogether erroneous are constantly tainted and perverted by an element of fear. For instance, the belief in God and the belief in immortality have, all through the ages, been perverted by fear; in fact our minds are infested with inherited and habitual phobias, against which, hitherto, we have had no defense, since we were not even aware of the distinction between them and rational beliefs, or that in

that distinction lay the promise of a cure. But now the promise has dawned upon us; and it remains to apply a scientific cure to all error, to discover and state its causes with precision. For, without precision of statement, there can be no conviction; but, with it, the conviction will come silently and irresistibly, since it will enlist the will to be sane, which is, in every man, on its side.

II

Unfortunately, the fulfillment of that promise is also hindered, as I have said, by certain unconscious assumptions of the psychologists, which make the promise itself seem a threat to the freedom of the mind. A great psychologist once said to me that he wished to free psychology altogether from philosophy. I answered that I did not know whether he could do it, or was right in trying to do it, but that he would certainly be right if he tried to free psychology from unconscious metaphysical assumptions. I was thinking of certain assumptions which seem to be often made by the Freudians, and which blind them to the promise of their great discovery. For they, finding the causes of evil in the mind, and by that means often removing the evil, make no distinction, in this matter, between right and wrong processes of the mind, but assume that the right processes are caused in the same way as the wrong.

That is their theory, but not, of course, their practice. They are able to remove a phobia from the mind by discovering its cause, but they do not try to remove a true belief by discovering its cause; and, if they did, they would find it impossible, not merely because the discovery of the cause would fail to remove the belief, but also because *the cause of true beliefs, and, indeed, of all right processes in the mind, cannot be discovered.*

The Freudian might admit this in the case of true beliefs; but he will not admit it in the case of other right processes. For instance, having discovered that many mental disorders are caused by the sexual instinct working in the unconscious, he is apt to assume that all the normal processes of the mind are controlled by the sexual instinct. He will tell you that all art is a disguised expression of the sexual instinct, because many failures and perversities of art can so be explained. And there are psychologists who will tell you that all morals are a product of the gregarious instinct, because we can often detect that instinct in bad morals. The assumption in both cases is that, behind the self and more real than the self, are a number of impersonal, and indeed mechanical, forces called instincts, into which the self can be analyzed away. As another psychologist once said to me: 'Freud bombs the self into fragments and then hands the fragments back to you with a complacent smile.'

We have a right to be suspicious of all theories that are incompatible with practice; and no theory is more incompatible with the universal practice of mankind, — and indeed of the Freudians, — than this. For in practice, as I have said, they seek among these instincts only for the causes of what is wrong with the mind; and they know when they have found these causes, because, by finding them, they are able to set the mind right. This test they cannot apply, even if they would, the other way. No one has ever yet destroyed a true belief by discovering its causes; *for true beliefs have reasons, not causes.* Further, no one has yet discredited a right morality by connecting it with the gregarious instinct; nor has anyone made good art seem bad, or deterred the artist from producing it, by asserting that it is an expression of the sexual instinct. We may find in the

egotism of mankind a cause for the once universal belief that the earth was the centre of the universe; we can find no cause for the belief that the sun is the centre of our solar system, except the fact that it is true.

We may see the working of the gregarious instinct in much conventional morality; we may even suddenly become aware of that instinct in our own morality; but to see it, is to discredit the morality. We are not aware of it in the morals of Socrates or of Christ, which are to us morals and arouse our sense of moral value because they revolt against the tyranny of the gregarious instinct. They are not caused as gregarious morality is caused; at least there is no cause which we can detect in them, which, when detected, discredits them. As we accept a true belief because it is true, so we accept their morals because they are good.

Again, it is the bad or the half-insane artist who finds a vent in his art for his unsatisfied appetites; and a psychologist can explain the causes of his failure so that we are convinced by the explanation. But, if he tries to explain success in art in the same way, we are not convinced, nor is the artist. I may see unconscious, unsatisfied, sexual instinct in some religious picture that revolts me with its sensuality disguised as sentimentality; or the discovery of that instinct may put me out of conceit with a picture that I myself have liked because it made a disguised appeal to my own sexual instinct. But I cannot see sex at all in Rembrandt's *Supper at Emmaus*, or in Mozart's *G minor Quintet*; nor would it put me out of conceit with these, to be told that there was disguised sex in them. That would be merely theory to me, even if I believed it: it would have no practical effect on my feelings such as is produced by the discovery and precise statement of the causes of bad art. And

the reason here, as in the other cases, is that good art has not causes, like bad art. I accept it because it is beautiful, as I accept a true belief because it is true, or good morals because they are good. Certainly, there is good art in which sex is the theme; but it is consciously chosen by the artist as his theme. It was not the sexual instinct that caused Correggio to paint his *Antiope*; nor is it the sexual instinct that causes us to admire it. The picture cannot be discredited by imputing a sexual cause to it; for whatever there is of sex in it is conscious, both in the artist and in the spectator, being theme and not cause.

In fact, the whole theory of the unconscious, advanced by Freud and confirmed with so many valuable practical results, implies just that difference between the right and wrong processes of the mind which the Freudians tend to deny. The sexual instinct, they say, is dangerous to us when it is disguised; and that must be true also of other instincts, such as the gregarious. And the reason is that these instincts can control the processes of the mind only when it is unaware of their control. It is then that they act as hidden causes, even of thought, mastering and perverting the three spiritual activities — the moral, the intellectual, and the æsthetic. But this tyranny can be ended, as phobias can be ended, by becoming aware of it; and the Freudian method is to make us aware of it, and so to appeal to some other power in the mind which is stung into action as soon as it sees its enemies. Yet, according to the Freudian metaphysic, there is no other power. It is the instincts that become aware of themselves, not a self that becomes aware of them; and the Freudian appears to think that, when instincts become aware of themselves, they control themselves.

This is absurd, and inconsistent with

the Freudian theory of the Censor, a mysterious power in the mind which prevents it from being aware of the working of its instincts. Clearly, instincts, by themselves, are not capable of consciousness; something else must be conscious, or unconscious, of them. You may, as some psychologists do, deny consciousness altogether; but you cannot impute it to instinct nor can you hold that it is caused by instincts working in concert or conflict with each other. Consciousness is consciousness of their concert or conflict; it is something which can control their concert or conflict; and we have never heard yet of an effect that can control its cause. The practical appeal of the Freudians is always to consciousness; they imply that it has the power to control instinct and so that it is something over and above instinct. Even while they tell us that we are all sex, they hope, by telling us that, to give us control of sex in the interests of the self; they do not mean that we should immediately proceed to act as sexual machines.

III

There is a class of theories about the nature of mind which may be called suicidal — they are like the pig, which is said to cut its own throat by swimming; for they attack the validity of all mental processes, including those which produce them. Thus, if everything in the mind is caused by instinct; if all morals come of the gregarious instinct and all art of the sexual; if our value for what we call righteousness and beauty is really only these two instincts giving themselves fine names to satisfy some further and self-deceiving instinct, the nature and purpose of which no one can explain, then intellectual processes also are subject to the same explanation, and that which we call our value for truth is but an instinct giving itself

a fine name. Truth is a figment of the self-deceiving instinct, like righteousness and beauty; and there is no more validity in the intellectual process than in the moral or æsthetic. But, if that is so, then, since it is the intellectual process which produces the theory, the theory itself is discredited with all that it discredits. A Freudian could not continue to be a theorist at all if he held that conviction of truth is caused, as he holds moral conviction to be, by some instinct which transforms itself in consciousness into that conviction. He must reserve the intellectual activity from his destructive analysis, or the analysis also is destroyed by itself.

In practice, of course, he does reserve it, does hold that there is such a thing as truth to be discovered by the human mind, since he tries to discover it. While he may contend that all morals are to be explained in terms of the gregarious instinct, or all art in terms of the sexual, he does not explain his own theories in terms of any instinct. They are to him the truth; and truth means to all of us a belief that is in accordance with the facts and has no unconscious cause. Indeed, the moment we become aware of an unconscious cause for any belief of our own or of others, it is discredited for us, just as morals are discredited when we see them to be a product of the gregarious instinct.

As I began by saying — the way to destroy a belief is to discover its cause. But if the integrity of the intellectual activity must be maintained, why not the integrity of the moral and æsthetic activities? If there is such a thing as truth, which can be directly perceived by the mind, why are not righteousness and beauty also to be directly perceived? Why not attempt, with regard to these also, a reconciliation between theory and practice? Such a reconciliation is now most urgently needed;

for we are all troubled, consciously or unconsciously, by a misgiving that our judgments of value lack the validity of our judgments of fact; that they are the effects of mechanical causes; and that, if we could understand how they were caused, they would lose their peculiar validity for us, and we should lose the convictions that give life all its meaning. So long as we have this misgiving, the passion for truth seems the enemy of the passion for righteousness and beauty; and if that is so, then are we of all creatures the most miserable.

But there is, I believe, the promise of a reconciliation in that very discovery, which to the Freudians seems to establish the automatic nature of mind; for what it does establish is the fact that all three spiritual activities of the mind are alike subject to disorders, mechanically caused; in fact, that evil is so caused in all its forms. It does not establish the fact that good is so caused; indeed, instead of reducing good and evil both to the same mechanical process, it points to a new distinction between them, and one that gives us a new hope of mastering evil.

The words cause and effect are dangerous to thought, because we think that we understand their meaning when we do not. I will not, therefore, say that evil is caused and good is not; but rather that evil, in the mind, is something of which a definite and immediate cause can be discovered, and which can often be removed by the discovery of that cause; whereas good is something of which no definite or immediate cause can be discovered. This difference is hard to understand, and the difficulty has expressed itself in the dilemma of free will and predestination. Men have always seen, more or less dimly, the causes of the wrong processes of the mind, and so have inclined, when they thought of these, to determinism; but they have also failed

to see any causes of the right processes of the mind; and, when they have thought of these, have inclined to a belief in the freedom of the will. In fact, the mind *is* like a machine when it acts wrongly, but not when it acts rightly.

But in the past there have been very strong practical causes for the assumption that the mind is in all things like a machine; since, proceeding on that assumption, men have found a cure or a palliative for many of the evils to which the mind is subject. So long as all kinds of wrong conduct, or even wrong belief, were held to be the expression of an evil will subject to no causes outside itself, there was no way of dealing with them except by punishment, which was usually itself a mechanical reaction and blind in its effects. But, as soon as wrong conduct and wrong belief were seen to have causes that can be discovered, their causes were sought, and sometimes found, with the best results. The new psychology is based on the assumption, constantly confirmed by experience, that there are causes for all error and evil in the mind; and its great discovery is that the mind, when aware of these causes, will, with the whole of itself, resist and often overcome them.

But that is no reason why it should slip into the further assumption that what is good in the mind is caused in the same way as what is evil; or should, in older terms, utterly deny the freedom of the will. Rather, we should look to the new psychology to illustrate both freedom and the lack of it; for, hard as it is to understand, or even to state the fact, both freedom and the lack of it seem to exist. It is only in theory that we ever think of discovering the causes of good. The practice of mankind is to take good for granted, as something that of its nature needs no explanation. But the same practice

seeks an explanation of evil; for evil is that which ought not to be, that which instantly arouses in us the desire to remove it. There is, in fact, a problem of evil but, in the nature of things, no problem of good. The word provoked by evil is, why? but that word is never provoked by good. Good is identical with the self unified in a right relation, or answer, to external circumstances. But evil seems to be the self losing its unity, its identity, under a tyranny of external circumstances which turns it into a machine. Always when we are aware of evil in ourselves or in others, we are aware of the mechanical or automatic; the pain of evil consists in this, that it makes the self seem to itself a machine out of order. But it never seems to itself a machine in order, when it acts rightly. The sense of the mechanical, the caused, in the human mind is itself a sense of evil; and to import it also into good is to deny the difference between them.

According to the Freudians themselves, consciousness is good and unconsciousness evil, which means that automatism in the mind is evil, and something else — which we may call, vaguely enough, life or freedom — is good. But when we say that consciousness is good and unconsciousness evil, we need to know more precisely what we mean by those words. There is a sense in which the unconscious is not evil at all, but a necessary part of every mind; though in this sense also the word is still vaguely used. But when the Freudian speaks of the unconscious as the enemy, he means the unconscious as a deceiver; means certain instincts disguising themselves in the conscious, so that it takes them for something other than they are. In that case, of course, consciousness is imperfect. If it were perfect, it would see through the disguise; and the effort of the psychoanalyst is to make it more perfect,

so that it can see through the disguise. Evil of all kinds — error, fear, hatred, all that makes for madness — thrives like a bacillus in the darkness of the mind; when the light of consciousness is turned upon it, it ceases to thrive.

IV

Here, it might seem, we are back at the old barren and unconvincing simplification of evil into ignorance, and good into knowledge. But the discovery of the new psychology is of value, both practically and theoretically, because it avoids that simplification while doing justice to knowledge. The word conscious is misleading, because it seems to mean a purely intellectual process; but, in fact, when a man becomes aware of the cause of error, or of any other evil in his mind, the process by which he overcomes that evil is more than intellectual. The awareness of evil, in proportion to its completeness and precision, causes the whole mind to mobilize against the evil, to unify itself against that danger which threatens its unity.

Where the unity of the mind is impaired by any evil within it, whether sin or error, it is filled with a sense of impotence, and of automatism; it begins at once to believe about itself that which will become true if the evil persists and increases. And the more completely it is unconscious of the evil and of its cause, the more automatic and impotent it seems to itself. But consciousness of the evil and of its cause at once gives the mind confidence in its own unity and power; there is some joy even in the agonies of repentance, because repentance means an access, however imperfect, of consciousness, and so of the sense of power. And what is repentance or conviction of sin but the beginning, at least, of that consciousness which, according to the new

psychology, is the healer of the mind? Men do get strength from confession because it forces them to state their sin in plain terms; it is the beginning of the process which the psychoanalyst tries to complete. And when Plato said that the lie of the soul was the worst of all lies, he meant the lie with which the unconscious deceives the conscious, the lie which makes men behave automatically while they think they are behaving like rational creatures.

Perhaps the greatest and most dangerous of all human errors is the belief that we are, always and in all respects, alive; that we have been born alive and must remain so until we die. For, in fact, the living part of us, both physical and mental, is always liable to be overcome by a mechanical process, like those processes to which inorganic matter is subject. Just as our minds still have in them a brutishness inherited from the past, so our very life seems to inherit habits from the inorganic matter out of which it has arisen; and because of this inheritance, it is always, more or less, imperfectly life.

The body, for instance, is subject to strange automatisms of disease, in which a purposeless growth destroys its life; and madness is an automatism of the mind, in which instincts behave as if they really were forces, and the unconscious masters the conscious.

This invasion and conquest of life by not-life is what we mean by evil, whether it takes the form of disease, of error, of sin, or of æsthetic perversity. In fact, the difference between evil and good is not less, but far greater than we ever dreamed it was; for it is the difference, in a living creature, between life and not-life. And our profound hatred and fear of evil, so far from being a matter of consciousness only, is life's hatred and fear of a threatening and invasive not-life. We feel that hatred and fear with the whole living part of ourselves;

but the more evil masters us, the more are that hatred and fear weakened with the life which is being overcome by not-life. Hence the close connection between error and sin and æsthetic perversity; they are all symptoms of not-life, of automatism mastering life. It is because we suppose that we are always and in all respects alive, that we have failed to see the identity between life and good, and between evil and not-life. We cannot think of life as identical with good so long as we believe that we are always fully alive; for we know that we are not always completely good. And while we know that good is a matter of quality, we suppose life to be a matter of quantity, to be merely something that is or is not.

But, in fact, the very essence of life is its effort to be more intensely life; and the struggle for life is not merely a struggle of life to maintain itself against external dangers: it is also, and still more, an internal struggle. Life is always fighting for its life against a tendency within itself to behave as if it were not-life; and it is this struggle, carried on in purely physical terms in the lower forms of life, that becomes, in the higher, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, without ceasing to be still a struggle of life against not-life.

That which we call the spirit of man, that which distinguishes him from the beasts, is a higher quality, a greater intensity, of life; but this greater intensity never escapes from the struggle with automatisms. The musician composing a melody must resist them; only, the more completely he is an artist, the more fully is he aware of their danger. And that is true also of the saint, and the philosopher. Bad art, bad thinking, wrong conduct, all these are relapses into automatism. In the midst of life we are in death more profoundly than we ever have supposed.

The Manichæans, when they said

that matter was evil, had a glimmering of the truth, for they saw that evil was not something inherent in spirit of life. But they were wrong in making the final distinction between matter and spirit. The final distinction is between life and not-life. In fact, the issue between good and evil, so far from being confused by the discoveries of the new psychology, is made sharper and more momentous than it ever was before. All forms of evil are allied, as being automatisms; and all forms of good, as being manifestations and efforts of life. Psychology itself, when it is real psychology, is not merely a curiosity which may discover ugly truths about the mind, and which may, therefore, be the enemy of our moral and æsthetic values. It is also part of the effort of life to be more intensely life, to extend that consciousness which is more alive than unconsciousness.

So long as we think of the struggle for life as being purely instinctive or automatic, there will seem to us to be a conflict, which never can be reconciled, between that struggle and the higher activities of man; but this sense of a conflict that cannot be reconciled is only a modern form of Manichæism. As soon as the struggle for life becomes to us a struggle against automatism, a struggle for quality rather than quantity of life, we escape from the Manichæan sense of an irreconcilable conflict. The instinct of self-preservation, when it acts against the higher activities of the spirit, becomes for us, not the struggle for life, but a mere automatism, which life itself must resist. And so it is with all the other instincts: they are not evil, as the Manichæans held, nor are they irresistible forces behind the consciousness which, to flatter itself, it calls by pretty names. But they are liable to become automatic, when the consciousness fails to control them; and it can control them

only by being aware of them. So the awareness at which the psychoanalyst aims is part of the effort of life to preserve itself from automatism, to make the whole mind alive and so good.

Some may fear that this identification of good with life, and of evil with not-life, will destroy for us the reality of the distinction between good and evil. Any theory which does that is malign, and sure, sooner or later, to be condemned by the judgment of mankind. For, in fact, no distinction is so real to us as that between good and evil; and, if we lost it, we should lose all sense of our own identity. Yes, but our sense of our own identity, so bound up with our sense of the difference between good and evil, *is* our sense of life. For life does not mean in fact, as it often means in talk, some vague common stock, which we all share. It means the individual self, and it exists only in individual selves. Life, in fact, *is* differentiation; the greater the intensity of life, the more differentiation there is; and that is true also of all kinds of good. There is a common stock of bad poetry, but the good poem says one thing as only it can be said. Our sense of its goodness is a sense of differentiation from all other poems; and, when we have said that it is good, we are apt to add also that it is alive.

Automatism to us, in poetry and all art, means commonplace, deadness, badness. And so it is with conduct. We are aware of a sameness in all kinds of wickedness. Milton's Satan is not evil as it is, but evil glorified by the expression of a great poet. In evil, as we really meet it, there is something dull and generic, rather than specific and brilliant; it is mechanical, automatic action, without regard to the particular facts. A man subject to lust or rage or egotism becomes a machine, and behaves like all other men subject to the same passions. We see in him the pas-

sions, not himself; and what horrifies us in wickedness, besides its effects, is this dying of life out of the human being, this horrible marionettism pretending to be life. Whenever we hate a man, he has ceased to be himself to us, and become generic, typical of some automatism, while we ourselves, in that hatred, are also invaded by automatism. And it is the same with thought: error has always something generic in it, while truth is specific; for error is automatism pretending to be thought and repeating itself in formulæ; while truth is that particular truth and no other.

Until we identify life with good, life is not completely life to us; nor is good completely good. The identification throws light on both of them, like the identification of God with love. So long as we think of life as not being necessarily and altogether good, we suppose that those automatisms which attack it belong to it; and so long as we think of good as something different from life, we are not altogether in love with it, but suppose that it may be dull and monotonous. So there are people who imagine that saints are unpleasant, or that classical music has no melody, or that all truths are unwelcome. To them good is something not quite alive; and they may even be drawn to evil because they suppose it to be more alive than good. So their sense of the difference between good and evil is actually weakened by their failure to identify good with life and evil with not-life.

And, finally, there is this failure in the perversities of the new psychology. If the Freudian saw that good was life and evil not-life, he would see that the analysis which he can apply to evil in the mind cannot also be applied to good. For that analysis is itself part of the effort which life makes to rid itself of not-life. Good, that is life, the unified self, cannot analyze itself; it can only analyze the automatisms

which threaten its unity. When it tries to analyze itself also into automatisms, it is becoming automatic; and nothing could be more automatic than some of the assumptions of the Freudians. So long as they deal with evil, they are men of science, and there is the life of thought in them; but, as soon as they try to subject the whole content of the mind to their analysis, the life dies out of their thinking, and they repeat formulæ, unconfirmed by experience. At one moment Freud is a man of genius, is himself, and no one else, in an eager, living pursuit of truth; at the next, he is mastered by an unconscious assumption and becomes a Freudian.

The practical task of psychology is always, in a sense, negative; it is to remove from the mind obstacles to its own vital process. In that it is like all medicine, the task of which is, not to make health, but to remove obstacles to it. Just as medicine can discover the causes of disease, but not the causes of health, of wrong relations between the body and its environment, but not of right, so psychology can analyze, and remove by its analysis, all that makes for automatism in the mind, but not the life of the mind. And that is the practice of the Freudian, whatever his theory may be. He puts his faith in the life of the mind, when he has exposed its automatisms by analysis; and it is the underlying principle of all psychoanalysis that the final appeal must be to the life of the mind by making it aware of its automatisms. That life, that unity, that consciousness, or conscience, is there, to be strengthened by external help, but not to be explained by the same process that explains and destroys the unconscious automatism, evil. For, even if it could be so explained, there would finally be nothing for the psychoanalyst to appeal to, no difference between good and evil, between life and not-life.

THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

I

'PATRIOTISM is the religion of the English' — that epigram, applied to any English problem, gives you the core of its truth.

Applied singly to any individual matter, — especially the matter which I deal with here (the position of the Catholic Church in modern England), — it is necessarily and grossly insufficient. But as a character explaining what foreigners find it difficult to understand, and as a statement supplying the main directive of all English affairs, the formula stands: 'Patriotism is the religion of the English.'

In the matter of the Catholic Church, therefore, we must, first of all, consider the relation between that international organism and the national emotion, at once profound and vivid, which especially distinguishes the English people among their compeers throughout Europe. The principal issue in the whole affair is the issue between an intense national feeling and something not specifically national; something which of its nature must act independent of nationality.

But anyone who would state the problem fully must add two other factors.

Before I mention these, I should enter a *caveat*. I am about to state two things which are not only true, but importantly true, and yet which appear paradoxical; two truths which might, taken superficially, appear contradictory.

(1) The first is this: England alone of the ancient provinces of European civilization, alone of the regions in which civilization took root at the very origin of our Christian culture — England alone, in all the fully-matured tradition of the Roman Empire, broke with the unity of Christendom four hundred years ago.

The other defalcations from unity would not have affected the history of the world — the revolt of the German provinces in the north, and of Scandinavia, would have withered away in time; everywhere else throughout the Occident, the revolt against unity was mastered; especially in France, where it threatened to overwhelm society. By the seventeenth century the bulk of all that counted in the tradition of our civilization of the West, all that we inherit from the traditional culture of Rome (whereby we live) had settled back onto its natural basis and seemed again secure. But *Britain* had definitely taken a divergent course.

After 1605 (I take that for the pivotal date) England had become, on the whole, Protestant; yet, while Protestant, it retained some essence of the old Catholic culture. You may see that in two forms, first in the literature, which is essentially Catholic down to the first quarter of the seventeenth century; next, and much more powerfully, in the position of the gentry. The gentry took advantage of the great religious quarrel to seize economic power, and ultimately

to destroy the Crown; they turned England into an aristocratic state, which would not tolerate monarchy or the popular idea in any form; but never did the English gentry, as a body, — they do not to this day as a body, — forget the original Catholic culture from which they sprang.

One might summarize this first truth by saying that England alone of the Protestant regions of Europe retained throughout her national organism, and particularly in its most conscious part, the gentry, strong memories of her traditional culture, of the spirit which had made her: that is, of the Catholic Church.

I do not mean that England retained such memories through her retention of external moulds, such as a formal episcopacy, a liturgy largely translated from the old liturgy, and so forth — for these are but the dead husks. I mean that everywhere throughout the English nation there lingered, like a *personal* memory, something of the Catholic past.

(2) Now the second truth, which, as I have said, may seem at first contradictory to the first, and the enunciation of which must therefore seem paradoxical, is this: of all the great modern national groups, England is that one in which the Catholic Church is most thoroughly ignored; England is that one of the modern nations in which there is the deepest ignorance of the Catholic Church in its practice, daily habit, and immediate, obvious, effect upon character and life. The English are that one modern white people in which the average man could tell you least as to what the Catholic Church is; England is that one western European country in which Catholic culture, and Catholic tradition in the world as a whole, are most completely unknown.

In Holland, more than one third — but not one half — of the people are

of Catholic culture. In Ireland, the Catholic culture, though producing a violent reaction against itself, is of the very blood of the people, and is everywhere thoroughly understood — even taken for granted. In the artificial Reich which Prussia imposed over the greater part of the Germans, the Catholic Church formed a very large minority — comparable to the Catholic minority in Holland. In the German-speaking world as a whole, the Catholic culture represents exactly one half of the people. The great restored nation of Poland — which ignorance has not yet learned to treat seriously, but to which so much of the immediate future in Europe belongs — is intensely and vividly Catholic. In Hungary, the Catholic has killed the Bolshevik movement. The new Yugoslavia is half Catholic.

Wherever you go throughout European civilization, the nature, the action, the character, of the Catholic Church is a familiar thing. In England it is oddly unknown. Men know that the Catholic Church is there, as I know that Chinese literature exists; they have no conception of what it is.

I say that between the first and the second of these propositions there is an apparent contradiction; but the contradiction is apparent only, nor is there any paradox.

The apparent contradiction lies in the apparent similarity between knowledge and instinctive memory; in reality, these two are very different things.

To *know* a particular emotion, or a particular culture, is one thing; to have an instinct of it remaining in one's blood is quite another. It remains true at one and the same time that England, being, alone of all non-Catholic regions, a region of ancient pristine civilization, has in a myriad ways — but especially through its most articulate part, the gentry, till quite recently the governing class — an instinctive attachment to

the culture by which England was brought into being; yet is also now entirely alien to that culture, so far as direct knowledge is concerned.

Not only is the Catholic Church unknown in England, and that in a degree really astonishing to anyone of general European acquaintance; but Catholics within England take the position for granted. The Catholics of this island, Great Britain, are more than one twentieth, but less than one sixteenth, of the total population; even of this tiny fraction much more than half are Irish; and of the remainder a good half again are influenced by the Irish connection: they are either sons of an Irish parent, or married into a family of Irish descent.

In other words, of purely English Catholicism in this island, wholly English in tradition, you have, perhaps, more than one per cent of the people, but certainly not two per cent.

The contrast between this little body and the Anti-Catholic England around it is due, in some degree, to the memory of what was for generations a fierce persecution. After this came the dread of appearing non-national, let alone anti-national. These two things combined still prevent the English Catholic from playing the political part which the Dutch, the German, the Swiss Catholic plays. The world around the English Catholic treats his religion as a sect among other sects, and he too often comes perilously near to accepting this absurd and humiliating error.

Not that he ever falls into the puerility of confounding faith with opinion, or of mixing up reality with the phantasms of the mind; no Catholic ever descends to that, or can in the nature of his creed ever descend to that. But there presses round him a packed society in which faith (as distinguished from opinion) is unknown, and in which the idea of a reality outside of

man's judgment, and of authority as a function of reality, are equally unknown. The English Catholic tends to talk in terms of the society around him; he is driven to do so by the nature of his exile.

Thus it is that, in all the great political quarrels of our time that have arisen between the Catholic Church and the reaction against it, the English Catholic has — alone out of Europe — remained silent, or, at any rate, has not taken part in the universal European movement. Thus it is that he has not shown any active sympathy with the great Catholic nations struggling against Protestant domination, and particularly with the Poles in their heroic and now successful duel with the Prussians. Thus it is that he has, if anything, exaggerated his antagonism to the claims of the Irish.

II

Now put all these things together, and I think you will see what the position of the Catholic Church in England is, *and what in particular are the attraction, the difficulties, the heroism, the failures, and the success of the English convert*: that is, of the Englishman who, in the midst of such forces, openly accepts the Authority of the Faith.

The tripartite complex of forces which I have described — national feeling, a Catholic tradition, a total ignorance of the Church — comes into play against every man of the more educated kind who, in the society of England, approaches or considers the Catholic Church. The instructed, the traveled, the traditional Englishman has it in his blood to be concerned with that from which all his cultivation, all his art and rhythm, all the things around him which he loves, down to the very details of the landscape, proceeded. The clothes, or forms of Catholi-

cism are still about him; and, apart from that, he has inevitably an hereditary longing which hardly allows him to leave the old religion alone. It is astonishing how very large a proportion of the men who have passed through the universities and through the learned professions, have, at one time or another, come — I do not say to approaching the Catholic Church, still less to attempting a habitation of it, but at least within sight of its coasts. It is astonishing to discover in how many has been roused something more than curiosity; something like the spirit of exploration and adventure, by that land-fall.

These things cannot be put numerically; there is no census. You are dealing, not only with indefinite gradations of feeling, but with very numerous categories of emotion. But I think one might say, roughly, that for one man who is known to have approached the Catholic Church and to have considered reconciliation with it, in this country, there are certainly ten who, in their heart of hearts, have considered the matter; and for one man who actually accepts Catholicism and is baptized, there are more than twenty who have at some moment or other in their lives considered the matter.

Yet (and here again the apparent paradox appears) in no country of the civilized West is there such a gulf to be crossed.

I have myself personally known perhaps fifty men who had very seriously considered the claims of the Roman Communion, and who at some moment in their lives had admitted those claims, who had felt with regard to the Catholic Church that it was a sort of home which they were asked to enter, and the entry to which they could with difficulty refuse; and yet who remained (up to within the very moment of their entry — such as entered) ignorant of

quite elementary details in Catholic life. It was like watching the poor marveling, in winter nights, at the houses of the rich, all lighted and warm, yet knowing nothing of the real life within.

I recollect one case (which, as these words can now no longer come beneath the eye of the man concerned, I have the right to quote) where a perpetual attraction toward the faith did not exclude the ignorance of so elementary a detail as that Mass is not to be heard in the afternoon. I only give this as a tiny, vivid concrete example. I think it will serve.

The man approaching the Catholic Church in England or even examining it, has, I say, to face the combination of these three forces: a profound ignorance (as, for instance, an ignorance of what intellectual freedom the Catholic especially enjoys); an hereditary attraction, a very strong *national* repulsion. This last — nationalism — is by far the most practical, obvious, immediate factor in the whole affair.

To repeat the formula with which I opened this paper, 'Patriotism is the religion of the English.' The whole of English history has been marked, for now nearly ten generations, with the profound stamp of a national isolation from Christendom. What really happened in the generation between those who could just remember the Mass and those who were brought up Puritan in the seventeenth century — what really happened to the generation born between 1580 and 1600 — was the acceptance of a national Church. Not of national doctrine, not of a specific national heresy — or national truth, whichever you choose to call it — but of a civil system wherein an Englishman should be English throughout and owe allegiance to nothing whatsoever but England — not even to a general and, therefore, a cosmopolitan creed.

The man, his descendant, who is

to-day most attracted to the restoration of unity in Christendom, the Englishman who is most profoundly affected by the call of the Catholic Church, remains to the end, until the last step is taken hesitatingly or heroically, an Englishman, who only hesitates, or needs heroism, because England is not of the Faith. He nobly feels — to put it rather violently — the dread of treason: that is the long and short of it.

Conversely, the Catholics whom such a man has known have always been presented to him — not wholly unjustly — as having in them something alien. Either they are Irish, or they are (as I am myself), a man with a foreign name. Or, if their name is English, there will always be, somewhere — as is inevitable with the Catholics — some international connection.

The most intensely national of all Englishmen are, perhaps, the 'old' Catholic families, as they are called. Most of them are not old families at all. Those of them who are old families have mostly been singularly uncertain in their Catholicism under persecution. Yet even among these, the moment a man is a professing Catholic, you have inevitably a devotion to certain shrines that are not English, — Lourdes, for instance, — a sympathy with certain movements outside the nation, a communion with the idea and the time of a united Christendom.

In this connection I must conclude with a very important side issue. It is often asked whether that most profound of European changes, the change of an Englishman from his normal attitude to an acceptance of the Catholic Church, would not be made easier if the position of the Catholic Church itself were to change. It is often asked whether something which to-day seems quite impossible, but of which many great minds have dreamed, — the gen-

eral conversion of England, — might be effected if the Catholic Church were to accept, in some degree, what is called in the mouths of many, 'modern thought'; in the mouths of others, 'progress'; in the mouths of others, again, 'science' — and so on. It is suggested that there lies hindering the acceptance of the faith by individual Englishmen (and still more hindering an acceptance of the faith in the Mass) some attitude in the Catholic Church which the reason of modern man cannot accept. The thing thus stated connotes a difficulty in reconciliation between two things which are antagonistic only through the folly of one; much as reason is antagonistic to mere habit, or as acquired knowledge is antagonistic to a routine of ignorance.

To all such suggestions, but particularly to those suggestions when they are made in connection with the conversion of Englishmen, I should reply that the very proposal of such things, the very suggestion of compromise between the Faith and what-not, shows complete ignorance of what the Catholic Church is.

The conflict is not between tradition and reason, or between routine and acquired knowledge; or even between the modern *ethos* and an antiquated *ethos*. The conflict is between two philosophies. In the one — that of the Catholic — the position of the opponent is fully understood; in the other — that of a non-Catholic — the position of the opponent is misunderstood.

It is necessary, therefore, for every Catholic in his apologetics, and even in so general an article as this, written by a Catholic, to reiterate what ought to be common knowledge, not only among educated men, but throughout the world in which the Catholic Church exists as an active force.

The doctrine, the practice, and the morals of the Catholic Church proceed

from a certain conviction which is not antagonistic to, but indifferent to, mood or opinion. They proceed from a conviction that there exists upon this earth a certain living Organism possessed of a Personality, expressed by a Voice; that this Organism is of Divine Institution; its personality that of the Creator Himself, as impressed upon a corporation necessarily human in its functions; its Voice, the recognizable voice of That which made, upholds, continues, and beatifies the universal scheme.

Believing this, it must be a matter of profound indifference to every Catholic what the transient mood of 1622, or 1722, or 1822, or 1922, may be. That is obvious. If the mood is for the moment pantheistic, or, earlier, deistic, or, earlier again, atheistic, or, earlier still, Puritan, and so forth, no Catholic can concern himself with that.

What is much more important (for it is a real issue), no Catholic can hesitate between the Voice whose Divine Authority he recognizes, and even an apparently complete conclusion due to experiment.

When men say there is no conflict between Faith and Science, they are right in practice, for no established conclusion of experiment has ever in practice been challenged by the Faith; but in theory they are wrong; for, should any result, apparently arrived at conclusively by the use of experiment and of reason working upon sensual experience, clash with an authoritative definition of the Church, the *former* would be denied by every Catholic and the *latter* accepted.

An example from mundane things may make this clear. I trust my senses more than I do a map; the English six-inch Ordnance Map, drawn up by the authorities at Southampton, is the most perfect and accurate document I know; it is far the best piece of cartog-

raphy in existence. I am certainly bewildered and puzzled if I find on the six-inch Ordnance Map a road where, before my very eyes, there is no road. I certainly, at first, think it is I who have made a mistake, and not the map. But if, after checking the matter fully, I find that, without a doubt, the ploughed field at which I am looking is that very area on the six-inch Ordnance where a road is marked, then I say that the Ordnance Map, to my great astonishment, is wrong; my senses are the better evidence.

That is exactly the attitude of the Catholic toward Science in the true meaning of that abused word. St. Thomas, by far the clearest of all expositors, and the greatest thinker of our race, gives the famous definition: 'Science is that of which we deny the possibility of the opposite because we have been convinced by proof; Opinion is that of which we admit the possibility of the opposite; Faith is that of which we deny the possibility of the opposite, although we are not convinced by proof.'

Standing faced by these three forms of acceptation, the Catholic puts Faith first, Science next, and Opinion nowhere. His antagonist confuses Opinion with Science, and leaves out the conception of Faith altogether. To say, 'I believe — that is, I have no conclusive proof,' is (outside the Catholic Church) nonsense; within the Catholic Church, it is the very core of knowledge.

I have admitted this digression in order to explain that, in the particular case of English Catholics, and of Catholic conversions of Englishmen, all discussion as to whether the Faith will do this or that with defined truths is beside the mark. There is no question, and can be no question, of the Catholic Church modifying a defined truth to meet some ephemeral social mood. For instance, the law upon the

institution of marriage having been laid down, it will never be changed, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, by any passing wave in favor of either greater or less stringency. The same is true with regard to the rights of property. The same is true with regard to the fundamental difference between man and the brute creation. The same is true with regard to the doctrine of eternal punishment, and, on the other side, as against the waves of diabolism, or despair of eternal beatitude. The same is true of the Incarnation. The same is true of specific personal immortality; — and so on, throughout the whole system.

Further, the man who approaches the Catholic Church, whether in England or elsewhere, coming to it from outside, does not long concern himself with any such ideas of modification this way or that. He has seen the Personality; he has recognized the Voice.

Two matters alone concern him after that experience:—

First, is the Voice authoritative, with a Divine authority; is the Personality representative of that which made him, and of that which he is?

Secondly, if these things be so, has he, or has he not, a courage to accept the consequence?

(The same subject will be discussed by Dean Inge in the April Atlantic.)

A WOMAN'S LAUGH AND A SINGED CAT

CHAPTERS IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER. II

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

'Who gets up this column, "Woman and Home"?' asked Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis of her husband, one evening. He had brought home to his wife the last number of a weekly, *The Tribune and Farmer*, which he was publishing in Philadelphia.

'I do,' answered the husband, as he looked up from his newspaper. His wife was smiling. 'You seem to think it funny,' he added.

'Not only funny, but absurd,' was the answer. And then she broke into a hearty laugh.

Now no man exactly enjoys having

his effort laughed at, particularly by his wife. Little did Mr. Curtis realize at that moment, however, the hidden potentialities which lay in his wife's laugh. The turning-points in our lives are sometimes very curiously brought about!

'Excuse me, dear,' said the wife quickly; 'but really you do not know, as a man, how ridiculous this is.'

Mr. Curtis's eyes now twinkled with amusement, as he remarked: 'Well, if you think my effort is so ridiculous, why don't you try it, and do better?'

'I will,' cheerfully answered the wife.

But little did she herself dream of what her laugh was to bring about in the life of her husband and family.

The next evening, Mr. Curtis brought home to his wife a bundle of domestic periodicals from which, he explained, he had 'clipped' the offending column, and now they were for her to use.

'Oh, no,' replied the wife, 'that is not the way to do it. By that method you will never have material of your own. You must have original matter; you must present ideas which others do not present.'

'All very well,' was the husband's answer; 'but I can't afford it.'

'Oh, yes, you can,' persisted the wife. 'You can always better afford to be yourself than to be someone else.'

With this sage remark, Mrs. Curtis wrote the column herself that week. For the following week she enlisted the help of others; and it was not long before the column grew to a page. Comments about this page began now to be more frequent than about any other in the paper; correspondence began to come in; and Mr. Curtis began to regard his wife's page with increasing interest.

'Why not give me more space?' she asked one evening. 'Make the department into a supplement.'

Mr. Curtis concluded to follow where his wife led, and a supplement was decided upon, which, while it would be supplemental to the paper, would also have an identity of its own. It was to be free to the subscribers of the *Tribune and Farmer*, but Mr. Curtis decided to offer it also as a separate publication, at fifty cents a year.

When Mrs. Curtis had prepared the material for the first number of the supplement, and her husband had taken it to the office to be put into type, the head of the composing room asked him what he wanted to call the supplement. If it was to be a separate unit, he ar-

gued, it should have a means of identification.

Mr. Curtis was busy, and could not let his mind rest on this detail. So he answered: 'Call it anything you like. I don't care. It's a sort of ladies' journal.'

The composition head carried this thought to an engraver, whom he asked to draw a heading for the supplement. He did so, engraving the words, *The Ladies' Journal*, as a title; and then, to indicate the character of the contents of the supplement, added between the second and third words of the title a picture of a home, and engraved the word 'Home' under it. The first subscription which came in for the supplement asked for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and all subscriptions named the periodical in like form.

The success of the 'supplement' was instantaneous. While in five years the *Tribune and Farmer* had accumulated forty-eight thousand subscriptions, the newcomer received twenty-five thousand separate subscriptions of its own in its first year.

Mr. Curtis had a partner in his *Tribune and Farmer* enterprise who was not favorably disposed toward the supplement; and it was proposed that this partner should take the weekly paper as his own, and Mr. Curtis should assume the woman's supplement as his property. This was agreed to, the partnership was dissolved, Mr. Curtis was left with the *Ladies' Home Journal* as his sole property, and he decided to translate his faith in the new supplement into action. He felt instinctively that he had a periodical with a fundamental principle, which, with exploitation, would enter the domestic publication field, which was not overcrowded and could be occupied by the right sort of a magazine. He had, in his wife, a naturally sympathetic editor, who stood ready to do all that she could

to make the sort of magazine that was wanted by the average woman, with her household problems. Everything seemed propitious for a systematic try-out of the proposition.

He figured out that, while he was making the effort and spending the money to secure single subscriptions, he could just as well get them coming in groups. So he announced that, while the nominal subscription price of the magazine was fifty cents a year, where a group of four women would band together and send in their subscription in clubs of four he would accept all four for one dollar for twelve numbers. His discernment proved to be sound, for ninety per cent of his subscriptions came in clubs of four; and after six months of effort he found his circulation of twenty-five thousand doubled to fifty thousand copies.

He wanted now to start a moderate advertising campaign. He consulted the advertising agency of N. W. Ayer and Son, and was met with the suggestion that the firm would like to experiment with an advertisement to be placed by it in three periodicals, the total cost to be four hundred dollars. Mr. Curtis assented to the idea, the advertisement was placed, and the result was good. The appropriation was now conservatively enlarged, and again the results justified the investment. For, according to Mr. Curtis's view, then as now, an advertising appropriation is not an expense, but an investment: it creates an asset in the business in name and good-will, and, as such, cannot be charged as expense.

In another six months, the circulation again doubled to one hundred thousand copies.

More advertising now followed, and once more, within another six months, the circulation of the new paper had doubled to two hundred thousand copies.

II

True to his method of giving the public the best he could secure, Mr. Curtis determined to solidify his proposition by obtaining the writings of some of the best-known authors in the domestic field of that day, and then use these names in a large way in his advertisements. Mrs. Curtis was doing all the editing at home; but with her home duties and the care of a little daughter she naturally could not travel to the homes of the authors whose interest her husband wanted to enlist. She had been securing the best material she could by correspondence, but the more famous authors would have to be seen personally and persuaded into the pages of the newcomer in the periodical field.

Mr. Curtis now set out on his quest for authors, and decided first to see Marion Harland, who was then at the zenith of her reputation as a domestic writer. She lived at Springfield, Massachusetts, where her husband had a church parish. She received Mr. Curtis pleasantly, but assured him that she was committed to other periodicals whose editors kept her busy. The new publisher finally persuaded her to let him have a story she had under her hand, and promised to pay her ninety dollars for it.

When he arrived home, elated with his success, his wife met his recital with a look of alarm.

'Ninety dollars for how many stories?' she asked.

'One,' replied her husband.

'One?' echoed the wife. 'Do you want to bankrupt the concern? You cannot afford to pay such prices.'

Mr. Curtis had to acknowledge the justice of his wife's remonstrance. He was barely able to pay his printing bills and overhead expenses and to meet the accounts for the advertising he was do-

ing. No one knew better than the wife and mother how little there remained for household expenses, and the husband realized the weight of the argument that there was no money left for 'high-priced authors,' who demanded ninety dollars for a single story!

'Well,' he decided, 'we'll have to finance it in some way.' And straightway he did. There was a manufacturer of an egg-beater who was an enthusiastic admirer of Marion Harland's writings, and was always ready to advertise in those periodicals for which she wrote. Mr. Curtis went to him, told him that he had secured the manufacturer's favorite domestic expert to write for his magazine and that he ought to advertise in that periodical. The manufacturer agreed; Mr. Curtis sold him ninety dollars' worth of advertising space — 'And so,' he explains, 'I financed my first big editorial outlay.'

Having a well-known name to advertise, Mr. Curtis advertised it; and another six months told once more the same story: the circulation again doubled from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand copies per month.

Flushed with his success, the publisher-editor set out on another quest for authors, and this time tried to secure such popular writers of the day as Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Rose Terry Cooke, Robert J. Burdette, Josiah Allen's Wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Louisa M. Alcott. But the road was not easy. He was courteously received by the writers, and they politely listened to him. But the fame of the *Ladies' Home Journal* had not reached these writers; all that they wrote was eagerly taken by other editors and Mr. Curtis had 'poor pickings.' He acknowledges that it was 'a hard chase.' But he went back to each writer and persevered.

He heard incidentally that Louisa M.

Alcott had a charity in which she was vitally interested. So to Miss Alcott the energetic author-chaser returned with the proposition that he would pay one hundred dollars for a thousand-word column article for her charity. This proved too strong a temptation for the woman with a pet charity. She sent Mr. Curtis an article, and he sent her a check for one hundred dollars. Some time later, when he saw the article in the magazine, he discovered that it exceeded a column in length: it was almost two columns. He wrote Miss Alcott, reminding her that he had promised her one hundred dollars per column: he had just discovered the length of her article, and enclosed another check for one hundred dollars to make good his word to her.

Miss Alcott was so pleased at this that she told of her experience to other authors, who, in turn, decided that a publisher so conscientious should be encouraged. Thereafter his proposals fell on ears not quite so deaf.

All this time, Mr. Curtis had increased his advertising rates to keep pace with his rapidly growing circulation; but even with this income he realized that his growth was too fast for a proper financial balance, and he decided upon the unusual course of checking his circulation. He announced that thereafter his club-offer of four subscriptions for one dollar would be discontinued, and that the subscription price would be a straight fifty cents a year.

Concurrently with this decision, he announced the list of famous authors who had been engaged to write for the magazine, and promised the public a full fifty cents' worth during a year. The public took him at his word, and increased his circulation to seven hundred thousand copies.

Once more Mr. Curtis saw that he had to check his circulation, particularly as he had difficulty in increasing

his advertising rates fast enough to keep up with the growth.

He now decided to enlarge his magazine by doubling its size, and to raise the subscription price to one dollar per year. No one to whom he spoke of his plan approved it. The printing establishment where the paper was being printed had ordered some new machinery to keep pace with the fast-growing magazine; but when the owner heard of Mr. Curtis's determination he cancelled the order for the additional machinery.

'You have a wonderful business, growing fine,' he said to Mr. Curtis. 'Now you're going to spoil the whole thing. Your public won't follow you at the higher price.' And to a friend the printer opined: 'Curtis's success has gone to his head. Now he's going to blow his whole outfit to pieces.'

Mr. Curtis well knew that if he pursued the course he had laid out for his periodical it meant a shrinkage of income until he could convince his public that his magazine was worth the new price, or could induce a new public to come to him. He realized that it would require a large expenditure of money for advertising and overhead capital to tide him over his lean period.

He laid his plan before F. Wayland Ayer, of N. W. Ayer and Son, and sought his opinion.

'Good,' was the verdict.

Mr. Curtis was encouraged. This was the first favorable word his plan had evoked.

'But I shall have to advertise widely,' he argued, 'and I shall have to get credit for it until I can demonstrate the wisdom of my plan to the public.'

'How much credit do you think you will want?' asked Mr. Ayer.

'I hesitated to tell him,' Mr. Curtis says, in recounting the conversation now, 'but I thought I might as well give it to him straight.'

'Two hundred thousand dollars,' answered the publisher.

'That does n't scare me,' replied the advertising chief. 'But,' he added, 'if you're going to build up your business on such a scale you will need two other essentials: credit at some of the banks, and credit from your paper-makers. I think I can arrange both for you.'

An adequate line of financial credit was arranged at three depositories, and then it was arranged that Mr. Ayer and Mr. Curtis should take a trip to New England and obtain credit from Crocker, Burbank and Company, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, who were supplying the white paper for the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Mr. Curtis had dealt only for a brief period with this firm, and its members knew little or nothing of the man or his plans. A personal visit and favorable impression, therefore, were essential.

The paper firm had been notified of the visit and its purpose, and the visitors were met courteously; but they were firmly told at the beginning that their journey was futile, as the firm had decided that it could not possibly extend the desired credit of one hundred thousand dollars to the publisher. Mr. Ayer suggested that Mr. Curtis be allowed at least to unfold his plan, which might change their point of view. This was done. But the paper-manufacturers remained obdurate: they were very sorry; they would be glad to go on as at present on a cash basis, but they could not consider for one moment the extension of so large a credit based on any plan.

The conference took place in a Boston hotel, and Mr. Ayer suggested that Mr. Curtis retire for a few moments and leave him for a private talk with the unwilling manufacturers. Mr. Curtis went downstairs to the hotel lobby, lighted a cigar and sat there for 'what I thought was hours. Then I was asked

to come upstairs, and when I entered the room the demeanor of the men had entirely changed to a most cheerful mood, and I was greeted with: "Well, Mr. Curtis, you have a good friend here. We have decided to give you the credit of one hundred thousand dollars that you want."

"I certainly was surprised," says Mr. Curtis. "No one ventured to tell me the reason for the change of front, and Mr. Ayer said nothing on the way home. In fact, I never knew what happened, although I often wondered, until, only a short while ago, in talking with a member of the Ayer firm, the incident happened to come up, and I asked what had really happened while I was absent from the room."

"Well," answered the man, "now that is so long ago, there is no reason why I should not tell you. Mr. Ayer guaranteed your notes."

But without that knowledge, Mr. Curtis never failed in his feeling of gratitude to Mr. Ayer. Since that eventful time, Mr. Curtis has spent millions of dollars in advertising with the Ayer firm, while, incidentally, the Crocker, Burbank firm, which still furnishes the main supply of the Curtis paper, 'carries' Mr. Curtis month by month for sums that they never dreamed of, on a business amounting to millions of dollars each year.

While several banks have from time to time carried Mr. Curtis when he needed it, for years he was principally carried by the advertising and paper-making concerns, the banks figuring only in a secondary way. His experience differed in this respect from that of the business man who, being told that his end was near, asked that only bankers be asked to officiate as pallbearers at his funeral, explaining that, as they had carried him practically all his life, he should like to have them finish the job.

Mr. Curtis had announced that the

increase of the subscription price of the *Ladies' Home Journal* to one dollar per year would take effect on July first (1889). 'I fixed that date,' he explains, 'because the summer months were always meagre in income, and I figured they might just as well be a little thinner.'

And the receipts during that summer certainly were. They fully met every expectation that Mr. Curtis may have had of being 'a little thinner,' as the summer progressed. They grew so thin, in fact, that at times they became imperceptible. Mr. Curtis would journey over to Philadelphia in the evenings and on Sundays, go to the Post Office, open the mail box, and see what there was in the mail. There was not much, no more than he could conveniently count, and in a very few moments. It was evident that his expiring subscribers hesitated to pay double the former price, and he had not yet had time to reach a new clientèle. The critical days met by every enterprise were upon him.

'Many a time,' he says now, 'during that period, I would go home and walk under the trees and try to figure it out.'

'Did you ever doubt the wisdom of your course?' he was asked once.

'Oh, no, not for a moment. My wonder was whether my credit would hold out until the turn came. I knew it would come; I was sure of that; but naturally I could n't be sure when it would come. That was the problem.'

It also came about, at the same time, that the increasing care of a larger house and the attention necessary to a growing daughter, now thirteen years of age, began to weigh upon Mrs. Curtis and make her wonder whether she could continue with her editorship, especially in view of her husband's decision to double the size of the magazine. She pondered over the pros and cons of the situation. Then one day she said to her husband: 'I shall have to give up this editorial work.'

'Why?' asked the husband in undisguised surprise.

'Daughter said to me this morning, "Mother, whenever I see you, or want you, you have a pen in your hand. You are always busy writing."'

'That settles it,' was Mr. Curtis's instant reply.

Mrs. Curtis felt that her husband was now well enough on his way to do without her direct assistance, and that she would be equally valuable with her counsel, if not more so, if, in the future she were freed from the details of incessant editing which she had conducted for six years. Her daughter had corroborated her own instinct that she was the mother of an observing little girl; and she was glad to turn toward a closer relation with her child.

Then began a quest for an editor who could take charge of the enlarged magazine. This was accomplished in the following October (1889), when Mrs. Curtis handed over the editorship to Edward W. Bok, who was destined to hold the position continuously for thirty years.

With the opening autumn, Mr. Curtis started the advertising campaign for which he secured the two-hundred-thousand-dollar credit, only to exceed it and spend three hundred and ten thousand dollars before the winter was over. The banks allowed the publisher full credit; the paper-manufacturers kept their contract; but even then it was a busy time for the next year for Mr. Curtis, in meeting his different obligations and his increasing overhead. Slowly, but surely, however, he began to see his vision realized; and before long he had the satisfaction of knowing that his subscription list was on the substantial basis of a dollar per year. He discontinued his entire premium department; he refused all 'cut' rates on his magazine; and from that time he determined to stand out for the full value of the magazine, giving full value in its

contents for the money. He pared down his advertising commissions, and literally put his house in order for a simplified business of value asked for value given.

Early in 1891, he decided to transfer the business to a stock company, with a capital stock of \$500,000, retain a controlling interest and, with the amount received for the balance of the stock, erect his own printing plant of presses in a new building, of which the business was sorely in need. So, on June 25, 1891, the Curtis Publishing Company was organized, with Mr. Curtis as President. Shortly afterward the first presses were purchased and installed on properties leased; and the first executive Curtis building, under lease, was erected for the company in 1893.

The business now had room to grow and grow it did. The circulation of the magazine steadily increased, until it reached the figure, unheard of in those days, of one million copies per month. More properties were acquired, additional machinery was bought, and it was not long before every foot of the new publication building was occupied and additional quarters had to be found outside.

Mr. Curtis now decided that he would find a site and erect a building which would meet all his future needs; and with unerring instinct he selected the square bounded by Walnut, Sixth, Seventh, and Sansom Streets in Philadelphia. The building was to face Independence Square and flank on Washington Square — historic city squares, which would never be built up and would afford adequate light and air for a large publication business. It took a long time to acquire all the properties and erect a suitable building; but in 1911 the present impressive Curtis Building was finished and the business was transferred to it, only to find a few years later that it had once more expanded beyond the capacity of an entire city square. Enlargements and

extensions were once more in order; and these again have all been occupied, with every cubic foot of space in use.

For, as the *Ladies' Home Journal* became more widely known, its circulation began to increase beyond the million mark with greater speed than it had attained in reaching that figure.

Its subsequent growth is familiar to the public. It may seem phenomenal, until the hard and incessant work that was put into it is understood, and the increasing amounts of money, which Mr. Curtis has always been ready to invest in making the magazine better, or in keeping not only abreast of its growth with new machinery but invariably a little ahead of it, so that the public demand should always be met in full. This was not always possible, but the attempt was consistent and insistent.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to put upon paper, so that it will carry conviction to the reader, an adequate picture of the intensity of the struggle that Mr. Curtis went through in his establishment of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He had no means: he financed solely on credit. Success, viewed in the retrospect, is dangerous in that one sees only the spectacular moments and the high spots in the battle: the daily strain is lost sight of. It is easy now to say that one month the *Ladies' Home Journal* had a four-hundred-thousand circulation, and a few months thereafter it had a circulation of one million copies. It sounds as if success had come overnight, so to speak; as if Mr. Curtis had sown in the morning and reaped in the evening. But in legitimate business success is never so achieved. Happily so, for the exhilaration is in the fight: in the feeling not so much of the length of the step as that the step is in the right direction. The hazards of business were on every side of Mr. Curtis in those days, but he never showed undue

anxiety. Filled with the zest and love of the game, confident that his vision was true and the goal attainable, he fought on valiantly and straight to his mark. There were days when it required the keenest financial acumen to meet notes falling due at the bank, current bills, and a growing weekly pay-roll.

It is not so simple as some may think to impress a large public through the types and get the conviction into the public mind that it should buy something which it does not need. For one does not need a magazine: lives are lived without its influence. Food, clothes, coal, a public must have. It is not a bodily want that the publisher satisfies: it is a mental want. And before the want can be proved, the need for it must be created. Hence Mr. Curtis's path in those pioneer days was not simple. 'That made it so interesting,' he says, 'because it was n't easy.'

Thus, born of a woman's laugh, has come about the present-day *Ladies' Home Journal*, with its astounding circulation of over two million copies each month, and its peculiar position as an institution in the American family-life of to-day.

III

During all his busy days establishing the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mr. Curtis never lost sight of his pet idea, to create a paper for men. That idea had been firmly implanted in his mind with the reading of Richard B. Kimball's business stories in his boyhood. The chief interest in a man's life, he argued, was the fight for a livelihood; in other words, business. It naturally followed, in his mind, that men would read about what vitally interested them, provided they were given a true reflection of their problems. He read business story after business story, only to be disgusted with their inaccuracies and their false re-

flection of business methods. He found the same inaccurate representation of the business world in the plays he saw. All this the more strongly convinced him that there was a field, wide open and waiting, for the man who would put into the hands of business men business stories and business articles, which they would recognize as being written by men who knew the machinery of business affairs.

He would explain his idea to men, and, almost unanimously, they would disagree with him. 'Men don't want to read about business,' they argued. 'When their business day is over, they want to read about something else.'

'But the romance in business!' Mr. Curtis argued.

'There is none,' he would be told.

But he knew better. Had not his own life demonstrated the marvelous adventurous and romantic elements in business?

So he clung tenaciously to his idea. No argument discouraged him. 'Some day,' he thought to himself, 'I will show them the thrill and romance there is in business rightly written about.'

Patiently he bided his time.

Why, or how, he came to fix upon the *Saturday Evening Post* as the medium through which he was to realize his pet dream, he does not remember, except that, as he says, the paper had always attracted him as he met it each week in his exchanges, as a legacy left to Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin. It was Franklin who, in 1728, founded the paper under the title of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. He edited and published it for a number of years, and then sold it to his grandson. Meanwhile six other papers of all sorts had been born in Philadelphia, all having as part of their title the word 'Gazette.' So, in 1821, to avoid a constant confusion of names, the name was changed to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The spirit of enterprise of that day must have been put into the venture, for in 1839 it had a circulation of thirty-five thousand copies, the largest circulation of that day of all the weeklies in the United States. The most famous statesmen and writers of the time were among its contributors, and it ranked as the most important publication of the day.

The weekly passed through various ownerships in Philadelphia; then it came into the hands of a resident of Brooklyn, New York, although the place of publication remained in Philadelphia; and finally it was purchased by Albert Smyth, of Philadelphia, whose property it was when Mr. Curtis came to the Quaker City.

The paper had never missed an issue since the evacuation of Philadelphia in the War of the Revolution, and its ownership was a matter of pride with Smyth. He and Mr. Curtis would often talk about the history and tradition of the paper, and it was from these chats, Mr. Curtis believes, that his interest in the weekly began and grew. From curiosity rather than from design, Mr. Curtis had the history of the paper looked up, and it was not long before Smyth acknowledged that his friend knew more about it than he himself.

Its circulation was slowly dwindling. No one gave it any special attention. A newspaper reporter, in his odd moments, was supposed to be its editor, at a salary of ten dollars per week, and he 'scissored' its contents or purchased material published years before.

Mr. Curtis could not help feeling regret that a paper with such traditions should be allowed to run down, and he began at last to speculate on what Smyth intended doing with it, if anything; or, if he would sell it, what it was worth. It was only a shell, but there was the tradition back of it. After all, Benjamin Franklin had founded it, and that was an asset which could be built upon.

Smyth now transferred what little personal interest he had manifested in the *Saturday Evening Post* to a gas project in Chicago, and went there, leaving the paper in charge of a friend named Brady, to be looked after until he returned. He was to make 'his pile' in Chicago, and then come back to Philadelphia and revivify the weekly.

One day in 1897, Brady walked into Mr. Curtis's office, and with him was a lawyer.

'Smyth has passed away,' Brady announced. 'His only heir is a sister. She will not put up any money to get out this week's issue. You are the only man I can turn to for money.'

Then Mr. Curtis told his two visitors something they had not known. No copyright covered the name 'Saturday Evening Post.' The owners had neglected to register it. If an issue was missed, if the heir did not furnish the money to get it out, anyone could take up the name.

The lawyer confirmed this.

Mr. Curtis said that of course he would not do anything like that.

'But, you see, you really have n't anything to sell,' he remarked. 'However, I'll give you one thousand dollars for the paper — type and all.'

After some discussion, he paid one hundred dollars down, the other nine hundred dollars to be paid when he got clear title.

One of the young men in the Curtis establishment was sent down with a wagon to the printing office, to bring up the stock of battered type; and as soon as it arrived that week's issue was thrown together and the paper put out, so as to save the right to the title by continuous publication.

The imprint of the Curtis Publishing Company was placed on this number. About two thousand names were found to represent the subscription list; and so accustomed were these readers to the

reprinted material which had been offered them that, when Mr. Curtis substituted original matter, they promptly allowed their subscriptions to lapse! Thus he had almost a clean slate to begin with: no subscribers and no advertisers. He had paid one thousand dollars for a title and the name of Benjamin Franklin.

From the day when it was announced that Mr. Curtis had bought Benjamin Franklin's paper, and was to transform it into a weekly for business men, lamentations were heard on every side. One after another of his friends deplored his purchase and his plan. Inside his own establishment it became known as the 'singed cat,' and it received anything but a warm welcome. The *Ladies' Home Journal* was steadily mounting in its accumulation of profits, and why should these hard-earned profits be eaten up by a weekly that, according to unanimous opinion, was destined to be a dire failure?

The 'singed cat' was fit only for the process of chloroforming!

Mr. Curtis was not unaware of the opposition to his new venture, both within and without his establishment; but he kept his own counsel, and went on a quest for an editor. That was the first thing. Meanwhile, one of the editors on the *Ladies' Home Journal* staff was delegated to look after the editorial fortunes of the weekly until a regular editor could be found.

Mr. Curtis had, some time before, watched the editorship of Arthur Sherburne Hardy on the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and had made a mental note of his capacity in case he should at any time need an editor. The editor-novelist had made a readable magazine of the *Cosmopolitan*, and had built up the circulation. Mr. Curtis now recalled this impression that he had registered, and looked up Hardy, who, he found, had gone into the diplomatic service,

and was United States Minister to Persia.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Curtis got into communication with the minister, told him of his purchase and his plans, and asked if Hardy was to be anywhere in the near future where he would be more accessible and they could have a talk. The minister replied that he planned to be in Paris shortly; could Mr. Curtis meet him there? Mr. Curtis said he would, and prepared to sail.

Meanwhile, a mutual friend spoke to Mr. Curtis about a young man in Boston who, he believed, had editorial possibilities within him. His name was George Horace Lorimer; he was a son of the Reverend George C. Lorimer, who preached in Tremont Temple, in Boston, for some years. Mr. Curtis was going to Boston on other business, promised to look the young man over, and wrote to him asking him to come to see him.

When Mr. Curtis met Lorimer, the young man told him he had a business experience with the Armours in Chicago, but had left there, although at twenty-two he was receiving the unusual salary of five thousand dollars per year, because he wanted to go into journalism. The pork merchant had demurred at the young man's 'rainbow aspirations,' but young Lorimer persisted, went to Colby College, in Maine, where he took a two years' course in the study of general literature, and then became a reporter for another two years on the *Boston Post*, which he had then recently left to devote himself to free-lance literary work. He was, therefore, in a receptive mood to listen to a proposition from Mr. Curtis, who, favorably impressed with the young man, offered him a position 'as a young man on the staff of the *Post*, to do anything he could,' at a thousand dollars per year.

Never for a moment did Mr. Curtis dream that he had found his editor.

Lorimer went to Philadelphia, took hold of what he could find to do on the *Post* staff, and showed such clear-headed common sense in his suggestions, in the three weeks that he had in which to show his work before Mr. Curtis sailed to Europe to meet Minister Hardy in Paris, that Mr. Curtis began to wonder whether Lorimer was not an editor. The thought grew upon him, and when he sailed he put Lorimer in full editorial charge of the paper until he could determine whether he could make arrangements with Hardy. 'But by the time I sailed,' said Mr. Curtis, 'I did n't much care whether I got Hardy or not. I was convinced by this time that Lorimer had all the makings of an editor in him.'

It turned out that Mr. Curtis and Minister Hardy were not to meet as arranged. The State Department at Washington had ordered the Persian Minister's transfer to Athens, as Minister to Greece. Mr. Curtis was perfectly satisfied. He felt that he had the man in Lorimer; at all events he had given Lorimer his chance to show what he could do, and he determined to wait until his return to Philadelphia to see what the young man had done.

He found his brightest expectations not only realized but exceeded. Lorimer had shown exceedingly good editorial acumen. The *Post* was beginning to get and print the material which Mr. Curtis wanted to see in it, and he told Lorimer that he could consider himself the editor.

Mr. Curtis now got back of his editor and his pet project. He did not have to secure financial credit for the *Saturday Evening Post*, as he had had to do for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, because the latter publication was netting a profit, and on this the *Post* could be carried.

But it was a hard and thorny path, nevertheless. No one believed in the outcome of the venture except Mr.

Curtis and his editor. Business men shook their heads, advertising men predicted absolute failure; the organ of the publishing trade, *Printers' Ink*, editorially bewailed the fact that Mr. Curtis had 'established a wonderful property in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and now he was blowing in all the profits on an impossible venture.' Journalists assured Mr. Curtis that the day of the weekly was long past; that the mental attitude of the public was against it; that he was 'bucking the current of public opinion.' The New York representative of the paper-manufacturers declared that he would have to give up the *Post*, or it would break his own back and that of the entire establishment.

Mr. Curtis listened, and regretted that nowhere could he get support for his idea, which he felt so convinced was sound.

'Did you ever doubt yourself?' a friend asked him.

'Not for a single moment; I knew exactly what I was trying to do — or I thought I did,' he answered.

'You were never discouraged?'

'Never discouraged. The constant reiteration of "It can't be done" acted like a red rag to a bull. It made me all the more determined. The opposition stiffened my backbone. I said to myself, "I'll show them who is right"; because I knew all the time that I was thinking right. It was simply that I could n't get anybody to see it as I saw it, or to believe in it.'

The worst of it was that the public did not see it. A quarter of a million dollars was spent in advertising the periodical with little result.

'All right,' said Mr. Curtis, 'I'll send another quarter of a million after it, to bring it back.'

The time came when the books showed a loss of eight hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Curtis's perturbed treasurer had gone to great pains to prepare

these figures, and showed them to him, hoping that the large total would halt any further expenditure.

'Eight hundred thousand dollars loss thus far, you say?' asked Mr. Curtis, looking at the bottom of the statement.

'That's the tremendous figure,' said the treasurer impressively.

'Well,' rejoined Mr. Curtis, 'that gives us a margin of two hundred thousand more to make a round million.'

The treasurer was depressed; in fact, he was almost broken-hearted when on the following day Mr. Curtis began to put out copy for a two-hundred-thousand-dollar advertising campaign.

'That'll bring it up to the million,' the publisher joyfully announced. 'Then we'll know where we are at!'

Meanwhile, Lorimer had been working, days and evenings, helping Mr. Curtis to realize his ambition as to the kind of paper he wanted, and was beginning to make so strong a paper that men commenced to take notice of it and wonder whether there was n't something in the 'wild idea' after all. Advertisers were chary; but when the circulation reached five hundred thousand copies they thought they would 'try it for an issue or two.'

With the public attitude changing, Mr. Curtis knew, of course, that he was winning. But he wanted to make it a fact. So, to the utter despair of his treasurer, he spent another quarter of a million of dollars on the paper. Fortunately, the profits of the *Ladies' Home Journal* made this possible.

The ledger now showed a loss of a million and a quarter dollars on the weekly. When would the turning-point be reached? It could n't be far off, if it was ever to come! Mr. Curtis knew that it was in sight, but he was not quite prepared for what did happen.

He had now 'fertilized the soil' for five years, and the harvest must soon follow, he argued.

And then public opinion changed, as it were, overnight. Support came with such a rush that the presses could scarcely keep up with the demand for the paper. The efforts of publisher and editor were to bear fruit. The circulation leaped, and it was not long before the announcement, 'With a circulation of one million copies,' was blazoned forth from a cover of the *Post*.

The first round of the fight had been won! Publisher and editor now agreed to solidify the first million with the second, and confound records and doubters. A succession of the liveliest editorial features; authoritative business articles; business stories reflective of actual business conditions, followed in rapid succession. It came now to be a common desire to write for the *Post*. Unknown authors began to have their

first efforts published, and their reputations made. It was not long before the *Post* had the first call on all material within its field. Its contents, week by week, were kept fresh and reflective of the moment. The circulation fairly bowled along. The advertising rates could scarcely be increased rapidly enough to keep pace with the circulation. And in an incredibly brief space of time the two-million mark was not only reached but quickly passed.

From this point, the *Saturday Evening Post* has gone on until now it is passing the two-and-a-half-million circulation mark, and is apparently headed straight for the third million.

And this is the 'singed cat' that the best business minds tried their best to kill in the unsuccessful attempt to discourage Cyrus H. K. Curtis!

(In the next Atlantic, Mr. Bok will conclude his series of informal sketches, by outlining some of the personal methods followed by Mr. Curtis in his successful handling of men and problems.)

THE WIDOW AGNES

BY JOHN A. JOHNSON

WHEN I first saw her, she was behind the counter of the small country-store, busily engaged with a dry-goods salesman, who was showing his samples. Her black hair was smoothly parted in the middle. Her slender, active figure, her neat attire, and her voice, low and even, all gave the impression of sureness and grace. Her foreign accent was slight; her wording and grammar correct.

She crossed the room and served me

the cold drink I asked for, returning then to the drummer.

The little store was a neat affair, with a citified air; its floor well swept, its rows of cans and packages on one side, and its bolts of dry-goods on the other, all in neat array.

I had come over that morning to sell machinery to the sawmill, but finding the manager away had wandered about the small Bohemian settlement for a while. It consisted of a short

block of painted frame-stores, placed side by side, with the highway to Alexandria running by in front, and the railway station and the tracks opposite the stores. The mill office was across the tracks, while the mill itself was farther down, and not in sight. The country around had the appearance of a rolling prairie; but the stumps in view everywhere, except in the well-cleared fields, revealed the true nature of the land to be that of a cut-over pine forest.

When the salesman had at last gathered up his samples and carried them off to the waiting jitney, which had brought him from Stephens, she came over to where I sat, and stood behind the counter.

I was hungry, there was no restaurant, and my train would not come until six o'clock. In response to my question, she pointed to her cans and glasses and cartons. I made a sandwich of dried beef and crackers, with evaporated milk and water to wash it down — an excellent meal. Customers came in from time to time. After waiting on them, she would return to the counter where I sat.

'I was here a year ago,' I said. 'A little old man kept this store.'

'I married him ten months ago,' she said, simply.

'Oh,' I said; 'he runs the farm, maybe, and you the store.'

'No, he died six months ago,' she declared in a matter-of-fact way.

'I got some fine juicy plums at an orchard up the road,' I said.

'Yes, at my mother's,' she replied.

We became very talkative as the afternoon wore away — this woman hardly more than half my age and I. She told me the few facts of her life, always in the directest manner. She had left Bohemia with her parents when sixteen, had stayed in Chicago a few weeks, and then had come out here

nine years ago, living with her mother until her 'first' marriage, as she called it, ten months before. All the people about were Bohemians, except at the mill. They were all fairly prosperous, working hard for all they got. They had a school, but no church, preacher, or priest.

'We don't believe in a church. We treat each other right.' She smiled as she spoke.

'Do you like it here?' I asked.

'Oh, well,' she answered, turning out her palms.

She evidently accepted conditions, with no thought either of dissatisfaction or of happiness. She liked to talk and to listen. Her statements were short and sure. She meant all she said, nothing more nor less.

I returned to Alexandria; but in two days I was at the Bohemian settlement again. The mill manager was still away. She greeted me with a quiet smile when I walked into the store. My stool was missing, but she brought it from the rear of the house, where she evidently lived. As before, when not waiting on customers, she stood behind the counter where I sat, talking and listening with equal readiness.

I came out the third time. She accepted my presence at the store without surprise.

In the afternoon of this third visit, a young girl rushed into the store, crying excitedly, 'Agnes! Agnes!'

And then followed a volley of words, which meant nothing to me except that I could see that something of importance had happened. I could not have drawn this conclusion from Agnes's behavior, for she showed no excitement, but said to me, 'My mother is very ill. She has sent for me. I do not know what to do. I cannot close the store. It is never done.'

'I will keep the store,' I said, longing to help this pretty, unemotional woman.

'Very well,' she said at once.

She went into the back room, and soon reappeared with a sunbonnet on. She said, unhurriedly, 'A woman will call for that big package. It is charged. The basket of groceries will be paid for — one dollar and fourteen cents.'

She and the girl went off together.

Some old experiences of mine enabled me to get along very well with the groceries; and fortunately there were no customers on the dry-goods side. In two hours she returned.

'My mother has recovered,' she said simply. 'She has spells. Soon she gets over one entirely. Some day she will die.' There was no emotion about this woman. 'The mill manager,' she continued, 'will be here to-morrow, I heard. You will be out to-morrow?'

'Yes,' I replied. It was time for the train.

'I thank you for keeping my store,' she said, holding out her hand. For a moment it lay in mine, warm, soft, and slender, and I think I pressed it.

'You like — the store?' she asked.

'Yes,' I replied.

'It is a good store,' she went on; 'it has many customers and the profits are good. With twice the stock, it could do twice the business. There should be two here. I am very tired of being alone. A man and his wife could get rich here soon. You will be back to-morrow?'

Her questions were like commands. I walked over to the station, feeling that a proposition had been made to me, and that I had been given a day to consider it. It was a business proposition, other relations being incidental, but necessary. The coolness of it impressed me, as well as its straightforwardness. I could easily imagine her saying to a husband, in her simple way, 'I find we do not suit each other. I will pay half the court expenses.'

On the following day my business with the mill manager was soon transacted. When I entered the store, the dry-goods salesman was there, a pleasant-looking fellow of thirty-five.

When I entered, I heard her say, — 'You are going to the other store now.'

And he obediently went out. He had no samples with him, but his Stephens jitney was on the street.

'Well,' said I, trying to speak carelessly, and refraining from looking at her attractive person, 'I got my order. I am through here now. I don't know when I shall come back.'

'Very well,' she said quietly; and we began a random conversation, with not a trace of resentment, or other feeling, on her part. When I saw the drummer coming I went out. When I returned for dinner the drummer was still there.

'Oh, sir,' she said, coming up to me. 'I will ask a favor. I wish to go to Alexandria at once for three hours. This gentleman will take me in his automobile. I wish you to keep my store. I wish to get something there,' she added, smiling.

'Why, certainly,' I said, heartily.

She disappeared in the rear, and soon came out, with her appearance, always neat, little changed, except that she wore a hat. She and the drummer went out to the jitney, which was soon chugging away. In three hours they returned. She came in with her hat in her hand, looking as calm as usual, while the drummer was following.

'Thank you very much,' she said to me.

'Did you get what you wanted?' I asked, now a bit suspicious.

'Yes,' spoke up the drummer, laughing, 'she did. She got *just* what she wanted. I'm him.'

'You see,' she said, 'there was no church here.'

Business went on as usual.

NYASALAND SKETCHES. II

FAMILIARS IN THE WILDS

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

It is the deplorable tendency of the generality of mankind, that it comes to definite conclusions about men and things on insufficient evidence. There exists only one class of people in the world, which, as a whole, judges correctly nationalities other than its own — the class of common sailors of tramp cargo boats. The extent to which all the rest, even the cleverest, overrate the value of their personal experience, is apt to make one doubt the sanity of mankind in general.

Because a man has a Jewish stockbroker, or his children a Catholic governess, he imagines that he knows all that can be known and said about Jews or Catholics. The German who travels across the continent in one compartment with an English commercial traveler leaves the train imbued with the ineradicable conviction that the British are a nation of shopkeepers; whereas, on the other hand, the Englishman who, on the same journey, has been bored to death by the conversation of an erudite German philosopher, will be ready to swear ever afterward that Lord Palmerston was right, after all, when he called the Germans a nation of 'damned professors.'

Unfortunately these misconceptions are generally less harmless than the elegant fraud of Prosper Mérimée, who,

without knowing a word of Slavonic, or having ever crossed the Adriatic, enriched the French literature of his day with a classic translation of Dalmatian folklore. Who can imagine for a moment that Seneca, with his Christian morals and ethics, would have encouraged his Imperial pupil's persecution of the Christians, if he had lived among the latter for ever so short a time? (Unless he had, maybe, the gift of prophecy, and foresaw that the world championship for cruelty would be wrested from Nero's memory in a Christian country, in the second millennium of Christianity.)

The same applies, if possible even in a higher degree, to the notions harbored by the majority of people as regards animals, although we may no more believe with the younger Pliny that a lion loses all his strength when a cloak is thrown over him, or, with Shakespeare, that horsehair imbedded in mud will develop into worms. The reason why the professional hunter is, as a rule, so far ahead of the professional biologist or zoölogist, lies in the circumstance that the former derives his knowledge from intercourse with animals in the wild state, protracted often over considerable periods of time, while many of the latter, by the nature of things, derive their knowledge from

caged specimens only. One might as well attempt to write a treatise on the human mind from observations made on Kaspar Hauser, or Tsar Twan VI of Russia.

Ludwig Büchner, the author of *Kraft und Stoff*, writes in a less well-known, but equally profound and far-reaching book of his, *Liebe und Liebesleben in der Thier-welt*, the following words on this subject:—

‘It will be found that, with few exceptions, all those who have had occasion to observe animals without prejudice and with sound common sense, and to live in personal contact with them and listen to their doings, will entertain an entirely different opinion about their intellectual and psychic qualities, from those who follow the traditional theories of philosophical schools.’

If Cuvier was correct in his opinion, that the reason why animals take so readily to man and so easily, under friendly treatment, lay aside their shyness of him, lies in the fact that they do not see in him a being of a different order, but rather one related to themselves, then it would appear that they have stolen a march on us, and forestalled, from the time of our appearance on the stage, pregnant to them with such sinister possibilities, an idea which, if we except a few isolated pioneers, has only in quite recent times begun to get hold of our understanding.

That animals look upon man as one of themselves, and not as an object entirely beyond their horizon, is evidenced by the remarkable interest and curiosity regarding him and his doings shown by wild creatures, and by their desire to make friends with him as long as their confidence has not been met by rough rebuke and persecution, which is, alas! the usual response given by the destroyer of creation to such friendly advances.

It is our own fault only, if birds all the world over are not even now on the same footing of familiarity with us, as were the birds of the Monte Alverna when St. Francis of Assisi arrived there; or the birds of the Falklands and the Galapagos Islands when Darwin visited them; or as the birds of Southern Morocco are at the present day, or were, at least, under Mohammedan rule, a few years ago.

But even birds which have learned at their cost that to come within reach of man is an infinitely greater risk than to approach a wild cat or a snake, will still, when they believe themselves unobserved, and while taking all necessary precautions, often give way to the feeling of curiosity with which the appearance of the long biped in unexpected localities and on unexpected occasions, inspires them.

I remember, in this connection, the fleeting visit to my camp, in the Livingstone Range, of a beautiful but shy and furtive bird, a trogon, which has no doubt developed these characteristics in consequence of the persecution which it owes to its magnificent plumage. (It was particularly mentioned, along with several other species, in the *Field*, about fifteen years ago, by a writer unknown to me, on account of the wholesale slaughter of birds, perpetrated for the benefit of a Paris modiste, by a French merchant living in one of the coast towns of German East Africa, with the help of an army of natives.) My visitor, however, whom his ‘instinct’ informed, perhaps, that from me he had nothing to fear, although still cautious, allowed his inquisitiveness to get the better of his shyness.

In front of my tent, about twenty yards away, and as much, perhaps, above the ground, two almost horizontal branches of two different trees formed a cross, the one reposing on the other. Every day, at 2 P.M., precisely

when, after luncheon, I sat in the entrance to my tent, smoking my pipe, the trogon would suddenly, and as silently as a night-jar, alight on the lower of the two branches, on the side away from me, so that his body, in size about as large as that of a dove, was completely hidden. And then he would slowly, slowly, lift his head above the intervening branch, and scrutinize me and my dog and my tent, with strange and almost uncanny intensity. After looking thus for a while, down went the head again behind the branch, to reappear, a few minutes later, in the same cautious and furtive way.

Nothing in the camp had the slightest interest for the trogon besides myself and my immediate setting. To the native camp, which was some distance from his tree on the other side, he never gave a single glance, being no doubt perfectly well acquainted with natives and their ways. He continued his mysterious visits for several days in succession; and then, having, I suppose, come to the conclusion that he knew all about me that was worth knowing, he disappeared.

Wild birds quickly learn to distinguish a friend. It has often happened to me that, when I arrived in some locality, and pitched my tent close to a low tree, within a couple of days after my arrival, sometimes one small bird, sometimes more, arrived in the evening, immediately after sunset, and went to rest in the foliage for the night, and then kept up the habit for the whole duration of my stay, being confident that, so long as they slept near me, no wild animal would dare disturb their slumber.

Once when I was lying ill with fever, down in a cañon off Lake Nyasa, a small blue kingfisher took his post on a low branch, not two yards outside my tent, where I could have hit him with a stick, and thence waged war on all

insects which came near and attempted to come inside, to madden me with their humming and their buzzing. That kingfisher remained at his self-elected post the whole time that my illness lasted; and I have often thought that, had a 'Herr Professor' turned up in the neighborhood, with a rook-rifle, he would have run a fair chance of suddenly slipping off a cliff, or of swallowing a dose of *Strophantus* with his coffee, by mistake.

One wonders whether Henri Bergson, on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Emmanuel Kant, would have established his sweeping repartition of reason and 'instinct' between man and beast, — no doubt a most convenient and simple arrangement, — if he had variegated his scientific pursuits in Paris with occasional excursions into the Jungle.

None of the great naturalists have had much use for the conventional idea of 'instinct' *versus* 'reason,' at least as far as the vertebrata are concerned. Darwin expressed his opinion that no fundamental difference exists between man and the higher mammals in respect to their intellectual faculties; and L. H. Morgan, the historiographer of the American beaver, thought that 'the misleading expression "instinct" ought altogether to be dropped.'

In a pool at the bottom of that cañon where the kingfisher watched over me during my illness, there lived a colony of frogs, which cheered up my sleepless nights with their musical performances. These concerts had exasperated me when they first started, and I had thought that I could see some excuse for those feudal lords in the Middle Ages, about whom we read that, to avoid being disturbed in their sleep, they kept an unfortunate menial all night near their castle moat, whose business was to beat the surface of the water with a long rod, in order to silence the

Batrachians every time they started croaking. But my discontent, after I had, perforce, listened for a while, gradually gave way to attention, then to interest, and finally to appreciation and wonder.

It was quite impossible to fail to notice the system and the method which ruled in these choruses. There were different bands singing alternately in different keys, without ever clashing with one another; and the quality of the voices of each particular band differed from the quality of the voices of every other band; so that I came to the conclusion that each band was recruited from individuals belonging to one and the same category, classed, perhaps, according to sex, or age, or to the degree of skill attained. Bandmasters gave the signal to start, indicated the key, interrupted, sang a few notes by themselves, to make clear their meaning, ordered repeats, stopped performances. There were uninterrupted solos religiously listened to, performed no doubt, by recognized virtuosi; competitions between individuals and competitions between bands.

I felt that there was something strangely, weirdly human underneath it all. It may have been my fever; but then, we are told that in fever our perceptive faculties grow more acute. I came to the ineradicable conviction that frogs are intensely musical by nature; that they love harmony and enjoy it; and that their singing constitutes their relaxation after the business of the day is over. We may perhaps assume, in judging by analogy from the habits of singing birds, that the solos are competitions of troubadours, with the ultimate intention of delighting and attracting individuals of the opposite sex.

But it is difficult to see where instinct can come in here.

Even regarding the fantastic, in-

conceivably intricate, yet marvelously methodical habits of insects, which seem to have no other choice but that between a supernatural intelligence and an unerring, equally miraculous instinct, opinions do not all incline in favor of the latter.

One of their greatest antagonists in the cause of suffering humanity, but a more generous foe than one is accustomed to meet in these days, — W. Maxwell Leffroy, — has not hesitated to pay them the following tribute: ‘A dispassionate examination of insect life reveals that even man’s powers are as nothing to those of insect life; his senses weaker; his sociology and conduct of life far inferior to that of the social insect; and he himself comparatively lacking in the exhibition of altruism and right conduct shown by insects.’

II

Brehm, the greatest of German zoölogists, who can certainly not be taxed with lack of practical experience, has written in his treatise on the raven, that no one who has lived for any length of time in companionship with one of these birds will continue to adhere to the theory of instinct *versus* reason in connection with their kind.

That ravens have a compelling personality all their own, exceeding in forcefulness that of most creatures of the animal kingdom, with the sole exception, perhaps, of the lion, is manifest from the part which they have played in the affairs of men since the beginning of recorded history, and of the importance given to them in religious tradition, in mythology, in historical legends and in fairy tales.

We read in the book of Job (38,41) that the young of the raven ‘cry unto God’ for food; in Psalm 147, they are mentioned as being fed, apparently, as creatures entirely distinct from the rest

of the animal kingdom; and elsewhere in the Bible we read that they brought food to Elias, as they are reported to have done, at later periods, to various holy hermits.

Odin has two tame ravens sitting at his right and left; ravens hold watch outside the Kyffhäuser where the Emperor Barbarossa, with his red beard grown through the marble table, waits for the resurrection of Germany; and the immortal Grip, as we know, is not wholly a product of Dickens's imagination, but the faithful copy of an original who led a very tangible existence in the author's house.

My personal experience of ravens in captivity is a very restricted one: I have known only two — one which lived in a large monastery of Cistercian monks, and delighted us small boys, when we visited it, by its antics and its talk; and one which belonged to an American lady — the wife of Field-Marshal Waldersee, born Miss Lee, and widowed Princess von der Nöer. This latter raven was a great favorite in the household, and was always brought from the country to Berlin, where it enjoyed comparative freedom in the courtyard of the house, being closely united in ties of friendship with its mistress's Yorkshire terrier.

But if my experience of ravens in captivity is defective, I have, nevertheless, had many friends of that kind, only they were all independent and free individuals, who had never known bondage. And I may state at once that, strange as it may sound, the initial step to these acquaintances was invariably taken by the other side, never by myself!

All these ravens were Central Africans. Not unlike European ravens in size and shape, the only concession which they make to the fashion adopted by their family all over the dark continent, — namely, to redeem the monot-

ony of its plumage by white colors somewhere on its body, — consists in a pear-shaped white patch on the nape of the neck, and in a white spot on the tip of the beak. This raven is called *corvus albicollis*, in some books on Central Africa; but whether it is identical with the *corvus albicollis* of South Africa seems doubtful. Brehm does not think that it is, and calls it *corvus crassirostris* in his natural history, which name bears testimony to the remarkable thickness of its beak.

The *corvus crassirostris* occurs in two distinct social combinations: as a feudal lord on uninhabited mountain-ranges, and as a communist in the neighborhood of European settlements of some importance. But, unlike its cousin, the carrion-crow, it does not descend into the plains. My friends belonged invariably to the first of these two social categories; and what I have to say here relates to that alone.

The custom is for one pair to occupy a reserve in which other ravens are not tolerated, their own children excepted, so long as they have not created a household of their own — an event which, among ravens, probably takes place as late as it does among the large birds of prey.

During my rambles on the mountain ranges in the vicinity of Lake Nyasa, as soon as I had finished pitching my tent, the pair ruling in that particular district invariably made an appearance and, sitting down at some distance from the camp, on a boulder or a stumped tree growing from the rocks, surveyed us critically. After a time they flew away again, often to come back on the following morning, on other occasions to return no more, having obviously been dissatisfied with our appearance. In time, I adopted the habit of propitiating these potentates by offerings adapted to their taste, just as I would have done with a

native chief, when entering within the precincts of his authority.

When I remained for any length of time camped in the same place, as was my habit in the rainy season, during which—on mountain ranges of which some, like the Livingston Range, average 8000 feet in height, and are, besides, intersected by many streams—traveling ceases to be pleasant, I continued these peace-offerings from day to day, as a token of appreciation of the friendly interest taken in my affairs by my visitors. They, on their side, soon began to appear in my camp regularly every morning, with that remarkable punctuality which animals acquire so much more quickly than men, and which the French assert to be *la politesse des rois*. Sometimes they stayed in the camp a few hours only, sometimes all day; but they always left toward evening, flying in the direction of some mountain fastness, where they had their home.

They rewarded me for my hospitality from the very beginning, by chasing away from the vicinity of the camp, with incredible energy and violence, all, even the largest, birds of prey which came near it. This was an invaluable service, deserving of my undying gratitude, as I often kept small pets which, but for the ravens' vigilance, would of a certainty, sooner or later, have fallen victims to the large and fierce rapacious birds which abound all over Central Africa.

All these ravens, after a time, learned to come at my call, and answered it, sometimes even at a considerable distance from my camp, when I was out collecting mineral specimens; often also, on these occasions, they joined me unexpectedly of their own accord; so that I made it a rule by and by never to start in the morning without taking with me something for them to eat.

During the rainy season of 1912–1913,

I lived in a small forest on one of the slopes of the Gorge through which the Ndumbi River descends into the plains, on its long journey toward the Indian Ocean. I had spent the preceding rainy season in another camp, but close to this one, and there had made friends with two ravens, to whom I had given the classic names Seneca and Poppæa.

It had been clear at the time that Poppæa had a nest with young ones, as she used regularly to fly away, after each meal, in the direction of a distant cluster of trees, her beak and gullet filled with provisions. And, to my great surprise and pleasure, as soon as I arrived on the Ndumbi in October, 1912, after an absence of six months, Seneca and Poppæa came, accompanied by two full-grown youngsters. That the latter were their children was obvious, because otherwise they would never have been tolerated near the camp. But they soon gave me another proof of the fact, by their own remarkable behavior.

One morning, when Seneca and Poppæa had been feeding with 'ravenous' appetite, faster than the two others were able to follow, the latter, afraid of seeing the whole breakfast swallowed before their eyes ere they had time to assuage their own hunger, all of a sudden gave up the contest, ceased eating, opened wide their beaks, and began to beat their wings against their sides, for all the world like tiny little nestlings when they see their parents arriving with food. Whereupon, both Seneca and Poppæa interrupted their own meal, and fed from their beaks those two beggars who were fully as large as themselves.

These two youngsters, less experienced than their parents, who perhaps had drawn their circles around the peaks of the Livingstone Range a century before the arrival of Dr. David, soon became much more familiar than their elders, taking food from my fin-

gers without fear or haste — a thing which the old ones never did without showing a certain hesitation. These four remained my constant and cheerful companions during the whole of the rainy season, which lasted eight months. Every day, in the early dawn, they came through the air, cawing as they approached, and a moment later they entered into the large bamboo shed which I had erected over my tent, advancing with a true sailor's roll, and very self-conscious, — as intelligent animals always are at the beginning of a visit, — eager to share the maize cakes of my early breakfast.

Like all my raven friends, those on the Ndumbi soon looked upon me as their chief source of food, as became apparent from the long stays they made in my camp, and from the provisions which they were in the habit of taking with them on leaving in the afternoon. But they went, now and then, on hunting expeditions of their own; and several times, when they had failed to make their usual appearance in the morning, I subsequently ascertained that a native hunting-party had passed in the neighborhood on the same day; as I have mentioned elsewhere, my Chikala ravens also remained absent from my flesh-pots when the leopards of those mountains were on the hunting path.

Although they accepted and ate nearly every kind of food that I offered them, they had, of course, their preferences, and to a few things they objected entirely. Of eggs, either raw or boiled, they ate only the yolk, and absolutely refused to touch the white. I have wondered at this until I read, quite recently, what has greatly increased the very high opinion I have of ravens, that is, that the yolk only of eggs contains the vitamins which are so important a part of our nutriment, and the white none at all! Food made

with flour they liked only fried, but not otherwise; as, for instance, pancakes or chupatties.

Needless to say, it is meat, raw or cooked, which they prefer to all other forms of diet, and they do not mind if it is slightly tainted, as we do not, either, where game is concerned. But, again like ourselves, although they are passionately fond of fish, they will not touch it if it is not absolutely fresh, and refuse even boiled fish which has been standing overnight, showing themselves much more fastidious in this respect than the Central African natives, who do not appear to mind in the least fish with a very pronounced *haut goût*.

Occasionally my boarders caught a mouse, which they killed before they swallowed it, breaking its neck against a stone, by swinging it by its tail held tightly in their beak, being wiser in their generation than the poor young lady mentioned in a magazine a few years ago, who swallowed a live chameleon as an advertisement and died in horrible pain in consequence, it being found at the autopsy that the chameleon was still alive!

Like European ravens and some breeds of dogs, African ravens delight to hide their surplus wealth of food in cunningly devised caches, after the manner of Arctic explorers, sometimes betraying themselves in quite human fashion, when one comes near, by conflicting attempts to combine an appearance of indifference with profound watchfulness. In one respect, however, they differ advantageously from their European cousin — although my companions had every opportunity to steal, I never missed a single thing.

It has been stated by Europeans that the *corvus crassirostris* of Central Africa kills little chickens, like the blood-thirsty *corvus albicollis* of South Africa, which has even been known to attack and kill sheep, as does also the South

African baboon. I am confident, however, that my friends have been calumniated; it may be that isolated misdeeds of single individuals with perverted tastes have been magnified into a general habit of the whole tribe. Not a single authenticated case of such a crime has come to my notice; and, moreover, all the natives whom I have asked were unanimous in asserting that they never do. Natives do not kill ravens; if the latter were a danger to their poultry, they would wage against them the same relentless war which they wage against hawks, whom they follow, when they surprise them *in flagranti delicto*, with a chicken between their fangs, by running from tree to tree for miles, until the bird, exhausted by the weight of the fowl, which it either will not drop, or from which it cannot extricate its claws, collapses on the branch of a tree, and is killed.

The Europeans who accused the *corvus crassirostris* of kidnapping chickens very probably wanted an excuse for exercising their skill in shooting them; besides, many of the old pioneers are said to have been partial to *corbeau en casserole*, like Napoleon's Veterans.

On the Ndumbi, beef was occasionally sent to me from a place some forty miles away, where the magistrate regularly killed a bullock for his posse of police. The arrival was usually quite uncertain, but it was always hailed in advance by Seneca, Poppæa and their children, whom I had called Aliturus and Messalina: as soon as the messenger with the meat was within a few miles of my camp, they would suddenly show signs of excitement, and then rise into the air and fly cawing to meet him.

The Central African raven, in its character, much resembles our own, and, like it, combines cunning and prudence with familiarity and confidence. It would be a mistake, however,

to think that all individuals are cut after the same pattern. Among ravens, as among so many kinds of the higher animals, there is as much differentiation of character as there is among Europeans, and perhaps more than among certain races of aborigines. This is not necessarily a compliment, if we admit that strong differentiation is essential to the intermediate stage between the lowest and the highest state of development, while it flattens out at both ends. But it appeals; for personality, as Goethe says, is our greatest pleasure.

One of my four ravens, Aliturus, was a great humorist. It was his special delight to play with Rikki-Tikki, my 'banded' mongoose. Everyday they amused themselves together. Aliturus followed Rikki-Tikki, now in short jumps, now in his rolling gait, intent on catching the tip of his tail. Rikki-Tikki, as cunning as he, and well aware of his intention, pretended to notice nothing, and, with an occasional furtive squint backward, strolled slowly along, now stopping for a moment to dig, now standing up on his hind legs like a bear, to sniff the perfume of a flower, now jumping after a grasshopper; but at the very moment when Aliturus reached out for the pinch, he made one leap into the air and round, with lightning-like rapidity, only to miss, sometimes only by a fraction of an inch, his aggressor, who immediately retired, flying low above the ground, with Rikki-Tikki in hot pursuit.

I have had no experience of a breed of animals in which the males do not show conspicuous courtesy to the females. It is universal, and I see no reason to disbelieve the gentleman who assured me that he had seen, in the Gaboon, a male gorilla peel a pineapple and then hand the fruit to his consort.

There is no difference, in this respect,

between birds and mammals. Indeed, it would appear as if deference toward the 'weaker' sex were as fundamental a natural law, as the love of the mother for her offspring.

I had excellent opportunity, while I stayed in the Chikala Range of Nyasaland, to ascertain that ravens make no exception to this general rule; which is, after all, no matter for surprise, when one comes to consider the high level of their intellect. Their chief article of diet in that locality consisted of fish, which was brought to me from the lake, every day; and as I always had it boiled it was moist, of course, and had therefore to be presented to them in a plate, which I put on the verandah of my house.

There were two boarders only — Mrs. Grip and Mr. Nevermore. I had soon found out who was who, from the fact that Mrs. Grip made her appearance on the premises much later as a rule than Mr. Nevermore, as she was, no doubt, reluctant to leave her nest in the forest, and her young, before the sun had ascended sufficiently high in the sky to give them warmth, and because she left my place three or four times a day, with as much food in her beak and gullet as she could carry. She took the greatest pains to pack the food well, so as to avoid the risk of dropping something on the road (although I saw it happen occasionally), and, at the same time, to take as great a quantity as she could possibly manage.

The preparations for each flight were most painstaking: she always disgorged her cargo three or four times on the verandah before she felt quite satisfied; and then she often made false starts and came back for some slight alteration in the disposition of her articles. When everything was all right, and she was well under weigh, she always uttered, notwithstanding her

full beak, one loud, unmistakable call, which I never heard from her on any other occasion, to inform Mr. Nevermore that she was now leaving for good — a call which was as certainly meant to express, 'Now I'm off!' as if she had shouted it in plain English. Nevermore sometimes followed, sometimes stayed on. Occasionally he, too, carried away some food, but never anywhere near as much as his lady.

Nevermore showed his touching regard for Grip in that he never dreamed of touching the smallest piece of food before she had fully satisfied herself. When they were both present when the dinner was served, he waited patiently until she gave him leave to approach by stepping aside; but if the plate was put on the verandah before she had arrived, he flew up to the top of a tree near the house, and there started cawing frantically and unceasingly, until she came sweeping down and onto the verandah with a great rush of wings, which always reminded me of Paolo and Francesca. She, of course, always fell to at once, as she was fully justified in doing as the mother of a family.

On two occasions only did my four ravens in Ndumbi make an exception to the rule that no other ravens were allowed in the neighborhood of the camp. Twice a single stranger appeared in the reserve, who was good-humoredly tolerated for several days, and then left. I can only assume that it was a young raven with matrimonial intentions, the scion of another dynasty, who came to propose to Messaline after sounding the views of her parents. On both occasions the visit remained without visible result.

My hope that a pair of my raven friends would, one day, follow my safari, and stick to it, was never, alas! realized. They would follow the caravan for a time, flying above it and ap-

parently much excited; but not in a single instance did they accompany me as far as the first camping-place of the journey; obeying, evidently, the unwritten law in the code of ravens, not to penetrate into foreign reserves.

Swallow-tailed brown kites, so common all over Africa, are as willing as ravens to make friends with man, and frequently appear in camping-places. They were always ignominiously chased away by my ravens, but once, in the Pare mountains, where I never saw the *corvus crassirostris*, I formed an *alliance cordiale* with one of them, which became very tame. Although perfectly adult when we first met, it soon learned to come at my call, and even to my table at meals. Its habit was to come flying high up in the air, whistling softly, poise for an instant over my head, and then drop, 'like a thunderbolt.' But, charming fellow though he was, I am sorry to say that, unlike the ravens, he was utterly dishonest. He successively stole, from under my very nose, my shaving-brush, a teaspoon, a table-knife, and a napkin; and he even tried to steal my hat!

The catholicity of that bird's taste in food was surprising. There was nothing in my own bill of fare that it would not eat; to scones it was especially partial, but it also swallowed boiled rice and potatoes with gusto.

As it was apparently quite alone, and I never saw another of its kind in that neighborhood, I fondly hoped, as I did with regard to the ravens, that it would follow me when I should leave.

But I was deceived in this case as in the other, although it, too, showed excitement when it saw the caravan depart. It followed for about a mile, flying wildly about high above our heads, and then suddenly turned back.

The drawback about these friendships formed in the course of a vagabond life is, that, when they come to their inevitable and abrupt end, one cannot give to those who will be left behind one word of warning or preparation; so that the departure must, in their eyes, appear in the character of a callous and heartless desertion. Indeed, if one looks coolly at the question, there can be no doubt that it is distinctly unfair to accustom to a life of care and comfort creatures which, in their ordinary existence, have to exert themselves all day long to find food for themselves and their offspring, and then, when they have got used to being fed regularly and in plenty, to throw them back to the necessity of shifting for themselves, like children who have been brought up in the expectancy of wealth and in luxury, who, at their father's death, find themselves penniless.

WILD GRAPE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

THE Lord Christ hung above my bed,
A crown of thorns upon His head,
Like precious blood the lamp burned red.

Libera me, Domine.

With herb of grace I strewed the floor,
Set holy water by the door,
Its chrism upon my brow I bore.

Libera me, Domine.

Because of the grape-flower's subtle scent,
Its pagan spell of devilment;
Dear Christ! With every prayer it blent.

Libera me, Domine.

Because the wanton moon was bright,
I cloaked my casement from the light,
I locked the door and barred it tight.

Libera me, Domine.

Cloistered with Eternal Grace,
Alone with the blessing of God's face —
Shut out the spell of the cursèd race!

Libera me, Domine.

It is the time when they frisk abroad,
The young desires in a frantic horde.
I have shut them out, O suffering Lord!

Libera me, Domine.

Shut out the wood and the green call,
Smell of the grape-flower over all.
Hush, my heart! A wild foot-fall!

Libera me, Domine.

I knelt upon the cold, hard floor;
My head drooped low, my knees were sore. —
What rattled the latch? What shook the door?

Libera me, Domine.

A sudden gust blew on my face,
Breath of a forbidden place.
The lamp flared out. For Jesu's grace!

Libera me, Domine.

Braced was the door with an iron bar,
Bolted and knopped with a cross and a star.
But my heart's low postern was ajar.

Libera me, Domine.

The third cock crew, and night was late;
I swooned as I felt the hinges grate,
And something slipped through the postern gate.

Libera me, Domine.

The house was dark and cold as stone,
While over my bed, where the lamp had shone,
The Crucified hung stark and lone.

Miserere, Domine.

Evoë! But life is good!
My wild self leaped in lustihood,
Off with the gods of the odorous wood.

Miserere, Domine.

POETRY CONSIDERED

BY CARL SANDBURG

- 1 Poetry is a projection across silence of cadences arranged to break that silence with definite intentions of echoes, syllables, wave lengths.
- 2 *Poetry is an art practised with the terribly plastic material of human language.*
- 3 Poetry is the report of a *nuance* between two moments, when people say, 'Listen!' and 'Did you see it? Did you hear it? What was it?'
- 4 *Poetry is the tracing of the trajectories of a finite sound to the infinite points of its echoes.*
- 5 Poetry is a sequence of dots and dashes, spelling depths, crypts, cross-lights, and moon wisps.
- 6 *Poetry is a puppet-show, where riders of skyrocket and divers of sea fathoms gossip about the sixth sense and the fourth dimension.*
- 7 Poetry is a plan for a slit in the face of a bronze-fountain goat and the path of fresh drinking water.
- 8 *Poetry is a slipknot tightened around a time-beat of one thought, two thoughts, and a last interweaving thought there is not yet a number for.*
- 9 Poetry is an echo asking a shadow dancer to be a partner.
- 10 *Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly the air.*
- 11 Poetry is a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanations.
- 12 *Poetry is a fossil rock-print of a fin and a wing, with an illegible oath between.*
- 13 Poetry is an exhibit of one pendulum connecting with other and unseen pendulums inside and outside the one seen.
- 14 *Poetry is a sky dark with a wild-duck migration.*
- 15 Poetry is a search for syllables to shoot at the barriers of the unknown and the unknowable.
- 16 *Poetry is any page from a sketchbook of outlines of a doorknob with thumb-prints of dust, blood, dreams.*
- 17 Poetry is a type-font design for an alphabet of fun, hate, love, death.

- 18 *Poetry is the cipher key to the five mystic wishes packed in a hollow silver bullet fed to a flying fish.*
- 19 Poetry is a theorem of a yellow-silk handkerchief knotted with riddles, sealed in a balloon tied to the tail of a kite flying in a white wind against a blue sky in spring.
- 20 *Poetry is a dance music measuring buck-and-wing follies along with the gravest and stateliest dead-marches.*
- 21 Poetry is a sliver of the moon lost in the belly of a golden frog.
- 22 *Poetry is a mock of a cry at finding a million dollars and a mock of a laugh at losing it.*
- 23 Poetry is the silence and speech between a wet struggling root of a flower and a sunlit blossom of that flower.
- 24 *Poetry is the harnessing of the paradox of earth cradling life and then entombing it.*
- 25 Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during a moment.
- 26 *Poetry is a fresh morning spider-web telling a story of moonlit hours, of weaving and waiting during a night.*
- 27 Poetry is a statement of a series of equations, with numbers and symbols changing like the changes of mirrors, pools, skies, the only never-changing sign being the sign of infinity.
- 28 *Poetry is a pack-sack of invisible keepsakes.*
- 29 Poetry is a section of river-fog and moving boat-lights, delivered between bridges and whistles, so one says, 'Oh!' and another, 'How?'
- 30 *Poetry is a kinetic arrangement of static syllables.*
- 31 Poetry is the arithmetic of the easiest way and the primrose path, matched up with foam-flanked horses, bloody knuckles, and bones, on the hard ways to the stars.
- 32 *Poetry is a shuffling of boxes of illusions buckled with a strap of facts.*
- 33 Poetry is an enumeration of birds, bees, babies, butterflies, bugs, bambinos, babayagas, and bipeds, beating their way up bewildering bastions.
- 34 *Poetry is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away.*
- 35 Poetry is the establishment of a metaphorical link between white butterfly-wings and the scraps of torn-up love-letters.
- 36 *Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.*
- 37 Poetry is a mystic, sensuous mathematics of fire, smokestacks, waffles, pansies, people, and purple sunsets.
- 38 *Poetry is the capture of a picture, a song, or a flair, in a deliberate prism of words.*

TUSITALA

R. L. S. — A NEW PHASE

BY S. J. WHITMEE

HIS baptismal names were Robert Lewis, and Dr. Jepp says his father always wrote the second name Lewis. Stevenson himself had a fancy for the French spelling, but not for the French pronunciation. I must have heard the name hundreds of times from his wife and his mother, and it was always the British, not the French, pronunciation. I never heard him called Robert in his own home; nor did I see it written by him, except when he wrote his name in full: Robert Louis Stevenson.

When he decided to settle in Samoa, the question of his Samoan name had to be considered. In the native language there is only one consonant in a syllable, and every syllable ends with a vowel; therefore no syllable contains more than two letters, and Stevenson Samoanized would have been Se-te-vi-ni-só-ni — in pronunciation a short sentence.

I was told by one who was present when the form of the name was being discussed that the late Reverend J. E. Newell, then one of the tutors at the Malua College, asked: 'Why not Tusitala?'

The suggestion was acclaimed by all who knew the Samoan language, and was approved by Stevenson when its meaning was explained to him; for it is *Writer of Stories*, from *tusi*, to write, and *tala*, stories. It was in one word of four syllables a name, a title, and a de-

scription of his occupation. The Samoans use only one name, and have no prefix like 'Mr.'

I

My residence in Samoa covered eighteen years, but in two periods. The first was from 1863 to 1879, when, through the ill health of my wife, I was obliged to relinquish my missionary work. The second period was two and a half years, from 1891 to 1894, during the time that R. L. Stevenson was there.

It was Sunday morning when the mail-boat on which I sailed from San Francisco reached the harbor of Apia in Samoa. Before ten o'clock on Monday morning my first visitor arrived; and, to my surprise and pleasure, he was R. L. Stevenson, who had ridden down from Vailima to welcome me. He told me that he abstained from calling on Sunday because he thought the Samoans might be shocked by a Sunday visit, and he did not wish to risk compromising me in their eyes.

He said that since the news of my coming had been received by the mail a month before, some of the people expressed to him their pleasure at the prospect of my return; and he assured me of a warm welcome back to the field of my former labors. His frankness and friendliness greatly impressed me: as did also his love for the people and his interest in their welfare. He stayed until I had the fi-

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proof of the accuracy of what he had said by the arrival of a large band of native pastors to welcome me. That first interview revealed to me his charming — almost bewitching — personality, and all my subsequent intercourse with him confirmed and strengthened the impressions produced that morning.

Before the end of the week I rode up to Vailima on horseback, to return Mr. Stevenson's call. I intended to make a short visit. But in that I reckoned without both my host and my hostess. A short visit to Vailima was almost an impossibility; both Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson conspired to defeat my intention that day. Mrs. Stevenson had an idea that I was a botanist and a gardener. She had started a kitchen garden on a plot of cleared forest land, a little distance from the house, where she was making experiments with vegetables not indigenous to the Tropics; and she wanted my opinion on the success she had met. Of course, I went.

Both husband and wife, in that household, were unconventional in the matter of dress; and in the visit to the garden Mrs. Stevenson had an advantage over me. Vegetation grows so rapidly in Samoa that it is almost impossible to keep footpaths free from weeds and grass. That morning there had been rain, and our walk was partly through long wet grass. Mrs. Stevenson was barefooted. She therefore gathered her skirts about her and stalked through the wet herbage with impunity. I was wearing low shoes and socks!

By the time we got back to the house, it was nearly luncheon time. R. L. S. had prepared a salad, in which culinary art he was a specialist; and for him the salad was all the better because the vegetables in it were from his wife's garden. After luncheon we went to a balcony in front of the drawing-room, which was on the second floor. This overlooked the undulating forest,

down to the sea, of which a vast expanse was visible. Stevenson was that day free from pain, in high spirits, and in his best mood for conversation.

That being my first interview with him in his home, I could not fail to notice several characteristics. His vivacity was wonderful for a chronic invalid. He was as active and restless as if — had it been possible — his veins were filled with quicksilver. He had a cigarette between his fingers, and occasionally between his lips; but it was constantly going out after a few puffs. There was a strong rail in front of the balcony, for safety. He, like the rest of us, had his chair; but he occupied it for only a few minutes at a time. Then he strode along the balcony and poised himself upon the rail. Anon, he slid off, took a few steps, and dropped into his chair. Sometimes he came and stood before me, discoursing upon one point or another. All the time I was lounging in a deck chair, noticing and enjoying the changes in his features, his attitudes, and the varying tones of his voice, almost as much as the subjects of his conversation. He put life into everything he discussed.

He knew I had not brought a supply of books across America, my heavy baggage being still on the way, via Australia. He therefore placed his library at my service, and I took a book away that day. Later I had an arrangement on the front of my saddle, such as I had used in previous years in the Islands for carrying botanical specimens. With this I could strap a parcel of books wrapped in waterproof cloth on my saddle; and I rarely went to or from Vailima without such a parcel. The use of his books, of course, led to conversations on the subjects of some of them; and those literary conversations I greatly appreciated, for they revealed his judgment of and attitude toward many subjects. He was

by no means dogmatic in most of his judgments, and was always fair in argument. However, he held definite and strong views on some controversial matters. In his acceptance of the Sacred Scriptures he was far more 'orthodox' than most present-day theologians, and he was a genuine believer in Divine Inspiration.

II

About three years before my return to Samoa, the London Missionary Society had decided to found a High School for girls, in their teens or over, to be conducted by lady missionaries. This was to give a superior education to the most promising young women from all the ten inhabited islands. Thirty acres of land had been acquired for the buildings and for the production of most of the food for the scholars. A plan for the building of the school had been prepared and, with the estimated cost, had been approved by the Directors in London. But up to the time of my arrival no one had been found to carry out the work, and the missionaries asked me to undertake it. That took me halfway to Vailima six days a week for some months, and I had a standing invitation to lunch there.

At that time there was no road for a horse-drawn vehicle in Samoa. When the Vailima house was built, all the materials for the structure had to be carried on the shoulders, or in the hands, of men; and all the imported provisions for the household, at the time when I was there, were carried from Apia by two pack-horses. The 'road' was, for most of the distance, a narrow track.

I, therefore, induced the people to give a strip of land for a broad road, and to construct the road; and when the mail-boat that took me to Apia returned from Sydney and Auckland, I sent by her an order to San Francisco

for a light van and harness for a horse. When she again returned, a month after my arrival, she brought what was ordered, and by that time our road was nearly completed. That was the first road for a vehicle that was made in Samoa; and 'the road of the loving heart,' which the people constructed some time later to show their 'love for Tusitala,' was the continuation of our road from Papauta — the Girls' College — to Vailima. That is the history of 'the road of the loving heart.'

One day, soon after the school had been opened, Mr. Stevenson called on me at my apartments, in a more formal manner than usual. He wished to write a story in the Samoan language; but he felt that his knowledge, especially of the idioms, was too imperfect. He told me that he had consulted natives and missionaries, and all advised him to ask me for the help he needed. He would not ask for more than one hour a week, and he would come to me in my rooms at whatever time best suited me. If I had any scruple about devoting that time to his help, he hoped I would frankly tell him.

In Samoa there is only an hour and twenty minutes' difference between the shortest and the longest day: on the shortest, the sun rises about 6.20 A.M. and sets at 5.40; on the longest, it rises about 5.40, and sets at 6.20. Tea time in our missionary homes was about five o'clock, and the time between that and lamp-lighting for evening occupations was our leisure hour. I told him that I should be delighted to give him that time for the study of the niceties of the Samoan language. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, with whom I boarded, would be delighted if he would join us at tea, and then we would set to work. I suggested that he should write a piece of his story, which I would read and correct where correction was needed; and then we would discuss the reasons

for my criticisms. That greatly pleased him, and thus the matter was settled. In a delicate way he said he knew I would not take anything for what I did, but the Missionary Society I served should not suffer for the loss of my time in helping him. I assured him that I should give him only my free time. I came to know, however, that at the May Missionary Meeting, when the Samoans contributed to the London Missionary Society, there was a contribution which no native could have given.

I believe that the student enjoyed that hour; but he did not enjoy it more than did the teacher. The peculiarities and the niceties of the language were a wonder to us both. We agreed that the Samoans must have descended from a higher condition of intellectual culture, to possess such a wonderful language. The extent of the vocabulary — certainly nearly thirteen hundred words, in an unwritten language (for until missionaries collected and wrote them, they were unwritten) — was a marvel. The orators all had a full knowledge of the entire vocabulary. Then the delicate differences in expression and shades of meaning, and the varieties in the pronouns and particles, astonished both of us. I regretted that the opportunity for such pleasant intercourse came only once a week. Sometimes there was a break in that.

When the weather was bad, Mrs. Stevenson wisely exercised her influence to keep him at home; and sometimes he was not well enough to come. Then he invariably sent a message or a note in explanation; but occasionally he was not able to write even a short note. Those notes were generally amusing and always interesting. Here is one: —

MY DEAR MR. WHITMEE, —

The weather seems impossible, and my family will not let me go. Please excuse
THE CLASS.

Only once did he willfully play truant. Then he wrote: —

MY DEAR COUNT WHITMEE, —

I have just finished a novel, which you will understand if you consider it is like a hundred and twenty sermons on end — and I simply cannot put my mind to Samoan or anything else. I am like an empty bag. I can, and I will do nothing.

Your unfruitful pupil,
TUSITALA.

The novel then just finished was *Catriona*. Another letter was: —

MY DEAR MR. WHITMEE, —

The most dreadful ill luck certainly pursues me. I have had an attack which makes it impossible, or at least highly unwise, to venture out this afternoon. A lot of *Edwin* waits your eagle eye. But it must be when it must. Why do you despise our humble luncheons? I wish you would remember, when you are at Papauta anyway, how glad we all are to see you.

Yours sincerely,
R. L. STEVENSON.

If at that time a whole week passed without my presence at those 'humble luncheons,' it was quite exceptional.

I believe he would have appreciated a visit from some congenial friend after twelve o'clock almost every day; for the luncheon conversation was a pleasant relaxation to him after his morning's work. Here is another note: —

MY DEAR MR. WHITMEE, —

I have had bad luck yesterday and to-day: I have a cold and the class cannot come.

Your hopeless pupil,
R. L. S.

Then followed 'Notes for Dictionary.' At that time he was reading the Book of Job in our Samoan Bible; and he had found some words which were not in the third edition of the Dictionary, which contained 1257 words. I forwarded the list to one of the Mission Staff to be put with others, to be included in a fourth edition.

The next day I rode from Papauta to see him, and found him still confined to his bed, but sitting propped up with pillows, and writing. He was, however, glad to relinquish his work. That morning I returned his *Memoir of Professor Fleeming Jenkin*, the engineer; and I told him I had written to my eldest son, who was going in for electrical engineering, telling him to purchase a copy at my expense, as a birthday gift.

Stevenson said: 'Your son won't get a copy in Britain; it is out of print there. But I will write to my publisher in New York and instruct him to forward a copy, if you will give me his Christian name and address.'

This I did; and he took half a sheet of note paper and wrote on it: 'To Harold B. Whitmee, from his Father's Friend, Robert Louis Stevenson.' He handed that to me, saying, 'Send that to your son and ask him to put it in the book.'

That was a characteristic action. He knew the inscription would greatly enhance the value of the book to my son.

III

This leads me to Stevenson's use and estimation of the Sacred Scriptures. I doubt whether many literary men — or even preachers — have read the Bible more regularly, with more reverence, or with greater appreciation, than he did. To him the Bible was the most wonderful and most valuable book in the world. He was not troubled by modern criticism. As to the speculations and imaginations on dates and authorship of the books, he cared little. He did not think all the books of the Old Testament were on a common level in the matter of Divine Inspiration. He did not see the need for it in the writing of the historical books. The Book of Job he admired, and he almost reveled in the reading of it, even in the Samoan tongue. Some of the books of the

Prophets he ranked as superlative literature. He read the books as wholes, not in fragments, and did not see the need of imagining that there were two Isaiahs. In the books generally he found something more than human, although in human writers, he recognized limits of individuality in character and intellect, as well as in divine illumination.

Of the fact of Divine Inspiration he had no doubt; for there is so much in the Bible for which mere human knowledge, imagination, or intellectual power cannot account. In reference to the predictive Scriptures, he almost scorned the attitude of the churches in general, and of theologians and preachers in particular. He had a conception of his own in reference to the predictive pictures of the prophetic books. More than once or twice he expressed to me his wonder that — as he put it — 'you preachers do not study more, and make greater use of, the teaching of the Prophets: for in my belief they supply the key to the future of the world.'

One day he said to me: 'I cannot understand how you theologians and preachers can apply to the Church — or the multiplicity of churches — Scripture promises which, in their plain meaning, must apply to God's chosen people Israel, and to Palestine; and which, consequently, must still be future. You call yourselves the "Israel of God" or the "Spiritual Israel."' As an example of this misinterpretation, he gave me Isaiah LXII. 'But,' said he, 'that does not stand alone. The prophetic books are full of teachings which, if they are interpreted literally, would be inspiring, and a magnificent assurance of a great and glorious future; but which, as they are spiritualized, become farcical — as applied to the Church, they are a comedy.'

I am ashamed to acknowledge that he rightly included me among 'the

preachers who emasculate and make ridiculous the great predictions of the Prophets'; for I remembered, among other sermons of similar import, one sermon especially, on Psalm II, 6-8, when I spiritualized the whole passage, applying it to the spiritual 'Zion' and the work of the missionary church.

On several occasions Stevenson discussed such points with me; for he was, nearly all the time I knew him, reading the Old Testament prophetic Scriptures. He referred to the fact that Isaiah LIII predicted both failure and success, and that Christ spoke of his Second Coming (Parousia), when the promised restoration of Jerusalem and Palestine to Israel must be fulfilled, if ever the prophetic promises are fulfilled. He laid the greatest stress upon the fact, which in his opinion stood out most prominently, that 'to Israel as a whole the promises were made; and that in Israel they would find their accomplishment, if ever they were fulfilled, and not in the Church.'

One day he said to me: 'I have never given special attention to the question of "the lost tribes of Israel"; but if the Anglo-Saxons do not represent them to-day, I don't know where they are to be found. No people now living is worthy of the prophetic promises. There must be vast changes in store for the world in the future.'

Although what I have written is the substance of all he said, he set me thinking upon the great subject of the world's future; and to R. L. S. I owe the initiation of much prophetic and apocalyptic study during subsequent years. For this I owe him a debt of gratitude, as well as for other benefits received from his virile personality.

In a book entitled *With Stevenson in Samoa*, published in London, in 1910, by Mr. H. J. Moors, whom I knew during my first, and also my second, residence in the Islands, there is some

strong, but somewhat contradictory, language concerning Stevenson's religion. Mr. Moors says: 'We never discussed the Bible seriously, as far as I recollect. Reverent always where matters of religion were concerned, Stevenson was not what I regard as a religious man. . . . Though he was more or less a dual personality, he was mostly Bohemian; and more than once, to his annoyance, has he been surprised in Bohemia. The Stevenson whom some writers have told us of — the man of morals, the preacher, the maker of prayers — is not the Stevenson I knew. Yet it is true that he moralized and preached in his own peculiar way, and true that he wrote some exquisite prayers. The truth is, there were two Stevensons! And I write of this strange personality as I found him, not as revealed through the looking-glass of the man's books.'

I take those quotations from Mr. Moors's book as a text on which to give expression to my own views. In some respects I agree with Mr. Moors; but in other respects my views are widely divergent from his. Before I read Mr. Moors's book, I believed that the germ of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he had found in himself: 'He is more or less a dual personality.' Mr. Moors may have seen more of one side of his character than I have. I am confident that I saw much more of his inner life than Mr. Moors did. He saw exaggerated manifestations of the worst, while I saw genuine manifestations of the best, that was in Tusitala. I am, however, certain that Mr. Moors never saw anything that could be said to be immoral or of doubtful morality. I never saw in him anything indicating the lack of a pure moral principle always prompting him in his life and conduct.

Mr. Moors says of Stevenson that he was 'reverent always, where matters of

religion were concerned.' That is good testimony from a man who made no profession of being religious himself. If by a 'religious man' he means one who is careful to observe outward forms of religion, I agree that R. L. S. had nothing in him that was like the 'Pharisee'; but I have seen in him something resembling the attitude of the 'Publican' of our Lord's parable. I have read two books published in London in which the writer professes to have known Stevenson, and to have met him at a dance with native girls; but I don't believe a word on the subject written by the author. What that writer suggested was absolutely impossible. To Stevenson the honor of a Samoan girl was as precious as that of any British woman.

On matters of morality on the part of foreign settlers in the Islands, also in reference to excesses in drink, I had conversations with him in which he deplored the conduct of British subjects and others.

One morning he had not attempted his ordinary writing, but rode down to Papauta with a written prayer in the Samoan language, which he wished me to read and correct if there were any errors in its composition. He told me that on the previous day two of the Samoans whom he employed had a serious quarrel. He had been informed of it and had, as he hoped, settled the matter. But the attitude of one of the men, who was mainly to blame, was so serious that he wished to make it a matter for prayer the following morning. I may explain that throughout the Samoan Islands there was hardly a family that did not observe family worship. It was observed at Vailima, one of the men, who was a kind of foreman to the outside staff, acting as chaplain.

When the master was well enough to rise early, he usually attended at that morning worship at which a hymn was

sung, a short portion of Scripture read, and a short prayer offered. Stevenson proposed to offer the prayer himself the following morning. I have wished since that I had asked permission to make a copy of what he had written. But I remember the gist of it, although not the actual sentences. There was a reverent approach to God, and thanks for preservation, and for mercies and gifts bestowed. There was acknowledgment of sinfulness on the part of all, and a petition for forgiveness, in which I specially noted that the pronouns used included the person offering the prayer. Then there was a reference to what took place the previous day, and thanksgiving that there had been mutual confession and reconciliation. There followed supplication for help and strength to resist all inclination to give way to anger and vindictive feelings, and for help, that day and every day, to live as in God's sight, and so in peace and love toward one another and toward all people.

I do not know in what sense Mr. Moors uses the word 'Bohemian' in reference to Stevenson: if only 'unconventional' and sufficiently erratic to be different from most other people, I might agree with him. Tusitala reveled in the unconventional; and if he met anyone who was 'goody-goody' he might go far enough to scandalize the 'unco quid.' In some of his moods he, like Byron, misrepresented himself. If there was exaggeration in his speech, it was of his own failings. Cant and religious pretenses were abhorrent and impossible to him. Mr. Moors says: 'Sometimes you would catch Stevenson in what was almost a spiritual trance; and I really believe there was a good deal of the spiritualistic in his nature.' There I agree with him; and doubtless I saw much more of that side of his character than Mr. Moors did. He admits that he 'never discussed the Bible

seriously' with him. I did; and I have never met with a man who was not a minister of the Gospel who had such perfect knowledge of the Book.

Stevenson generally spoke of the Divine Being as God, and rarely spoke of Christ or Jesus, except in reference to some New Testament incident. That was not because he had any doubt of the deity of Christ; but rather because in Him he recognized the only Personality in whom we can really know God. He interpreted literally much that most Christian people spiritualize. He said to me, 'You preachers spiritualize so much of the Scriptures that you destroy their teaching, and make them meaningless.' He understood literally such statements of our Lord as these: 'No man cometh unto the Father, but by me'; 'If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also'; 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father'; 'I am in the Father, and the Father in me.' He believed that only in the Person of our incarnate Lord can we have any real comprehension of the Infinite Being, either as the Father or as the Holy Spirit. To him the word 'God' comprehended the Trinity, and he did not differentiate between the three Personalities: in Jesus the Christ we know the Father, and possess the Holy Spirit. I believe that was Stevenson's attitude.

I have already stated how literally he understood the predictions of the Prophetic books, and his belief that the wonderful promises for the world and for humanity will be fulfilled.

Stevenson's attitude toward missionaries in Samoa was one of friendliness to all; but there were degrees in his friendships, which were not biased by their religious views, but were warmer or cooler according to the personalities of the missionaries. Roman Catholics and Protestants shared his friendship.

I once asked him to give me frankly his opinion of missionary work in Samoa. I said: 'You have had unusual opportunities of forming a judgment on the value of the work done and I should like to know exactly what is your opinion.'

He gave me a graver look than was usual and replied: 'You know I have severely criticized an action of one of your missionaries, although it was not of his work as a missionary. I do not think all missionaries are equally wise, and of some missionary methods I do not approve. But for the work of the London Missionary Society generally I have great admiration. I regard the presence of you missionaries in these islands as the one redeeming feature of the residence of white men in Samoa.' I made a note of that at the time.

The late Dr. George Brown, who was some years a Wesleyan Missionary in Samoa, was in 1890 a fellow passenger with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson from Sydney to Samoa. Writing of their conversations on board, Dr. Brown said: 'I think Stevenson had been prejudiced against missionary work. Either he had formed his opinions from statements made by prejudiced people, or he had seen some unfavorable examples of the work which had been accomplished. We never discussed the necessity, expediency, and obligation of missionary work among the heathen.'

IV

I might not have ventured to write freely on the home life at Vailima, if I had not been asked more than once whether the Stevenson family was a happy one. Some people appear to think that with such apparently incongruous elements as R. L. S., with his keen and delicate sensibility; Mrs. Stevenson, much older than he was, and in many respects the opposite of her husband; a stepdaughter, married,

and with a son still a boy, separated from her husband; and a stepson, harmonious and happy family life would be almost impossible. During most of the time of my visits, Stevenson's mother was also a member of the family; and she added another element, for she was, in almost every respect, the opposite of her daughter-in-law and Mrs. Strong.

Of course, I saw the family only occasionally; but I believe I saw them all together (except Stevenson's stepson, whom I do not include in the following statements, because I saw him only occasionally and never knew him intimately), and saw them under such differing circumstances as warranted me in forming a judgment; yet I never saw the least sign of want of harmony, the least lack of perfect confidence in one another, or the least failure of family affection. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were genuine lovers. He owed his life to her, and apparently he never forgot it. She had great admiration for him, and devoted herself to his welfare with the most solicitous care and womanly love. When she dictated to him about exposing himself, or doing some things he wished to do, it was consideration, prompted by love, which made her assume authority. His stepdaughter also admired him, and I believe she was never more happy than when she was working for him as amanuensis or in other ways.

Soon after my arrival in Samoa in 1891, Mrs. Stevenson senior arrived on a second visit to her son. She was a hale and hearty old lady, with the vivacity of healthy middle age — a refined and dignified Edinburgh lady, whom it was a joy to know. She was a godly woman, with wide sympathies, and possessing broad and liberal views on religious and other matters. On her first visit to her son, she learned to ride a very quiet pony, which seemed aware

of the dignity of its rider. This was the only way by which she could pass to and fro between Vailima and Apia at that time, unless she had used a kind of sedan chair, which was disagreeable to her. A rule in life with her appeared to be to give as little trouble to others as was possible, and to do as much for others as she could.

I saw a good deal of Mrs. Stevenson, for she rode to Apia every Sunday, to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, with whom I boarded, and to attend the evening service at the English Chapel, at which, when I was at Apia, I usually preached. Mrs. Clarke always had a bedroom for her, and she rode back to Vailima on Monday morning. As I, for much of the time, rode up to the Girls' High School, I had the pleasure of accompanying her, and usually went on to Vailima.

As we always rode at walking pace, those rides gave me the opportunity of engaging in pleasant and profitable conversation with Mrs. Stevenson. Often she introduced some point, or points, in my sermon on the previous evening, or something else in connection with the service. Our congregation being of different nationalities and of different sections of the Church, we used a shortened form of the Church of England prayers. Although she was a Presbyterian, she liked the prayers used, and complimented me on my sympathetic reading. I did not adhere to the Prayer Book Lessons, and my companion often mentioned passages of Scripture, or points in the sermon, which had specially interested her.

In those conversations the old lady revealed her faith in Christ, her unbounded love for Him, and an experimental knowledge of some of the deepest things in the spiritual life. If I had been her pastor and she had known me for years, I doubt whether she could have revealed her inner life more fully

than she did in those rides through the dense vegetation of the Samoan hills.

It would be presumption to enlarge on her love for her son. That may be taken for granted. Her admiration of him was also great. It struck me that at the time when R. L. S. was straitened pecuniarily it was his mother's influence which moved his father's heart to afford him regular assistance. As to her son's religious standing, she would have been better satisfied if it had been more on ordinary and conventional lines; but she had no doubt whatever about his faith in Christ as his Saviour.

Shortly before I left Samoa Stevenson spoke to me about the young half-caste people of Apia. He and Mrs. Stevenson had tried, by some social gatherings, to interest and benefit them; but their efforts had not been encouraging. I suggested that he might try to reach the young men by holding a Bible class on Sunday afternoons. He was attracted by the idea, and decided to start a class, taking the book of Isaiah for his earliest studies.

He said to me: 'I will have my own way in this.' That was in reference to his wife's objection to his attendance at our service at the English Chapel on Sunday nights. In that objection I believe she was fully justified. The chapel was a small galvanized-iron structure. The audience always filled it, and the temperature in it was oppressive. For R. L. S. to attend that service, and, after it, to ride up to Vailima and meet the comparatively cool breeze from the land to the sea which always blows at night, would have been madness on his part. Although I was usually the preacher when I was in residence at Apia, and should have been delighted to have him as a hearer,

for the benefit of his criticism, I heartily agreed with Mrs. Stevenson's veto against her husband's attendance. But the afternoon class was not open to any of the objections against the evening service. He took the class, but did not live many months to carry it on.

My last ride to Vailima was on the day the mail-boat for San Francisco was due. The farewells were over, and I was about to mount my horse, when Mr. Stevenson said: 'One question, Mr. Whitmee, I wish to ask: If you are requested to come again to Samoa, will you come?'

I replied: 'Yes, if a good and sufficient reason be given for my return.'

He said: 'Thank you; you will have to come back.'

I have no knowledge of what prompted that question.

I believe Tusitala revealed to me his inner life, his deepest thoughts about God, the present life, and the life to come. And as he died only a few months after I left Samoa, I probably received his latest confidences. From these I believe I am warranted in saying he possessed saving faith in Christ unto life eternal. And from his belief in the prophetic books of the Old Testament, the teaching of Christ, and the apocalyptic portions of the New Testament, he possessed the fullest and clearest conception of the Second Coming of Christ, and the establishment of His Kingdom upon earth, of all the men I then knew. He interpreted the wonderful predictions literally, and often spoke scornfully of the 'spiritualizing' of predictions which he believed should be literally understood. He did not believe that the Church, as it is at present constituted, would win the world.

ON GETTING HOME

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

IF someone should take all manner of sensations and pin them in a pretty row along the wall, for me to choose which had assumed the comeliest countenance, doubt would not have sufficient time to stretch his sticky hands out toward my heart before I should march boldly up and lay the wreath of laurel at the feet of that one we call 'getting home.' It means, of course, arriving at that place of all the world where you do most belong. I yield the crown to this sensation, because it is the winsome parent of so many others. There is comfort in it, and ease; there is gayety, laughter, and a catching of the breath, as if excitement had crept through the key-hole of emotion, thrown the door wide, and let sweep in a multitude of unsuspected pleasures created by everything the senses can take cognizance of.

But most of all there comes relief. Or is it love? Relief at what? I do not know. Just to be there again, perhaps; to be able to cast off pretense and affectation, even politeness, and know beyond a peradventure that it does not matter how you act, feel, think, believe — this countryside belongs to you; these hills and trees and gardens, these people walking down the village street, are yours! Nothing can change that. No whirl of time, no endless vagabonding, no voyaging from Patagonia to Persia, can ever take away the glorious fact that these green fields, brooks, orchards, and long grass are yours, yours, yours, forever. The West Wind carries you that news as soon as your

feet have felt the station platform; or, if the West Wind's in abeyance and the tidings cannot slide into your heart upon a sunbeam, then they are showered on your consciousness by raindrops sparkling with the errand.

How rag-bedecked in poverty is he who never has 'belonged,' who never 'grew up' anywhere, who spent his youth and middle age in ceaseless rounds of packing trunks, and had no chance to make one small compact green countryside the jeweled box in which to keep his rarest memories! Even to have grown up in a city is better than never to have grown up at all. There are so many unfortunates in this restless age who are rooted up before they have a chance to grow, and are transplanted hither and yon, from garden to garden, with no chance of ever becoming a spiritual owner of a plot in any one of them. For, of course, that is all that 'belonging' means.

I cannot pretend to be the actual possessor of R——, Massachusetts, for if I did there would be Mr. Pudd all up in arms, and Mrs. Honeybun desirous to know if I were turning Socialist and laying claim to equal shares in all my neighbors' cows and yellow butter. And when I call to mind the gurgling, junking sound of churns, which floats up my hill from their dairies, I've half a will to try it on. Except that I bethink myself of Charlie Squire, village constable, whose silver badge might put me in the pound as an unclaimed donkey, or in the jail for threatening the public peace. Which latter would

without a doubt much threaten mine, for the jail has been condemned some two years now, and does itself threaten to collapse should it be so much as shaken by an oath. So I will not turn Socialist; nor need I, for in the country town where I 'belong' no one except the dogs regards it as a crime to walk across a neighbor's fields, to pick his daisies, or sample his raspberries, so long as one will use discretion and never overdo it.

The sensation properly begins before you have arrived at home at all. It starts when your mind is made up to reappear there, and it grows unconsciously along the route of your return. As miles are cast off like stitches in a knitted blanket, the spell is cast on you as if these stitches went to weave an unseen net, to drag your heart out of your sea of travels into the harbor 'where you would be.' Unlike most train-journeys, you find that your last hour by rail is a delight; and if it be that your lot has fallen in a local, Fate is forgiven in anticipation of the end. Besides, here is sweet opportunity to lend superfluous good-humor to others; and who would miss the chance of being kind when kindness is no effort? Your book has been abandoned, for you have recognized trees, houses, lanes, 'the old familiar faces' hurrying by; and soon there will be paths that you have walked along, and hills that you have ridden over, so that it well behooves your eyes to keep their watchfulness.

They say that love makes poets of us all. You find the collector of tickets on a homebound train a fascinating fellow — a very Apollo, with gold teeth scattered in his upper jaw, which glitter through his smile with kindlier rays than ever the stars cast on Ulysses' course to Ithaca. And also, is it not he who shouts at last, in a voice that calls your heart into your mouth for very admiration, 'R——! R——!' You

gather your bundles, dropping one or two as homage to excitement — and then you see that

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home.

My last arrival came just as the clock struck three, in June. This is the hour when country people 'finish up,' and there was no one anywhere about except the stationmaster, Jim. Now, Jim and I are friends, and have been ever since our worlds began. We keep our intimacy bright by tales of ghastly railroad accidents and horrid pictures of poor mortals all de-limbed; for Jim's a pessimist and revels in this sort of thing. He greets me this way: —

'Well, well,' he says, 'I 'spect you 're kinder sick at gettin' back to this old burg after all the places you bin.'

'Oh, not so very sick, Jim,' I say; and cast a sidelong glance into the soft, sweet, rustling shade of maples, which make an archèd alley of the village street.

'Ah, well, you don't work for the railroad, that's what,' he answers dismally; and then, 'Wantcher bag?'

'Yes; please put it in the carriage?'

For the carriage is there, and the old black horse, whom haughty ladies of the kitchen have refused to drive behind — that mighty steed who 'can trot all day in the shade of a tree.' And the old coachman is there too — older, he is, than anyone I know; so old that he had white hairs in my grandfather's time, and can remember the last potato famine in Ireland. He is the purveyor of the first edition of news.

'How are the dogs? and the horses? Is Ponzi still there?' (Ponzi is a pigeon, so called because he came, a foreigner, unannounced, and stole our grain from the loft.) 'When is the strawberry festival? Has old man Sawyer died?'

The questions go on, endlessly, all up the avenue. Elm trees bend down their feathery branches to try to catch the

gossip; and you take note how the hedge has grown on either side, just shutting out the sight of kitchen gardens, which you know are there because there comes the smell of fresh, damp earth, and early vegetables.

There are so many pleasant things that happen with arrivals. The dogs come racing up, shattering quiet dignity to broken echoes of confusion; old servants must be shaken hands with; and after you have teaed and bathed and looked with friendliness upon your books, relatives come pouring in to say 'Hello.' Most of these are whiskered, and all of them stand waiting to be kissed; and you must tell about 'the lovely places you have been, my dear.'

Not quite so pleasant, this; but there are compensations, for Virginia is with them. Virginia is only an aunt by marriage, and is called just Virginia, without a preface, because her youth levels any rank she has attained by wedding with a bearded uncle. She will ride out with you, and seek adventure down lanes lit by the moon that spills in through the overhanging boughs; and she will talk of anything you like, from England to the China Seas. She has a face like old Madonnas, and eyes as gray and fathomless as that deep mist which holds the secrets of the sea from which it's born.

Presently they go, and you are left alone again. This is the best part. There are so many things to do. You can wander about, touching things to feel the solid happiness of their mere presence; you can sit on the terrace, and eat supper of cold eggs and coffee jelly, while the sun goes down and makes the old line of spectres stand out on the far-off hills; or you can go about announcing your arrival to your friends, or read your letters by the river, or pick flowers from a garden that you know of in the valley, and come back with the foaming torrent of

them enveloping your mouth and nose and all but putting out your eyes.

This night I chose the terrace, letters, and the flowers. There would be time for all. The ghosts were there in wild array, flinging their arms out to the crimson sky in desperate pleading for some boon no man could guess at, yet frantic with their efforts to make the heavens understand. As I sat Turk-fashion, with my tray across my knees, there blew down the path of one of summer's breezes the smell of strawberries. It was just a hint, just the merest breath of a suspicion, but I followed it and found them just around the corner. Sun-warmed fruit, so red and ripe that it did not wait for picking, but fell off in my fingers as I touched the leaves to look beneath. So big they were that even the widest mouth would have to take two tries to get around one. And the gems, the jewels, the very queens, and kings, and gods of strawberrydom I found, as my grandfather taught me, in those sun-feathered berries just pecked by the robin. Whoever does not know that these outshine all others, as diamonds outshine paste, must needs go back to school again, for his learning is a feeble thing.

When my hands were deep-dipped in scarlet, and my mouth was but a ruby stain, I took my letters to the river-bank, and sat me down to read. They had accumulated into mountains, and some of them were dry and old, so that the dust of their disinterest flew down my throat to choke me, and I threw them in the water and watched 'the ink turn pale, and run away in very shame' at having written such stupidities.

Yet others sang phrases like the wood thrush, and the wind left gardens to attend their words, and brought me scents of flowers in the evening light. It hummed so many pretty songs of things it had seen that I was forced to go and search for them. To leave the

slow, black water, to push a hawthorn hedge apart, to climb a wall, and walk across a lawn, until I found myself in what I knew of old to be the home, beginning, gathering-place of flowers, and where I saw fair myriad ghosts of them shine through the dark. I threw myself beneath a tree that stood on a small patch of grass in the middle of this hiding-place for moonbeams. I lay on my back, and let the grass-blades trickle up between my fingers. I stayed quite still, and listened to my welcome back as sung among the tree toads. 'Mine, mine, mine,' it goes, 'all mine. I am a part of this. I too grew here.' And then an echo of it is heard from the bold-throated frogs in distant ponds. 'Yours, yours,' they boom, 'all yours. You are a part of this because you too grew here.'

Oh, those fairy noises that haunt homecoming nights in May and June; the witcheries that stir, the magic scents of lilac, honeysuckle, and syringa, the warmth of grasses, the coolness of leaves, the robes of gold where-with the fields adorn themselves, the laughing brown of water, and the damp graciousness of earth! All, all for you, fashioned for you, growing for you, beautiful beyond the telling just for you, because your heart has found the key to Nature's hills, and these, these hundred blossoming faces that she turns to you, are all your first loves, your adored ones, your friends since the first day you tottered after daisies and pulled their heads off ruthlessly.

There ought to be some old pagan god that one could worship on a summer's eve. Some moss-grown statue of a satyr, who would chase with you the moonbeams that run down between the flower-stalks. Some laughing Pan-horned creature, to rush with you among the flower-beds and help fling off in that tumultuous riot of aban-

doned motion the pain of beauty that has shut the heart in. Someone, part-faerie, part-fawn, and part-mortal, to run a breathless race with; to dash down rose-decked paths from; to yet beguile, by swift agility of bending body, with Terpsichore's art; to charm by springing into life in untamed gracefulness, until the whole green-painted world is sent careening round the stars in the sweet mad motion of a dance. And then, to finish, panting, under some bloom-starred hedge, with the clover tickling your eyelids, and drawing in with hurried breaths perfumed night air. Thus ought we to worship summer's advent to our own hills in June. And then, the statue turned back into stone again, you should go to sleep across its cloven hoofs, until dawn pushed your eyelids open and the birds sang with the morning stars to wake you. So it should be, I thought, as I lay there; so could I pour my adoration out of body, brain, and heart, and loose the suffocating weight of it until next spring came round again.

Instead, I went to all the flower-beds and pulled a hundred blown buds from their places, to carry back with me and help me make a festival for beauty. I held them up against my cheeks and pushed their petals open with my lips. I kissed their tinted faces, and I drank the dew they still held in their delicate becolored cups. I wound them in my hair, and clustered them about my neck; and then I held up in my arms a solid, dripping, trailing mass of bloom.

Thus I walked home, and made my room a paradise for honeybees. And for myself — I slipped down into linen sheets that came from cedar boxes, and dreamed that every day was June, and in each one of them I should be 'getting home.'

TESTING THE HUMAN MIND

BY ROBERT M. YERKES

The army mental tests have shown that there are, roughly, forty-five million people in this country who have no sense. Their mental powers will never be greater than those of twelve-year-old children. The vast majority of these will never attain even this meagre intelligence. Besides the forty-five millions who have no sense, but a majority of votes, there are twenty-five millions who have a little sense. Their capacity for mental and spiritual growth is only that of thirteen- or fourteen-year-old children, and your education can add nothing to their intelligence. Next, there are twenty-five millions with fair-to-middling sense. They have n't much, but what there is, is good. Then, lastly, there are a few over four millions who have a great deal of sense. They have the thing we call 'brains.'

THESE statements, which I venture to quote from a popular magazine, are typical of much that has been written about 'army mental tests.' Are they true? No. Is there any truth in them? Just enough to make them worse than false. They discredit psychology and mislead the reader in important matters of fact. This is my excuse for turning from my scientific tasks to write a would-be popular article on the results of psychological examining in the army.

Two types of statement appear repeatedly in popular and general accounts of the army work. The one is that the draft was but thirteen years old mentally; the other that some 12 per cent of the soldiers were of very superior, or superior, intelligence, as indicated by the grades A or B; some 64 per cent, of medium ability, grades

C+, C, and C-; and the remaining 24 per cent, of poor, or very poor, mental alertness, and therefore graded D or D-. Unfortunately, both of these ways of expressing the general results of army mental examining are seriously misleading. It is my task to point out the chief reasons for misunderstanding, and to offer some more intelligible and reliable form of statement.

I

Is our population only thirteen years old mentally? There are at least two possible grounds for dissatisfaction with the thirteen-year statement. On the one hand, it may be misunderstood or misinterpreted by most of us, and on the other hand it may be unreliable or inaccurate. Let me mention first a few possible grounds for misinterpretation.

It is well known that most of us commonly overestimate the intelligence of our fellows. This is primarily because of our limited contact and familiarity with persons of low-grade ability. I would not flatter the *Atlantic* circle, but it is undoubtedly true that its average intelligence is far above the median ability of the population! Inevitably we estimate the intelligence of mankind from that of the individuals whom we know.

Similarly we underestimate the native intelligence of the average thirteen-year-old child. For we are greatly impressed by the maturing influence of education and experience beyond the

age of thirteen, and we tend to attribute to inborn intelligence what, instead, is purely acquisition. A child of thirteen years ordinarily is well advanced in growth, and may well have attained maximum intelligence, although still capable of vast improvement in the use of intellect. Children are sexually mature at from ten to sixteen years, according to race, and climatic conditions. It would not be very surprising, in view of these facts, were it proved that intelligence is fully developed in some individuals by the age of thirteen, and in the majority before sixteen. Such considerations make the thirteen-year statement more credible.

Or, again, it is entirely possible that the draft was not a fair and representative sample of the men of the country. To a certain extent those of low-grade intelligence were shielded by parents or guardians, and were rejected by draft boards. And to a far greater extent, probably, men of first-rate intelligence were reserved for the conduct of essential occupations, or were trained as officers. This heavy elimination at the top probably reduced the mental age of the drafted army by at least one year.

Nor can we safely overlook the effect of men of foreign birth on the intellectual status of the army. Altogether they are markedly inferior in mental alertness to the native-born American. In the group of soldiers especially studied by the psychologists, about 18 per cent were foreign-born. The United States Census reports for the total population about 14 per cent of foreign birth; so the draft was somewhat more heavily weighted than is the total population. Whereas the mental age of the American-born soldier is between thirteen and fourteen years, according to army statistics, that of the soldier of foreign birth serving in our army is less than twelve years. To claim, then, that

the inclusion of foreigners lowers the average mental age of the group by one half-year certainly is conservative.

If we should sum up these various considerations, we might say that the mental age of the native-born American male within the age-range of the draft probably approximates fifteen years. Such a result of army mental tests would not have caused general surprise, alarm, or skepticism.

Turning now from the possibilities of misinterpretation to those of error, we should remember that the trustworthiness of the mental-age statement issued by army psychologists depends upon the value of the standards of judgment available from civilian sources. Now, it is definitely known that the mental-age standards for ages from five years to ten or twelve are fairly reliable, and that beyond twelve years they are of uncertain value. This casts serious doubt on the trustworthiness of the thirteen-year statement. So also does the fact that the average age of maximum native intelligence probably is nearer sixteen than thirteen years. It is but fair to say that mental age was not generally used by army psychologists as a method of stating the result of examination. Instead, the actual score made in examination was recorded and used as a basis for recommendation.

I confess that I am not at all concerned, much less alarmed, by the statement that the average mental age of the draft was but slightly more than thirteen years. In view of all the possibilities of adverse selection, of the inclusion of a large percentage of men of foreign birth, of the probable unreliability of mental-age standards for adolescents and adults, and the near certainty that intelligence does not reach its maximum, on the average, much before sixteen years, it seems to me that thirteen years is a very respectable showing for our army.

Happily, the results of intelligence measurement of nearly two million soldiers do not stand or fall with the thirteen-year statement. It is merely a sort of by-product offered to the public by the army psychologist, on the mistaken assumption that it would be more intelligible and less likely to be misinterpreted than such descriptions of results in terms of examination scores and their distributions as I shall now present.

II

Scarcely less a popular stimulant — or shall we say irritant — than the thirteen-year-mental-age statement, which we have put aside, is the often quoted distribution of letter grades in the army. It is on this doubtless that Mr. Wiggam, whose statements introduce this article, based his misleading paragraph. The alarmist now tells us that army measurements indicate that there is not more than 12 per cent of really good intelligence in our population, whereas low grades of intelligence are at least twice as frequent. This would be alarming, I grant, if true. But is it true? The lay readers of army reports have overlooked, or ignored, the important fact that the frequency and distribution of letter grades of intelligence depend wholly upon the definition of the letter grades formulated by the army psychologists. Grade A, for example, was so defined in terms of the range of scores which it should include, that not more than 5 per cent of the men examined should receive it. Or, differently expressed, the army psychologists, by arbitrary definition and ruling, limited the number of soldiers who should be classed as of A intelligence. Why then become alarmed over the infrequency of A men!

There was, to be sure, nothing arbitrary about the scores made in their examinations by the tens of thousands

of soldiers, or about the distribution of these scores. It was only the grouping of scores that was arbitrary, and merely a matter of convenience in connection with military use. Letter-grade distribution of intelligence is wholly valueless as a description of the intellectual status of the draft; for there might just as well have been twice as many A and B men as D or D — men, as the reverse. It is solely a matter of definition! The letter grades are useful, though, in comparing different army groups, — such, for example, as officers and privates, whites and blacks, English and Irish, native-born and foreign-born, — for the definitions remain constant.

III

Having cast aside as misleading, or valueless, the statements that our army was only thirteen years old mentally, and that there were more than twice as many men of inferior as of superior intelligence, we must substitute some reasonably safe way of stating the general result of psychological measurement. Probably the most satisfactory terms of statement are those of the 'combined scale'; for the results of all the different kinds of examination were reduced finally to terms of a single scale, the range of which was from zero to 26 points. On this scale the median score — that is, the score which has as many cases above as below it — for the white draft is 13.46 points; that for officers, 18.84; for white soldiers discharged from the army because mentally incompetent, 6.8.

The extreme differences in intelligence between important groups of men within the army are still more impressively shown by the percentage of individuals falling below a certain score. We may arbitrarily take fourteen points, which is very near the median score for the white draft, as our

standard of comparison. It then appears that of commissioned officers only 1.6 per cent fall below the standard; of the white draft, 59.4 per cent; of the negro draft, 93.2 per cent; of men of the white draft who had to be examined individually, 98.2 per cent (the same figure applies to the negro draft as individually examined); of men of the white draft discharged from the army as mentally incompetent, 96.8 per cent; of men of the negro draft discharged from the army, 100 per cent. These figures are valuable as indicating alike the differentiation of the groups and the prevalence of below-average intelligence in certain of them.¹

¹ There is just one way of describing precisely the intelligence of the army, and that is by reproducing the distribution of scores on the 'combined scale.' In view of all the misstatements and misunderstandings which have appeared, I beg to offer as a corrective the following table of percentage distributions for officers, for the white draft, and for the negro draft.

<i>Points on 'combined scale'</i>	<i>Officers</i>	<i>White draft</i>	<i>Negro draft</i>
25-25.9	0.01%		
24-24.9	0.04	0.01%	
23-23.9	0.68	0.02	
22-22.9	3.94	0.13	
21-21.9	10.60	0.47	0.01
20-20.9	16.22	1.06	0.04
19-19.9	18.24	1.90	0.09
18-18.9	17.36	3.14	0.27
17-17.9	13.86	4.88	0.48
16-16.9	9.35	7.06	0.96
15-15.9	5.38	9.63	1.76
14-14.9	2.65	12.23	3.32
13-13.9	1.15	15.14	5.99
12-12.9	0.39	14.83	9.40
11-11.9	0.09	10.68	12.08
10-10.9	0.02	7.32	14.09
9-9.9	0.01	5.08	15.36
8-8.9		3.14	13.68
7-7.9		1.79	10.34
6-6.9		0.86	6.44
5-5.9		0.35	3.42
4-4.9		0.13	1.54
3-3.9		0.04	0.58
2-2.9		0.01	0.21
1-1.9			0.04
0-0.9			0.01
Median Score	18.84	13.46	9.98

How do we commonly estimate intelligence? Scores and percentages mean little to us, unless we can somehow relate them to occupational or other forms of behavior, by which we ordinarily judge a person's 'brightness' or mental ability. Such comparison is possible because of the army's classification of men according to their civilian occupations, and the relating of intelligence scores to occupation. The average intelligence of the army is just about the same as the averages for such important occupational groups as horse-shoer, brick-layer, cook, baker, painter, general blacksmith, general carpenter, butcher, general machinist, riveter, telephone lineman, pipe-fitter, plumber. Of course, not all the men engaged in these trades have precisely average draft intelligence. Some are lower, some considerably higher. Our statement implies that the average intelligence found in a given occupation approximates the average for the white draft. The average intelligence in the army for such occupations as common laborer, miner, teamster, barber, is much lower than the average for the entire draft. On the other hand that for clerks, bookkeepers, draftsmen, accountants, dentists, engineers, doctors, clergymen, is very much higher. There are notable and tragic exceptions; but, in general, persons gravitate toward the class of occupation which most nearly suits their intellectual ability and temperament.

No one who is familiar with the facts would think of denying a high grade of intellectual ability to the commissioned officers of the United States Army. As a group, they were during the war, and are now, superior in endowment and education. The distribution of their intelligence grades strikingly confirms this assertion. Only three tenths of one per cent of the more than forty thousand white officers examined graded

below C—; 3.3 per cent received the grade of C; 12.5 per cent received C+; 28.4 per cent, B; *55 per cent received A*. These figures are eloquent; for we know what such men stand for in community and nation. By virtue of their superior ability, they are the leaders industrially, professionally, educationally, socially. It is a long step from the average intelligence of the white draft to that of the commissioned white officer. In the former, 72.9 per cent graded C or less; in the latter, 3.6 per cent.

We have rather good practical knowledge also of the performance and possibilities of those men who never progress beyond the sphere of the 'common laborer.' Almost all the soldiers classified in this group occupationally graded below average in intelligence. Indeed, the majority received the grades C—, D, or D—, which, by interpretation, mean low average to very poor intellectual ability.

The cost of low-grade intelligence to the army was appalling. Among the men of the white draft, army psychologists discovered about two in every hundred who were so inferior mentally that they could not safely be assigned to regular military training and duty. This justifies the statement that in our army of five million men, there were at least one hundred thousand with very low-grade intelligence. Some of these were discharged after psychological examination, but many were retained, and used in labor battalions or otherwise. Probably most of them were not worth what it cost the Government to draft, equip, train, and insure them, and to pay the other costs incident to their military service and its hazards. The initial rejection, on the basis of psychological examination, of this entire group of one hundred thousand men would have saved the United States enough to pay the cost of psychological service a hundred times over.

IV

Any citizen should be interested in relations of illiteracy, schooling, and intelligence. As bearing on the educational status of our population, the following figures are illuminating. Only about 70 per cent of the soldiers examined were able to do themselves justice in the group examination intended for men who could read and write English. The remaining 30 per cent had to be given either individual examinations, or the group examination for those who were wholly illiterate, or illiterate in English. The soldiers classed by army psychologists as illiterate in English were unable to read newspapers or to write letters. Many of them undoubtedly could spell out words, and thus read with painful labor and slowness. But so much education as this profits the individual little and the nation less. Can we fairly consider ourselves a generally and highly educated people so long as three individuals out of every ten (this proportion certainly would be increased if the age-range were extended from fifteen to fifty years, and women as well as men were considered) can neither read nor write the language of our country?

Men who reported not more than four years of schooling scored on the average 22 points out of a possible 212 in examination Alpha; those with five to eight years schooling scored 51 points; those with one or more years of high school, 92 points; those with college training, 118 points; those with technical or professional training beyond college, 146 points. These figures might be interpreted to mean that intellectual ability is largely the result of education. Indeed, it is quite commonly believed that intelligence increases with schooling. This, however, is flatly contradicted by results of research, for it turns out that the main reason that

intelligence status improves with years of schooling is the elimination of the less capable pupil. All along the line, from kindergarten to professional school, the less able and less fortunate in home conditions tend to drop out. Not more than 50 per cent of our population are capable of satisfactorily completing the work of a first-rate high school. The remainder reach their limit of educability along intellectual

— 31, nearly one-third of the population — is amazingly high; but of special import for our social status and outlook is the prevalence of illiteracy among the native-born to the extent of more than 16 per cent.

If psychological examining in the United States Army had done nothing more than reveal the prevalence of illiteracy, it would have been well worth while as a service to the nation.

	Maine	N. H.	Vt.	Mass.	R. I.	Conn.	All New England
Total Illiterates	29.4%	37.3%	26.4%	29.6%	35.0%	37.8%	31.0%
Native-born	24.4	22.1	17.7	11.5	15.6	9.0	16.3
Foreign-born	63.8	71.1	71.1	57.1	74.8	73.4	62.6
Negro	77.8			86.3	55.5	42.8	79.5

lines at varying points on the educational ladder. Not more than 10 per cent of the population are intellectually capable of meeting the requirements for a bachelor's degree in a reputable college. Education, instead of increasing our intellectual capacity, merely develops it and facilitates its use.

Although army psychologists made no special study of illiteracy, they incidentally discovered the proportions of men among the native-born, the foreign-born, and American negroes who could read and write English to a useful degree. The illiteracy showing of New England may readily be grasped by examination of the above table.

Among the native-born in New England, illiteracy is least in Connecticut, 9 per cent, and next in Massachusetts, 11.5 per cent. Perhaps this indicates the difference in community service between Yale and Harvard! The percentage of illiterates for New England

V

What of the intelligence of different races? Some years ago I read a book whose thesis was 'Mind is fundamentally one and the same for mankind.' If this is true, so also is the thesis that body—including such traits as hair-color and texture, complexion, height, cranial capacity—is essentially the same for all mankind. I have marveled that the learned gentleman found it in his heart to write so much with the hope of establishing what, obviously, is false! If we may safely judge by the army measurements of intelligence, races are quite as significantly different as individuals. To begin at home, the negro versus the white offers particularly valuable material for study.

If intelligence is fundamentally the same in negroes and whites, the distribution of the letter grades shown below is puzzling.

	A	B	C+	C	C-	D	D-
Whites	4.1%	8.0%	15.0%	25.0%	23.8%	17.1%	7.0%
Negroes	0.1	0.6	2.0	5.7	12.9	29.7	49.0
Northern negroes	0.7	2.7	7.2	18.0	25.8	31.2	14.4
Southern negroes	0.1	0.2	0.7	3.4	9.6	29.2	57.0

The education of the negro is poor in comparison with that of the white. Most of them are illiterate; but this fact accounts only in small degree for the prevalence of low grades, D— and D, in the intelligence examination. The contrasting results for Northern and Southern negroes is doubtless significant of selective action. The more energetic, progressive, mentally alert members of the race have moved northward, to improved educational and vocational opportunities for themselves and their children.

English group, 19.7 per cent graded A or B, and in the Polish group, one half of one per cent. The race differences are so pronounced, and of such obvious practical significance in connection with immigration, that it seems excusable to present the rank order of the several racial groups, first, for increasing frequency of inferior intelligence, second, for diminishing frequency of superior intelligence, and, finally, for decreasing average score on the 'combined scale.'

The measurements of intelligence for

<i>Rank order</i> <i>Per cent of D, D—, and E</i>		<i>Rank order</i> <i>Per cent of A and B</i>		<i>Rank order</i> <i>Average score</i>	
England	8.7	England	19.7	England	14.87
Holland	9.2	Scotland	13.0	Scotland	14.34
Denmark	13.4	<i>U. S. White draft</i>	12.1	Holland	14.32
Scotland	13.6	Holland	10.7	Germany	13.88
Germany	15.0	Canada	10.5	Denmark	13.69
Sweden	19.4	Germany	8.3	Canada	13.66
Canada	19.5	Denmark	5.4	Sweden	13.30
Belgium	24.0	Sweden	4.3	Norway	12.98
<i>U. S. White draft</i>	24.1	Norway	4.1	Belgium	12.79
Norway	25.6	Ireland	4.1	Ireland	12.32
Austria	37.5	All foreign countries	4.0	Austria	12.27
Ireland	39.4	Turkey	3.4	Turkey	12.02
Turkey	42.0	Austria	3.4	Greece	11.90
Greece	43.6	Russia	2.7	Russia	11.34
All foreign countries	45.6	Greece	2.1	Italy	11.01
Russia	60.4	Italy	0.8	Poland	10.74
Italy	63.4	Belgium	0.8	Native-born	
Poland	69.9	Poland	0.5	<i>U. S. White draft</i>	13.77

The intellectual status of the negro is greatly inferior to that of the white, and the figures already presented as typical are supported by measurements of the practical value of the negro soldier and by the opinions of commanding officers, who agree that he lacks initiative, displays little leadership, and cannot safely accept responsibility.

Almost as great as the intellectual difference between negro and white in the army are the differences between white racial groups.

Of natives of England serving in the United States Army only 8.7 per cent graded D or lower in intelligence; of natives of Poland, 69.9 per cent. In the

different races are appreciably influenced by familiarity with English and facility in its use, as well as by amount of schooling. However, there is no reason to suppose that the English or Scotch have marked advantage over the Irish in their familiarity with the English language. Nevertheless, the English and Scotch groups show few intellectual inferiors and many superiors; whereas for the Irish group the reverse is the case. More than 39 per cent of the Irish graded D or lower, and only 4 per cent graded A or B.

The tragically poor showing, in these racial statistics, of the Italian and Polish groups is worthy of particular

note, because these races at present figure so conspicuously among our immigrants.

Dr. Carl C. Brigham of Princeton University has recently reexamined and carefully analyzed the army data bearing on nativity and length of residence in the United States. His results have not yet been published, but I am permitted to say that, in the main, they confirm the statements of this article. He has studied with care the intelligence of immigrants for different periods of the history of our country, and has discovered rather marked diminution of intelligence, which seemingly is due to change in the proportions of immigrants from Northern and Southern Europe.

For the past ten years or so the intellectual status of immigrants has been disquietingly low. Perhaps this is because of the dominance of the Mediterranean races, as contrasted with the Nordic and Alpine.

By some people meagre intelligence in immigrants has been considered an industrial necessity and blessing; but when all the available facts are faced squarely, it looks more like a burden. Certainly the results of psychological examining in the United States Army establish the relation of inferior intelligence to delinquency and crime, and justify the belief that a country which encourages, or even permits, the immigration of simple-minded, uneducated, defective, diseased, or criminalistic persons, because it needs cheap labor, seeks trouble in the shape of public expense.

It might almost be said that whoever desires high taxes, full almshouses, a constantly increasing number of schools for defectives, of correctional institutions, penitentiaries, hospitals, and special classes in our public schools, should by all means work for unrestricted and non-selective immigration.

VI

Crime, delinquency, and dependency, as well as educability, are intimately related to intellectual ability. For, when records of special and summary courts-martial are related to measurements of intelligence, it appears that men of low-grade intelligence are particularly prone to minor delinquencies, or infractions of military regulations. In one camp, of 929 court-martial cases, 44 per cent were men of D—grade intelligence or lower, and less than 6 per cent of men graded A or B.

A chart used by army psychologists to exhibit graphically differences in intelligence between various groups, and to illustrate practical applications of mental measurement, shows the following startling facts. Of men with very poor, or poor, intellectual ability, who received in the examinations D, D—, or E, there were none among commissioned officers; very few among students in officers' training-schools; less than one per cent among sergeants and corporals; something like 20 per cent among white recruits; and, by contrast with the above, among 'disciplinary cases,' men ranked by their officers as of 'low military value' or 'unteachable,' from 50 to 75 per cent. The graphic representation of these facts was impressive. It became more so as officers observed their men, and discovered for themselves that their estimates of military value agreed pretty closely with the intelligence grades supplied by the psychologist.

These figures suggest a way in which our army might have used intelligence measurements to excellent purpose. The elimination of the lowest ten per cent of the draft would have lessened by one half the waste and annoyance incident to military offenses, slowness and refractoriness in training, weakness and inefficiency.

The psychological examination of drafted men and other recruits was proposed originally as a quick, inexpensive, and reasonably sure way of discovering and eliminating men with too little intelligence to be worth training for regular military duty. But, as soon as the practical work of making psychological examinations was under way in the army, new uses of its results revealed themselves; and when the official inspector stated the purposes of examining, in his report to the Surgeon-General, he mentioned three important types: namely, the discovery and, as desirable, the elimination of the mentally defective; the classification of all men according to their intellectual ability; and assistance in the selection of men especially suitable for positions of responsibility, as in the case of commissioned officers.

In summary appraisal of results, it may be said that psychological examining in the United States Army had many and considerable direct and indirect values. It focused the attention of thousands of intelligent army officers — many of whom have now returned to civil life, taking their new knowledge of psychology with them — on the possibility and practicability of measuring human traits, and of using the resulting information for the benefit of mankind. It led to the improving of old and the devising of new methods of mental measurement, such as would not, ordinarily, have become available in a score of years. It provided data on intelligence, its distributions, and relations, unprecedented alike in quantity and in value. It increased the faith of psychologists in their professional work, and greatly stimulated them to concentrated labor on methods, problems of mental development, and the relations of intellectual ability to professional and other demands.

VII

Looking forward! Popular appreciation of the need for knowledge of man has increased rapidly in our times. The more daring are clamoring for branches of human engineering which, with curative and preventive medicine and hygiene, shall take their place beside civil, mechanical, electrical, chemical, mining, and those other well-established varieties of engineering that have to do with our environment rather than with ourselves. The idea that man's chief study is man, is old. The conviction that the study of ourselves should enable us more wisely to direct and control our lives and our civilization, is new.

Tending to supplant the belief that whatever happens is definitely fore-ordained, and that it is our duty to accept meekly, and with what cheerfulness we can command, both good and ill, is the conviction that we are active, creative parts of the definite scheme of things, and that intimate knowledge and control of human behavior may just as well have been fore-ordained as anything else! Bitter and bloody was the opposition to the dissection of the human body; to efforts toward discovering the functions of our bodily organs; to attempts to prevent or avoid certain diseases. Persisting even to-day is the suspicion that insanity is a species of demoniacal possession and perhaps a divine visitation. Religious opposition to an increased knowledge of man's origin and development, of the laws of growth, of the relations of bodily functions and mental processes to the world in which we live, continues to manifest itself. But, despite ancient beliefs and superstitions, traditions and prejudices, there is growing desire to know about the self as a natural object; eagerness to understand human life and to act more intelligently

in connection with it; conviction that service to our fellow beings is both a privilege and an obligation; and faith that, while recognizing the importance of nature's slower way, we may actively further the physical and spiritual well-being of mankind.

Whereas heretofore too little has been expected of psychology by most people, now the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction, and hopes as well as demands are extravagant. It is needful, therefore, to emphasize the necessity for patience and temperance. The practical values of psychological methods and of their results depend almost entirely upon the thoroughness, skill, foresight, and disinterestedness with which the science is developed.

VIII

'Can the value of a man be appraised?' Man is a delightfully complex and varying object. His values are legion. But even now it is possible to estimate or predict certain of his 'values' as a social being by measuring bodily and mental traits. Categorical reply to the question is unsafe, for in certain respects man can be measured accurately. In certain others he cannot, at the present time. Assuredly we cannot to-day appraise a man *accurately*. But this statement would be grossly misleading if I did not add that substantial progress has been made during the past half-century in the development of methods of measuring man, in our knowledge of his traits and their relations, and, consequently, in our ability to predict his values, or to appraise him.

The preceding paragraph wholly neglects the optimistic note that seems to me legitimate. I beg therefore to declare my faith, and to present my scientific creed. They require few words. Theoretically, man is just as

measurable as is a bar of steel or a humanly contrived machine. He is infinitely more complex in constitution, in possibilities of reaction and response, and in relations to environment, than is the bar of steel. But this does not alter measurability. It renders it a more difficult, tedious, and lengthy task, but it also makes it more interesting, for it constantly challenges our faith, persistence, ingenuity, and intellectual resourcefulness. When asked nowadays, 'Can imaginativeness, skill, courage, honesty, inventiveness, or any similarly and seemingly intangible, unmeasured ability be measured?' I promptly and dogmatically reply, 'Yes.' Then I hasten to qualify my optimistic assertion by explaining that, although convenient and readily usable methods may not be at hand to measure or evaluate the particular aspect of human nature in point, the experienced, skillful, and intelligent psychologist can make the desired observations. It may require weeks or months, but it can be done.

Two decades ago it was possible to measure traits of intellect in psychological laboratories, but impossible to evaluate them simply, accurately, and serviceably, as is done to-day all over the world by means of the so-called 'intelligence tests.' We should be sadly lacking in faith, optimism, and the spirit of prophecy, if we refused to maintain the probability that more and more aspects of man will become measurable, more and more modes of response predictable, and more and more social values appraisable.

Can the value of man be accurately appraised? In so far as it depends upon the form of his body, it can be: for height, weight, dimensions of bones, of muscles, cranial capacity, color of skin, hair, eyes, and scores of other aspects of the man as physical object may readily be measured, and the results

compared with those obtained from other individuals. Such measurements are the special concern of anthropology. They enable us to identify stages of development, the sexes, different races, and the variety of defects and pathological conditions of the human body.

Anthropometry and physical anthropology have developed through the curiosity of man, but also, and perhaps more, because of the need for accurate knowledge of bodily traits, their changes during growth and occupational use, their relations, their controllability and modifiability by educational means. It has come to be recognized that an essential part of vocational guidance and placement is the attempt to fit the physical man to job or occupation. This requires definite knowledge of occupational requirement, stated in terms of bodily traits, and equally definite knowledge of the traits of a given individual. What has been said of bodily form is equally true of bodily functions. Response to fatigue or to cold or warmth, rapidity and accuracy of movement and co-ordination, are at once measurable, occupationally significant, and essential conditions of certain 'values.'

With traits of mind as contrasted with those of body, it is far different. As forms of experience, they appear to be immeasurable, but as expressed in action, behavior, conduct, they can be measured. So it happens that experimental psychology is the application of new and constantly improved ways of testing and measuring what man does under certain circumstances, or in certain situations. Between physiology and psychology it is quite as impossible as unprofitable to attempt to draw a sharp line. Both are interested in bodily processes; but, whereas the physiologist attends chiefly to bodily functions in their relations to structure, the psychologist undertakes to study

the relations of certain bodily functions or expressions to sense-impressions, feelings, emotions, ideas, thoughts.

The whole of history is a record of human behavior. Man has always been interested in himself, always observant of his acts. But mostly his descriptions are impressionistic, colored by the purpose or bias of the writer, inaccurate and incomplete. The science of psychology has undertaken to supply carefully controlled and accurate descriptions of behavior, based upon objective measurements of what man actually does in certain definite circumstances. Here is a simple illustration of the contrast between the old and the new descriptions. It has long been recognized that some people respond quickly to sights and sounds, others slowly. The psychologist has devised methods and mechanisms for measuring the time required by a given person to respond to a certain type of stimulus. Results of such measurement may class the individual not merely as quick or slow, but as precisely so quick. His speed of reaction may then be compared with the average for all persons measured, with the quickest or with the slowest, and he can be ranked objectively and precisely. The advantages of such definite objective information over the impressionistic sort are too obvious for comment.

Just as it is possible to measure such a simple characteristic as quickness of response to any sort of stimulus, so likewise the presence of ideas and their use in thinking, the presence of images and their use in remembering or in imagining, may be evaluated by measurements of what a person actually does. Memory — or, rather, memories, for there are several different kinds, which seem to vary independently — is measured by getting reliable records of the amount of material in the shape of words, phrases, sentences, names of

objects or acts, which can be recalled under given conditions. For instance, I repeat to the person to be tested, with uniform emphasis, and at the rate of two per second, the digits 386159427, and the person responds by naming as many as he can in the order in which they were given. Thus, by the use of nine digits, repeated in different orders, I can readily measure the memory-span of the individual for digits presented auditorially, that is, to the ear. There is a surprising difference among individuals in ability to recall such material. It has also been discovered that a person who can recall only five digits if he merely hears them may be able to recall nine when he sees as well as hears them.

When the psychologist talks about measurements of intelligence, he is inevitably asked if traits of temperament and character, or yet other aspects of personality, can likewise be measured. In the army it was often said that measurement of leadership, reliability, and courage, certainly would be more useful than similarly dependable measures of mental alertness. Although this probably is not true, it is undeniable that the feelings, emotions, and other temperamental characteristics of the person are as important in most practical situations as the intellectual. Occupational fitness depends primarily on bodily, intellectual, and temperamental traits. To appraise the value of a man without trustworthy measurements of his will-power, his reliability, his frankness or honesty, his patience, persistence, or irascibility, his courage or timidity, his self-dependence, his temperamental resourcefulness, his sympathy and self-forgetfulness, would be inexcusably stupid. Bodily traits alone, however accurately measured, are inadequate. Knowledge of intellectual functions constitutes a valuable supplement, but we still fall short of

what is required. Knowledge of temperament, which may be defined as the 'constitutional' or inborn tendency to feel and act in certain ways, goes far toward completing our picture; but we still have neglected certain components of character and personality which result from the interaction of the above with conditions of life.

It has proved more difficult to measure 'affective' — as temperamental traits are called — characteristics, than intellectual. Little progress has been made as yet toward the development of reliable, readily used, and standardized methods of gauging honesty, courage, timidity, and similar essential traits. But starts have been made — starts that have taken the psychologist out of his laboratory into the field of practical life. In connection with criminal procedure, he has been called upon to measure deception; and, although he has not entirely succeeded in this task, he has made sufficient progress to justify optimism. Just as in the case of intellectual functions, he measures, not the experience of the individual, but one or another aspect of behavior or conduct. In a few years we shall be measuring affective traits as readily, as serviceably, and as accurately, as we now measure intellectual functions!

IX

Knowledge is power as truly in the human sphere, intellectual, affective, and social, as in the environmental. Chemistry, and the branch of engineering based upon it, have revolutionized the conditions of human life. Physics, geology, mineralogy, likewise have found innumerable applications to our welfare. The so-called physical sciences have literally transformed man's world. Modern medicine — including surgery, preventive medicine, and hygiene — not only has banished the most frightful of

the epidemic diseases, or in large measure gained control of them, but has also infinitely increased human comfort, happiness, and efficiency, by discovering the laws of health, and ways of preventing and avoiding disease or defect, and by developing sanitation and personal hygiene as phases of engineering.

For psychology it remains to accomplish in the sphere of behavior and mind what the physical sciences and engineering have accomplished for our physical body and its functions. With increasingly safe and abundant knowledge of man's mental traits and capacities, we shall intelligently, instead of blindly and by guess, help to fit ourselves and others into the social fabric, help even to change the design of our social system.

Many of the things now viewed as foreordained and, therefore, unapproachable by us, many that are left to chance or accident, we ultimately shall deal with systematically, rationally, and on a basis of safe prediction of reaction and appraisal of values. Vocational and avocational choices, instead of being left to the wish or whim of parent, guardian, or self, to necessity, or to ease and openness of road, will come more and more to rest on adequate knowledge of the traits and capacities of the self, and on the demands, requirements, and opportunities of different classes of occupation. Job-specifications and descriptions of

the individual will become common-places of business and social relations.

This vision of the not-remote future of mankind, and of the social order which will result when knowledge of man — physical, mental, and spiritual — is as nearly adequate as is knowledge of his environment to-day, might be elaborated indefinitely. We stand on the threshold of a new era. Mankind, heretofore infantile in his knowledge of himself and in his attitude toward such knowledge and its practical uses, is reflecting on the lessons of history, on the tragedies of ignorance, and on this vision of progress.

May the value of a man be appraised? My confident reply is, 'Yes.' If not to-day, to-morrow; for never has there been greater open-mindedness toward knowledge of man and his relations; greater eagerness for more knowledge and for increased ability wisely to direct and shape his individual and social life, than at present. To-day many things are possible to us which seemed unapproachable a generation ago. Evidently the part of wisdom is to be open-minded, optimistic, determined in our search for knowledge, and equally so in our use of it. We may not assume that we are wise enough safely to direct ourselves or our social order; but, nevertheless, we must admit that we are responsible for the conduct of our own lives, and for the social order, with all its imperfections.

THE LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS

BY L. MORESBY

I

'DEAR ELEANOR,' her kindly lawyer-cousin wrote; 'I think, as we are on the subject of your will, that you may wish also to look through your letter of instructions. You gave it to me directly after your marriage, now eight years ago, and there have been changes, as there were bound to be in your long absence. Anyhow I send it, and you can return it with the other papers. I saw your husband two days ago. He was looking in the pink of condition, and evidently in the best of good spirits. He said you were very well when he left India for London.'

There was more, of course, but that was what really counted. She sat in her charming hill bungalow at Darjiling, the windows softly shaded from the sun of a perfect summer day, and a soft-winged breeze fluttering the flower-scents on the wide verandah outside. Beyond, shimmering in the heat waves that rose from the garden, were the far-away mountains — divinely white and aloof in their heavens. But she saw none of it — her thoughts were away in a dark office in London, where she had last seen that long blue envelope with its endorsement, —

'To be opened immediately after my death.
ELEANOR HOWE.'

It was sealed formally in two places, with the seal she used on state occasions; its whole appearance suggesting a library in decorous gloom, and an assembled family not without a gleam

of furtive curiosity in resolutely expressionless eyes.

She had not thought to see it again. It would lie there in the safe until Reuter flashed the message across the oceans: 'Lady Howe, wife of Sir Brian Howe, commanding the Elapur District, died to-day.' But now it lay before her, and she wondered, staring at it, whether it would bring her the emotion with which she had written it eight years ago. It took a little resolution to open it and look at what might be her dead self in a far deeper sense than if it had been opened in the way she intended when she pressed that last seal. For there is no resurrection for the selves that lived five, ten, twenty years ago, whatever there may be for the physically dead. Where do they go — those dead women who were once — one's self? And that opens yet another strange question — Which of all of them will have earned immortality? Will it be conferred on the last haphazard one, when the Black Ox treads on the wearied feet that can escape him no further? Or may one choose?

She wondered idly, still staring at the seal. 'The Heaven of the Dead Selves.' Not a bad title for an article: but how would they get on together, knowing so much too much and too little of each other? Perhaps 'The Hell of the Dead Selves' would be nearer the mark. But both would be true.

And then she opened the envelope slowly, almost with fear. She could see the room where she had written it — all her jewels, little and great, on the table, as she sorted them and wrote each against a name in the letter. None of these were grand enough, valuable enough, to be named in the will, she thought. This would be the best way to give them — yes, and the furs too. She had considered it a long while. How intensely she had felt it!

‘My turquoise chain to Isabel Enderby.’

That marked a friendship that had sprung up in a night, like Jonah’s gourd, and with about as much root. It had been languid on her side, determined on Isabel’s. Possibly Isabel may have thought that a visit to India would be pleasant. The wife of the general commanding a district in India has a good deal in her power for an unmarried girl who happens to be staying with her. There might have been a little liking in it, too. Why not? At all events, she wrote so often, came so often, that Eleanor found herself committed to a friendship before she had the least idea that Isabel was more than an acquaintance. Of course, she must ask her to Calcutta. Of course, she must leave her a little remembrance. Poor Isabel would be so hurt if she were forgotten!

But now — all was changed. Isabel had married a rich man at home, and the turquoise chain was a thing she might give to her governess and rejoice in a suitable mark of approval without the trouble of choosing it. Isabel used to parcel up all the gifts she did not want, for distribution among her friends next Christmas. Probably she did it still. Such habits stick. And the friendship had dwindled down to a note at the New Year. Certainly the turquoise chain might be crossed out. It had become ridiculous.

‘To my sister Clare, my amber chain and pendant.’

Clare needed no chains or pendants now. She had loved them dearly once, perhaps because she could have so few. But now — Oh, why had Eleanor not sent them when they would have been so gladly, so amazingly, received? She could see Clare’s light blue eyes brimming with joy and wild surmise as she opened the box. ‘Who, who could have sent anything so lovely? Could it be dear Eleanor — could it! How *exquisite!*’ She knew little Clare’s underlinings of speech. If only she had sent them! For now it was too late. Thousands of miles away, Clare had closed her eyes in a sleep that hides its secrets of joy and amazement, and the color seemed to have dropped away from the amber and left it pallid. That, too, must be crossed out.

‘My chrysoberyl ring to my cousin Laurence Wyndham.’

There was a meaning in that — else why leave a woman’s ring to a man? He had always loved the mysterious jewel that is green in the day-time but rose-red when the night comes, the mystic jewel-soul of it expanding to the cold lunar influences. He and Celia were engaged, but there was very little money on either side. He would never be able to give her any of the charming superfluities she adored. Some day it would please him that his wife should have a lovely weirdness like that for her own, with all the far-away voices of legend that cling about it. Laurence would understand — he would think, ‘Eleanor always knew I liked it. She did not forget.’ It had pleased her to write that in the letter.

But Laurence was reported ‘Missing’ in the war, and Celia gave two brief months to his memory before she ‘chummed up,’ as she called it, with a brother officer of the same regiment. It would have been a sore wound for

the boy if he had come back; but perhaps Fate recognized that he had had wounds enough, for he was spared that one. He never came back, and there was no longer any connection that justified giving or receiving, nor anything left but a sense of something half-ghastly, half-bitter in the swift oblivion of what had been so dear. She drew a black line through that.

'My cut jade beads to Alix Howe.'

That was an olive branch. Should it stand? There are some people with whom the olive branch must be an evergreen. Alix was a cousin by marriage, ten years older than Eleanor. She represented instinctive dislike, and an ugly jealousy, impossible to be completely hidden. To Eleanor such things seemed an offense against good breeding, to say the least of it; and since Alix was akin to Brian, though rather more kind than was desirable, she had ignored some matters that most women would have resented sharply, and had not broken off relations.

Then, when she was writing the letter of instructions, the thought occurred to her that it would please Brian if she left Alix something. It would show him that she had not treasured any offense. She would like him to be sure of that when she was gone. And it might touch Alix a little. Who could tell? Personally, she always thought Alix what is called in India an 'Untouchable,' in more senses than one; but you never knew. Anyhow it would please Brian, and Alix liked little expensive elegances. Now the black pencil hovered over it, but was laid aside. Judgment was suspended.

'My cabochon opal to my first cousin, Georgia Leigh.'

Things had strangely altered there. Before her marriage, quite a promising little flame of affection on Georgia's part had been industriously fanned, for

Eleanor really loved the pretty, bright young thing, and there was much talk of her coming out and seeing the world in India when she was eighteen. Eleanor looked forward to it with an anxiety that surprised herself; that affection was such a sunshiny thing in a life where the shadows were lengthening slowly but surely.

And then a terrible thing happened. In the wild turmoil and upheaval of the war, Georgia, who had been working at a hospital in Northern France, fell desperately in love with a married man she had nursed — an officer, but so far below herself in birth and education that, even had he been free, the outlook would have been wretchedness unalloyed.

They disappeared together, almost penniless; and where they had gone no one knew. Not a word from Georgia since that dreadful nineteenth birthday when, with unknowing hand, she destroyed every hope of her life. Eleanor wept heartbroken tears over the ruin; hoped against hope that the child would write to her out of the black pit of misery. If she feared her parents still, she might write to Eleanor! But never a word broke the implacable silence. Georgia had been caught in the black cyclone that whirled away the world's hope in its frightful vortex. She was only a bit of war-wreckage now, floating on tortured seas far away from home and help and the Sussex meadows deep in buttercup and clover, where life had been so good to her.

What use to leave the opal to this sad new Georgia, even if she should ever come back to claim it?

But still she could not pencil it out. With eyes that moistened, she added the chrysoberyl ring and — yes — the fox furs. Georgia's fair hair would be so lovely above the black silkiness. She would bury her face in them, and

cry — because Eleanor had remembered and had not been angry. That must stand.

She looked quickly down the list. Change, change almost everywhere. There would have to be several alterations. And in eight short years! She had been home only once in the eight, for Brian's duties kept him in India during the war; and even there the atmosphere had chilled a little. It must be so. Why blame people for the necessity of human fate? And afterward, the deluge of the war swept away landmarks and much else. It loosened all bonds, crushed all sanctities, made every relation unstable. How could people go on writing the usual letters, when everything they knew had crashed about them?

II

And — but what was this, lying there thin and sealed in the bottom of the great envelope?

'Letter to my husband. To be given to him on my death.'

She stared at it blankly. It seemed a ghost. She had actually forgotten it. Now she remembered sealing it, with tears that gathered thick as in fancy she saw him opening it, with big trembling fingers, in a loneliness that tore her heart to imagine. What would he do? How could he endure it, with age coming on — so very far in spirit from his own people; thrown back for help and comfort on some cold sense of duty shot with self-interest, instead of her own warm companionship and devotion?

The deepest, tenderest pity filled her heart while she sealed that letter. 'My dear — my dear!' a voice had cried in her soul. Oh, if the day should ever come — if from some vaguely dreamt spirit-world she should see Brian lonely and old, she would

break back to him somehow. One is never dead in one's own dreams. Always one hears what those who are left say of one, and weeps with them in their helpless loneliness. So she had thought of Brian while she wrote that letter, and scarce could write for tears.

But now — tenfold complicated change had come between Brian and Eleanor. Very gradually, almost insensibly, they had drifted apart. How it began, she never knew; when she realized it, it was done. He found his pleasure with her no longer. What did he really care for? Nothing that she could give, though she ransacked her store with trembling anxiety. Novelty — that was out of her power. Change — he could have that better without her. The contact of flattering women — well, there is not much room for a wife in that special form of recreation. The revival of caressing memories with others, the excitements that filled up the days and drew warm rose-colored curtains against the wintry approach of age — these were the things he needed and craved. Eleanor's delicate austerity of nature wearied him — how could he help that? He could hide neither his boredom nor his temper. He did not even try, nowadays. When she kindled into a flame of delight, he yawned; when he expanded in a congenial air, she shrank.

Certainly for a while she amused and interested him. In all his many experiences he had never met a woman like her, so quick, so eager in pursuit of a loveliness which he could never understand. Her reticences and ardors alike bewildered him. He began to say that he detested what he called 'clever people.' They bored him to tears. It seemed to him a useless gymnastic, a perpetual standing on tip-toe, a perversity which people could rid themselves of if they would; and he openly

preferred the effortless companionship of women who were easily amused by the kind of things he liked. They could be a part of his life. She was not, never could be that; and duty calls, which took him away on District business, were more and more welcome as marriage became a fetter, and a bachelor life more and more to his taste.

And then he had secured long leave, directly the war was over, and really, — what with the expense and the length of the journey and so forth, — it seemed much more sensible to him, he said, that Eleanor should just go up to the hills and make pleasant expeditions there with people she liked. He was sure she had never quite enjoyed a sea voyage, and the Red Sea was trying. The reasons were many and excellent, but the long and short of it was that he did not want her.

At first she protested almost wildly. It terrified her that he should go so far alone. Could he really wish to be without her — had it come to that? And then, as she searched her own heart in the wakeful nights, she sounded the depths of a deeper terror. What if, in the lonely days that were coming, she should discover that she also could do better without him? They must not risk it. She thrust that fiercely aside and renewed her entreaties. Useless; he grew angry and stubborn, and then, quite suddenly, with the self-control which he could never understand, she saw that opposition was useless, and accepted his decision calmly. Nothing really matters as much as we supposed it would, she told herself; and, to her temperament, nothing could be worth the ugliness of a quarrel. She saw the danger, but she could say no more. And after all, if he really wanted to leave her, that was what counted. The actual going was a small thing in comparison. Besides, she could not say the things she really feared. How could

she speak of Alix, of many other shadowy terrors?

So he started, brimming with enjoyment, and parting quite kindly from her now that he had conquered her opposition. Of course it would be all right when he came back — women forget things so easily! And she went up to the clear heights of the hills, and saw people, and built up a new life which no longer included Brian. Life stands still for no one, and his presence ceased to be real and became phantasmal in her mind — the more so because she never dared to examine her feeling about him. She supposed that it might be all right when he came back and things slipped into the old groove again.

But time and distance make a gulf which nothing but love can bridge, and his letters revealed only the outward happenings, nothing of what he thought. Those letters, with their brief account of shooting, hunting, and never ending visits, represented all her share in his life now.

After three months, she began to consider. She had always written down her thoughts in a book, which Brian had never cared to see. Now they were changing, and she could not have shown them to him. She found life less strained, amazingly interesting, whether at Calcutta or Darjiling! And that reflected itself in her *journal intime*. The sense of freedom, painful at first, became delightful as it might to a bird spreading wings, cramped at first after its escape from a cage. But a great dread came with that knowledge. If change, inexorable change, had laid hold of her as surely as of him, then what was dead in him might some day die in her, and in such different temperaments this must show itself with rending differences.

But could that ever be? Impossible. True, if that ever happened, he need not

know; for Brian, who asked so much in things that she thought trifles, asked very little in things that mattered. Love he did not know what to do with; her companionship he had plainly shown he did not value. A pleasant well-run house, with plenty of distractions; a wife who smiled in the right places and was always amiable; unquestioned liberty to go his own way — are these such large demands that she could not meet them if the worse came to the worst?

But how if one has the necessity to love — to spend one's self in a passion of human pity and devotion? That had been the torment with Brian — that she needed to love him, to give endlessly; and he did not in the least care to receive. Did she care still in that way, or was it gone? That was the question.

III

And now this letter lay before her, written by the Eleanor who was perhaps dead. Would she be in the mind it represented? Would it awaken the old tenderness and make the dry bones live? Ah — that would be the test. It would mean certainty.

A letter from him, come by the same mail, lay unopened before her. She looked from one to the other, hesitating, and then, with trembling hope, took up her own. If she could think of him in that way still, all might be well. But would she? She began to read:

'Dear and beloved,' —

Her dead self struck her such a blow in the face with the phrase that she flushed crimson. It sounded as indecent as if it had been written to a stranger. Unreal, hateful, with the false sentiment of a Victorian drawing-room ballad. She thrust it from her passionately, then forced herself to read on. —

'I can't bear to think of your lone-

liness if I go first, and so I write this to you with all my tenderest love. You will understand, I know.'

Could she ever have written it? Amazing! Could she ever have thought he would understand that heart-broken outpouring? No, no. She knew her Brian better now. He would take it as most suitable, most gratifying, the sort of deference a wife would naturally pay to a husband's sacerdotal position as a widower. Of course, he would never lose his deep regard for public opinion and the verbal sentiments on which it is propped; but she could see him rereading it, sitting in the most comfortable armchair in the Club — reading with nothing more than a flicker of memory.

'By Jove, that 's Adair coming in! Must ask if Mrs. Adair is in town' — and then he would get up with brisk anticipation, and the letter would be pocketed and forgotten for the time. And the times of forgetfulness would lengthen out, and all she meant to him would be put away with the undertaker's paraphernalia, and he would find life as comfortable and pleasant as ever, especially with such a testimonial to character as that letter. He had been a good husband. If he had ever doubted it (but he never did), this would quite reassure him.

And then she had actually written, —

'And when your time comes, my dear, if they let me, I will wait for you somewhere and —'

'Idiot!' she cried aloud. She could not bear to read more. She loathed the very paper it was written on. She loathed herself. Thank God, she had found it and saved her posthumous self from such a *faux pas*! It felt like the horrid dreams when one walks half-clad into an assembly; like eating with a knife; like dropping one's *h's*; like everything that is offensive and ill-bred.

Brian she did not loathe in the least. He was what he was, and could not be blamed for it, nor be expected to be anything else. Poor soul, it was n't his fault if a silly woman had written silly things to him. He was just an ordinary Briton, extremely insensitive except to anything that he considered a personal slight. Very pleasant to all who ministered to his comforts when things went well; very much the reverse when they did n't.

A man full of genial charm on the surface, knowing his charm and exercising it to the full; his friends and acquaintances would always take his part in every difference of opinion with his wife.

'If she could n't live in perfect happiness with that dear Sir Brian, it just shows what she was. One can't help pitying him. So easy to get on with!' That was what would always be said.

But then, they were not at Eleanor's point of view. What she was considering with smarting shame was this:—

A man whom love trickled off like rain from a tortoise's back, without even causing him any inconvenience; who had no imagination and despised it as a weakness of the brain — and she had proposed to deluge him with sentiment, which she loathed the more because he would really like the amiable intention and treat it as a personal tribute! A schoolgirl of the present generation might be ashamed of such ineptitude. And she called herself a woman of the world!

Wait for him, indeed! If it were not a syndicate reception, then Alix, who would certainly devote herself to Brian's consolation, would be quite as acceptable an escort as herself — probably much more so. Yes, that would be the ideal arrangement. Why had it not flashed across her mind and stayed her hand, when, as she remembered, she had gone on with the utmost, most

reticent delicacy, to entreat him to remarry. He could not endure his loneliness — he must not, must not think it would pain her if she could know. If that thought hindered him, somehow she would know it — and grieve. She had said something absurd of the sort.

At that point, Eleanor laid down her letter and faced her own judgment. Had she, could she have been absolutely sincere in writing all that? Had she felt every word of it; or was it the self-blinding emotion of self-pity, with a certain amount of pose in the tender anxiety of the disembodied spirit hovering over its earthly treasure?

She thought it had been honest as far as she knew then; but, as she looked up, her eye caught the photograph of Brian, in full uniform, standing beside his charger. A man created by Providence for presiding at a mess-table with genial hospitality; a man for comfortable relations with the authorities at the War Office; for discreet flirtations with women; but no — not a man to whom a woman capable of writing such a letter could possibly write it without some pose, some heightening of the lights and shadows. There must be some latent insincerity to herself and him. The letter was hateful — hateful! She was thankful she had n't lived to see him read it!

Lived? No, that was an Irishism. Of course, she would have been dead; but supposing it had reached him — somewhere she could see her spirit, blushing, miserable, crying mutely, 'I did n't mean it, not a word of it. It's the last, the very last thing I could have written. I simply loathe it'; — and Brian reading it serenely, through gold-rimmed glasses, and saying, 'Poor little woman! Very nice, indeed. She was very fond of me.'

A kind of terror seized her lest she should die before she had destroyed it.

Tearing was not enough. She found her scissors and clipped it into the tiniest bits, and across again and again. Well, that was safe. She saw the last 'love' disappear with a clean cut across the middle.

Poor Brian; it was ridiculous to suppose this change of front was really his fault. Had he ever pretended to be other than he was, ever laid claim to fine feelings, or any power of affection, or an insane wish to sacrifice himself for her or anyone else? Not a bit of it. He had always been frankly, honestly selfish; and if she liked it, she could take it, and if not, she could leave it. Then it was her fault. What in the world had possessed her and had made the marriage and her letter possible? Of course she had loved him, or had thought she did. But why? She tried to remember — to analyze.

He was good-looking, but that was nothing. She was twenty-eight when they married, and he forty-six; and among her rejected addresses were two men whose good looks were quite as commendable. Besides, that kind of thing had never been a temptation to her — her needs went deeper. Love — understanding — that was what she cared for.

Position — money? No, there she could honestly acquit herself. She had enough and to spare, and never gave either a thought. Could it have been that he was the most masculine man she had ever known? Most men have a tinge of tenderness in them, a strain of the mother that comes out in little shy ways; a relenting, a refraining, a touch of idealism — things indescribable as the scent of a flower, but evidencing that men and women spring from the same heart-root.

Of all that, Brian had nothing. He was sheer male, and could not even imagine any other point of view. The women he liked were little women with

yearning eyes, who could be petted as long as it was pleasant, and 'disrated,' as the sailors say, without a murmur when they ceased to please; women whom a man could despise comfortably while he enjoyed their little feminine frailties. The women he did n't like were those who looked at him with clear eyes, and had their opinions about men's duties and their own, backed by a consciousness of claims and rights which was likely to be irksome.

'I can't bear those unfeminine women. They don't attract me!' And that was final.

But could it be that there was something in this careless cruelty and contempt that made an appeal to the primitive slave-nature in every woman? Did they hark back to the overbearing lordship, which makes no concession, and demands body and soul? Could it be that William the Conqueror knew his business when he won a reluctant princess by dragging her in the mud by her long hair, and beating her with his stirrup-leather? And could Matilda of Flanders have spoken for all women, when, her astounded father demanding to know why she now wanted to marry the aggressor, she replied, 'Because of his hardness and daring in beating me'? Certainly, women liked Brian amazingly.

But no, it never could have been that with her. She would have hated it; and even the foolish dead Eleanor had never gazed at him with yearning eyes.

She gave it up. She understood it no more now than if it had been the experience of a stranger. It *was* the experience of a stranger. It had happened to a woman who was dead. That was all you could say.

She could now remember only that she had been certain that, under all this careless good-humor and enjoyment, lay a heart, somewhere, to be

won, and she might win it. She wished passionately for that. There were moments when his handsome eyes softened and grew pensive, and it seemed that he did understand — did care. And then the good minute went.

Elusive — that was the word. It was always trying to catch the rainbow; and when you thought you had it, it was a field away. He was accustomed to say contemptuously, 'Women always want what they can't have!' Perhaps it was that, after all. She certainly could not have it.

But surely things would be better when he grew old and needed less distraction? And then he touched fifty, and needed more than ever. She felt sometimes like an anxious mother trying to amuse a boy home for the holidays, with a lurking wish that they were not quite so long. Would he never grow up and care for the things that really mattered? Was the answer to be 'Never'? She wondered. Times were pleasant enough sometimes, and a wave of hope would wash the dry sand into shining beauty; and again the tide ebbed; and, because human tides obey no moon, it had not flowed since, and the rocks were all charted and bare and ugly.

IV

But all this was useless. It explained nothing. It only wearied her. The dead Eleanor might explain all the mistakes that had landed her in this plight, but she herself could not. Let it go.

On the whole, of what use are these letters of instructions? If she rewrote the whole thing it would be obsolete in a year — perhaps less. She realized now that life is too unstable for the written word. If these things could be set down in vanishing ink, guaranteed to last only six months, well and good.

For Brian she would certainly leave no letter. He could then attribute to her whatever sentiments pleased him best. And for the others? Best to leave that undone, too, and let him dispose of the little treasures as he pleased. He loved saying the suitable thing in writing, and did it with much apparent feeling. He really would enjoy that. She could see him writing with the utmost zest to Alix, with the jade chain beside him.

MY DEAR ALIX, —

In accordance with what I know would have been my beloved wife's wish, I send you a little memento of her — a jade necklace, which she valued, and which I, therefore, value deeply. It gives me great comfort in my sorrow to choose this for you, and I hope you will take it as from us both. Perhaps you will have tea with me at the Club on Sunday. A talk over old times would cheer me a little, if you can come. I have much to say to you, etc., etc.

Yes; — and Alix's answer: —

MY DEAR BRIAN, —

How good — how kind you are. But you never forget me; and, indeed, I shall value this beautiful gift as much for your sake as for hers. What perfect taste Eleanor had! I will come with pleasure on Sunday. How could I refuse if you need me? etc., etc.

And to Mrs. Adair, whose feline softness she had always abhorred, remembering the sharp claws sheathed in velvet. They had scored her more than once.

MY DEAR MRS. ADAIR, —

I know it would be my dear one's wish that you should have a little remembrance of her friendship for you —

and my own. I therefore send you a crystal-and-agate pendant, which she inherited from her aunt, Lady Westergate, and often wore. I remember your thinking it beautiful. Could you spare a few hours of your time to a very lonely man and dine with me quietly at the Club, at eight o'clock on Monday? You will understand, I know, how I feel the need of a little sympathy and understanding, etc., etc.

And Mrs. Adair, with her honeyed sweetness in full play:—

MY DEAR SIR BRIAN, —

How my heart has ached for you. Nothing can soften your present grief; but I do hope that the friendship and sympathy of so many who love your genial and sunny nature, now, alas, so sadly clouded, will sustain you. What shall I say about your lovely gift! How you remember my little weaknesses, and how I shall value this treasure, which belonged to my dear friend Eleanor. Of *course*, I will come on Monday. How could I refuse anything which will bring you any comfort, etc., etc.

Could Eleanor deprive him of these multiplied pleasures? It would be positively inhuman. And to what end? For, almost incredibly to herself, she realized that it really did not matter to her now. It would neither pain nor anger her — she simply did not care. She was astonished that she had ever troubled to set forth a list at all. The will would cover all she really cared for and must safeguard. Much better to make an unfettering exit! Brian could then say what he felt to be the suitable thing, and that would heal any little pinprick of discomfort he might happen to suffer. Yes — she would enclose a note with her will. She wrote it swiftly:—

MY DEAR BRIAN, —

I think with regard to the little possessions not mentioned in my will, it will be much better if I leave the matter entirely in your hands. I am quite sure you will do whatever is pleasant and sensible and will omit no one who should be remembered, and that is all I desire.

Your affectionate wife,

ELEANOR HOWE.

She endorsed that also, and enclosed it. Ten minutes later the turbaned servant had taken the important-looking envelope to the mail.

It was not until then that she opened Brian's just-come letter. — It began with the announcement that he had secured an extension of leave. It really would have been a pity to let the chance slip now he was in England. He was sure she would agree with him there.

'And when I come out and find my dear wife to welcome me lovingly, as I know I shall, I hope I shall find her well and happy. What do you think of inviting Alix to come with me and pay us a visit? She is a cheery person, and would love to see something of life in India. I know she would thoroughly appreciate your kindness if you enclosed one of your nice little letters in your next to me, asking her to come. It really would be a charity. She has such a dull time with Lady Solmes.'

Eleanor read no more. She could still catch the mail. She wrote a hurried note, approving the extension of leave, and enclosing another to Alix, with an invitation quite sufficiently warm to ensure acceptance.

These despatched, she sat down again. What did it matter — what did anything matter between them any more? She had applied the test — she had faced her dead self with her living being, and at last she knew her own soul. Another self had died in that

half-hour, and taken all her doubts and fears with it. She was a free woman. Her life was reborn on a new plane.

Presently she took her pencil and wrote in the little book that Brian had never read. She could always clear up a situation to herself better in writing than in her passive mind, and now she wrote swiftly: —

You think it is for you to come back —
That I wait — that I shall welcome you.
You send a careless word
That shall keep me content.
You think to find me here when you come,
Patient, ready, smiling.
That is all very different from the truth.

It is I who shall never come back —
I who have gone away.
For, though I hold up my cheek to be kissed,
And kiss you lightly in answer,
I am gone — I am gone.
I am not there any more;
I have taken wings and found my refuge,
And it is where you cannot find me.

One day you broke me and I fell —
Sank, and for a long time could not rise.
I lay still in the great depths of sorrow!
The waves went over me.
Then I thought — I am drowned;
Never again shall I see the sun.

And yet, one day I floated up —
Not by my own will.
The water took me,
And it was still and warm,
And the sun shone bright on my face.
Thin and drained I was, as if by death.
Too weak to move.
Then, suddenly, I knew: —
I am broken, broken!
Yes — but it is a door,
And I can run through it and escape.
And I have escaped; I have flown;
I am free.
You cannot hurt me now.

When people forget the dead,
Others say tenderly, —

‘O poor dead people —
To be forgotten — how sad!’
They do not know that the dead forget also —
Their hearts are hard.

I am dead to you. I have forgotten.
You will not find me when you come.
No, though I shall meet you at the door,
And hold up my cheek to be kissed.

She read it aloud to herself in a very soft undertone.

‘I can’t write poetry, but that’s true,’ she said. ‘True. Perhaps I should never have known it but for the letter of instructions. And now I can begin to live. Alix used to hurt the old Eleanor. Brian, too. They can’t hurt *me*. Let them enjoy themselves in their own way!’

An extraordinary sense of freedom and exaltation was upon her, shot with golden gleams of hope. There would not be very much difference outwardly, but endless vistas of new thought and feeling opened before her. She believed Brian himself would find this reconstructed married life much more to his taste — if, indeed, he ever realized that former things had passed away. Anyhow, there it was! For years she had not felt so young and hopeful. It was like being released from sudden and disabling illness.

She left the book lying on the table — anyone might read it now. They would not understand — Brian least of all. Then, smiling, she quoted the immortal Mr. Bennet: —

‘Don’t let us give way to such gloomy thoughts. Let us hope for better things! Let us flatter ourselves that *I* may be the survivor!’

She picked up her hat and went out to have tea at the Club.

The book lay on the table.

COMING DOWN TO DINNER

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

A SUDDEN loveliness —

A flutter as of wings —

And I look up.

Wrapt in an intimacy of embrace

Alone achieved among women,

Very slowly coming down the length of the great hall

Toward me, but unconscious of me,

My dear one, and another!

The taller, the elder, protective, mothering,

With an arm thrown round the dreaming form of my love;

And she — my love — relaxed,

At rest in the crook of her arm;

An unspeakable beauty enveloping them both,

As of their own two hearts

Made perceptible in atmosphere

Round them and about them,

Preceding them,

Protecting them.

A sudden throb in my heart

Makes me infinitely desire to go up to them

And cry to them,

‘Oh, what have you been saying to each other?’

What have you been saying to each other to-night,
That makes you both so beautiful,
And wise,
And strange,
And inaccessible,
Like stars?'

But I neither move nor speak.

They pass me by;
I feel an intimate peace descending upon me
From the hush of their two spirits —
(Verily, there is holiness in women
We men know nothing of) —
They smile at me —
And with that smile they shut me out from them.

(As they pass
I see my dear one —
Her little fair head
Thrown back upon the bosom of the other;
Her eyes bemused with a happiness
Beyond my ken.)

Sorrowfully, I turn and gaze into the fire,
And spread my hands before it.
I know there are heavens I cannot enter,
Being male —
Whole reaches of the Universe
From which I must ever be excluded;
And I am sad . . .

TWO YEARS OF PRESIDENT HARDING

BY WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

I

ON the fourth of March Mr. Harding's administration passes its second anniversary — an occasion which invites some comments in mid-term. Is the administration measuring up to what might reasonably have been expected of it? Is the country getting what it bargained for?

Now it may seem unfair, on the face of things, to attempt any appraisal of an administration's faults or merits until it has exhausted its four years of opportunity. And, in a sense, it is unfair: no ruler of men can be dispassionately judged until after he has ceased to be a ruler, or, indeed, for many years thereafter. Yet the fact remains that in remarkably few instances has any presidential administration given good cause for the revision of fair judgments passed upon it at mid-term. Two years are ample to determine its pace and direction. Some presidents have done better, with experience; and some have done worse; very few have done differently.

In any case, the American practice of holding a Congressional election midway between two presidential campaigns may be said to provide an irresistible temptation for taking a political inventory, whether the time be opportune or not. The results of this off-year election are bound to be construed, by the great bodies of unreflective opinion at home and abroad, as an endorsement or a repudiation of the party in power. The political history of

the United States during the past forty years seems to indicate, moreover, that they may rightly be so interpreted. Never during these four decades has the party in power, having lost the mid-term Congressional elections, failed to lose the presidency two years later. And only once during this period has the dominant party carried the House in the off-year election and failed in the next presidential campaign.

If we view the results of last November's Congressional campaign in the light of the precedents, therefore, it will appear that the Republicans have no reason for being unduly disheartened. But that is not the light in which these results have been interpreted, and are still being interpreted, throughout the land. The marked shrinkage in the Republican Congressional majorities has been almost everywhere taken to imply that the people are becoming impatient with the inaction of Congress, are losing faith in Mr. Harding, and are getting ready to cast the Republican party into outer darkness. This may be a correct deduction from the November returns; there is no certain way of determining, at this stage, whether it is or not. But it is, at any rate, not the only possible interpretation, nor, indeed, the most reasonable one.

Recall for a moment what happened in 1920. Mr. Harding was elected by a popular plurality of about seven million votes; his supporters in both Houses of Congress were swept into the

winning column as by a tidal wave. This, however, was not the doing of the Republican Party alone: it was the work of the most variegated host that ever ranged itself upon a single side at any American election. Included *ad hoc* in the Republican ranks were millions of men and women who were not Republicans by tradition, and who had no honest sympathy with the principles of Republicanism. Their allegiance to the party was nominal only, and no one but the veriest tyro in politics should have imagined that it would endure for any length of time. One bond, and only one, held this vast aggregation together: namely, a disinclination to endorse the foreign and domestic policies of the Wilson Administration. So it was beyond peradventure that disintegration would set in, and that right speedily. He was a poor prophet who could not have foreseen a great recession in the strength of this titular Republicanism by the time the next Congressional elections should arrive.

But whether the shrinkage proved to be greater than might fairly have been anticipated, and whether it cut more deeply into the Republican ranks than a mere restoration of the old party lines would have warranted — these are questions which leave some room for difference of opinion. The casualties were heavy, more so than the Republican leaders had reckoned upon. But they involved no loss of control over either House. Therein the Harding Administration fared better than that of Arthur in 1882, Harrison in 1890, Cleveland in 1894, Taft in 1910, and Wilson in 1918. This is a phase of the situation which has had too little attention in the political sermons and editorials of the past five months. Desertions by the million have taken place from the ranks of those who placed the present Administration in

power; but over the greater part of the country there is no indication that this departure of the guerrillas who fought with the Republicans in 1920 has made the party appreciably weaker than it has been on many previous occasions.

II

When President Harding called for a return to 'normalcy,' he presumably did not have in mind the deflation of his own party to its normal strength. But that was a necessary implication, was it not? The country is normally Republican, but not by any such margin as was reflected at the elections of 1920. It may well be doubted whether any programme, however wisely framed, or any amount of leadership, however skillfully exercised, would have availed to maintain the hegemony disclosed on that occasion. Inevitably it could not be done by pursuing the *laissez-faire* policy which Mr. Harding outlined in his inaugural address. The feat of holding the distended ranks of the Party together could be accomplished, if at all, only by aggressive leadership of a type which the President was equipped neither by temperament nor by training to give.

Rarely, indeed, has there been greater need for vigorous political leadership in the United States than during the past two years. This is not because the national problems have been more difficult of solution, or the tasks confronting the nation more stupendous, than at various other periods in American history; but because the public mind has been so badly bewildered. The issues have been ambiguous, confused, obscured. There has been no approach to a consensus on any subject, even within the ranks of the political parties themselves. The country has been in a mood of reaction, skepticism, negation. It has been in a disillusioned,

restive, diacritical frame of mind. Leadership of an authoritative and dominating sort has been sorely needed during the past two years to rouse the electorate to an attitude of positivism on public questions. Getting a new orientation is a difficult business, whether for an individual or for a whole nation; there is bound to be much floundering in the process. Congress has merely shown itself a faithful mirror of this flux and chaos in the public sentiment; it has known its own mind no better than the people who elected it. Left to its own resources, without guidance or direction, there is no reason why the Sixty-Seventh Congress of the United States should have done otherwise than grow restive in its desire to do something, yet knowing not what to do.

The larger a Congressional majority, the more urgently is firm leadership desirable. An overwhelming victory at the polls is certain to make a political party over-confident; over-confidence begets indolence; then the days and weeks flit by with nothing done. A majority that is not kept on its mettle by the relentless pressure of a strong opposition becomes remiss, complacent, and ill disciplined. The history of legislatures affords innumerable examples of the truism that, in politics as in war, the trammels of discipline are more readily loosened by victory than by defeat. Hence the need for a dominating will in the councils of a political party is most imperative on the morrow of a landslide such as took place in this country at the last presidential election. This is, or ought to be, a self-evident proposition, a commonplace of politics.

Accordingly, the lack of effective leadership in Congress, unfortunate enough under the most favorable circumstances, has been doubly so during the past two years by reason of the

wide margin between the majority and minority parties. The framers of the Constitution assumed that Congress would lead itself; at any rate, they provided no agency of guidance within its own ranks. But where constitutions and laws are silent, usage commonly steps into the breach. It has done so in many fields of American government, but unhappily not in this. There was a time when it could be said that the House at least had succeeded in providing itself with a prime minister ensconced in the speaker's chair; but the revolution of 1910-1911 ripped this arrangement wide open. So, if leadership there is to be, it must be provided from outside the Capitol, and the White House is the only place from which it can come.

To a certain extent, Grover Cleveland put this idea into practice. Theodore Roosevelt followed his example somewhat more extensively, and certainly with a greater relish for the task. President Wilson, however, was the first chief executive to brush aside all considerations of political theory, and to assume the rôle of a Congressional mentor, without misgivings or apology. So long as he had a Democratic majority to deal with, he combined the functions of prime minister and president. Good or bad as we may choose to look upon it, Mr. Wilson's combination of these functions was at least productive of results upon the statute-book. During his first term he obtained from Congress substantially all that he asked for. The legislative record of these years is almost without parallel in the political history of any country. It was as positive as the past two years have been negative.

It is easy to say, of course, that Mr. Harding should have recognized the folly of leaving a strongly Republican Congress to set its own pace; should have grasped his opportunity, as Presi-

dent Wilson did; and should have carried through, in the first two years of his administration, the proposals which he has recently made to a Congress that is now slipping out of his reach. But to say this is to forget that no man can do, by mere decision, what he is not competent to do. Any such thought or action on Mr. Harding's part would have been out of key with his own temperament, his own ideals, and his own experience. He was not nominated by the Republican Convention of 1920 because he was believed to possess the attributes of leadership. Prior to his nomination he had held no executive post of any importance; during six years of service in the Senate, he had demonstrated a commendable ability to follow, but not to lead. Indeed, it was this trait of amenability which commended him to those of his senatorial colleagues whose influence prevailed at the Convention. If Mr. Harding had been a leader, whether of the Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson brand, he would never have been nominated, or elected. The Convention took him for what he was known to be, and therein it did exactly what the public sentiment of the day desired it to do.

No observer of the national currents, as they were running in 1920, could doubt that the country had grown tired of personal government. It desired a return to tranquillity and humdrum — that, at least, was its mood for the moment. It had become weary of tidings from Washington which sounded like *communiqués* from a battle-front. Without being able to decide the merits of the various controversies between the Capitol and the White House, the masses of the people felt that there must be something wrong when the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue found themselves in such persistent and relentless discord. Government by irreconcilables, bitter-enders, and die-

hards may stir the electorate for a season, but the people ultimately grow tired of it. Representative government is, in essence, government by harmonizers, coöperators, and men of compromise.

Howsoever opinions may differ, accordingly, as to what the election of 1920 proved with respect to the major issues, there can be no doubt that it registered a popular protest against the government of the country by a mind of the single-track variety. It called for a return to the traditional methods of government by checks and balances, by give and take, by a higgling of the political market. If this is not what the voters said, it is at least the way a great many of them felt. Why, then, should the country complain that Mr. Harding has failed to impose his will and wishes upon the legislative arm of the government? He was not born a leader, not trained, nominated, or elected to be one. He was given no mandate to do the country's thinking for it. It may be true that you cannot indict a whole people; but if an indictment must be framed in this instance, there is none other against whom it can fairly be directed.

III

Public opinion in a democracy is uncertain, coy, and hard to please. In his inaugural address Mr. Harding pledged nothing, illuminated no issue of foreign or domestic policy. On America's attitude toward the chaos of Europe there was nothing in this address that could not have been deduced from his campaign speeches. Not a word did the address contain about the many internal problems which were already on the horizon, and which have since loomed into full view — the railroads and their labor troubles, the soldiers' bonus, relief for the farmer, federal aid to education, and so on. Even the tariff found

itself dismissed with the cryptic suggestion that it 'ought to be adjusted to the new order'—whatever that might mean. The address, in short, intimated both to Congress and the country that the President had abdicated the post of prime minister. It gave neither guidance nor promise of guidance; it provided no foundation upon which any programme of constructive legislation might be based. Yet the country as a whole received it favorably, applauded its sonorous rhetoric, and accepted without a murmur the implication that five hundred legislators were competent to handle the problems of government, without suggestions from the chief executive.

But, whatever the theory of American government may be, executive silence on questions of legislative policy is not possible in the practice of it. If a president does not speak his mind voluntarily, Congress will smoke him out, as the saying is, and force him to an expression of his views. Or, if Congress does not do it, the newspapers will. The White House is the biggest pulpit in the country; its congregation is a body of one hundred million people who demand to know what the president thinks, feels, desires, or dislikes. To its first citizen, indeed, the whole country looks for its cue when the pros and cons of any great question puzzle the average mind, as they so often do. Large bodies of men and women will take the president's word on any public question; it is so much easier to do this than to think matters out for themselves. Some presidents have used to the full their opportunities along this line, Colonel Roosevelt especially. On more than one occasion he averted a clash with Congress by making his own opinions known early, and by using all the force of his own dynamic personality to drive them into the public mind.

IV

Presidents are sometimes judged by the cabinets they select—even as men are judged by the company they keep. If history should frame its judgment of President Harding on this basis, it will deal generously with him. In selecting his official family, Mr. Harding showed a better appreciation of individual ability, and was far less influenced by considerations of personal friendship, than was Mr. Roosevelt. Unlike Mr. Wilson, he has not disdained to surround himself with men whose minds run in other channels than his own. Had he been guided by the example of his immediate predecessor, he would never have summoned either Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hoover to the council board. The selection of Mr. Hughes was an intimation that the President did not intend to be his own Secretary of State. It was also a plain warning that the function of handling the foreign relations of the country was not going to be abdicated to the Senate. It set at rest the misgiving, held at the outset even by many well-wishers of the Administration, that Mr. Harding in the White House would be the creature of that 'senatorial oligarchy' which was believed to have procured his nomination. No presidential cabinet during the past half-century has been better balanced, or has included within its membership a wider range of political experience.

To all appearances this Cabinet has worked with the President harmoniously. There have been no indications of waning confidence on either side. In matters of the most vital consequence, Mr. Harding has given his coadjutors an unusually generous scope for the exercise of their own initiative. This has been true of all the administrative departments (with possibly one exception), and particularly true of the Department of State. Mr. Wilson, as

everyone knows, was his own foreign minister. He dictated both the substance and the form of diplomatic communications. To a lesser degree, the same thing was true of both Cleveland and Roosevelt in their respective presidencies. Mr. Harding, to all appearances, has no desire to make the State Department a personally conducted affair. At any rate, Mr. Hughes has spoken and acted like a free man. The scope of his freedom to act was made clear during the Washington Conference. For the first time in a generation the Secretary of State crowded the President off the front pages of the newspapers. The White House disclosed no umbrage at this, but warmly applauded the work of the Conference, and directed the full force of its influence to have this work ratified by a somewhat reluctant Senate.

The President has been insistent, moreover, that there shall be no interference with the State Department from either branch of Congress, as Senator Borah soon discovered when he put the matter to the test. The initiative in diplomatic affairs has been with Mr. Hughes since March 4, 1921, and there it bids fair to remain.

So, if the policy of the Administration has failed to satisfy those to whom Mr. Wilson once referred as the 'forward-looking' elements, it is not because the Harding Cabinet has been lacking in strength, harmony, or executive support. Cabinets, whether strong or weak, do not make or mar an administration. The indecision of a commanding general cannot be offset by any amount of wisdom and harmony on the part of his general staff. There is a psychological reason for this, and it operates as strongly in statesmanship as in war. The attitude and actions of a cabinet, and of its individual members, are bound to be colored by the president's own personality. From him his

advisers are certain to derive, in some measure, the inspiration of their own moods. The men who worked with Roosevelt, for example, were profoundly affected by his dynamic qualities. Some of them were not inherently given to vigor of thought or action; but they inevitably tended to become so by reason of the Rooseveltian example. Mr. Wilson tried to choose men whose minds already ran along with his own; Colonel Roosevelt took a varied assortment of minds, and compelled them all to run with his.

A cabinet, after all, is what the president makes it. Its collective work rests wholly on usage, not on the Constitution or the laws of the land. Its functions are primary or secondary, as the president chooses to make them. Of no president can it be said, however, that he succeeded or failed by reason of the counsel given to him by others. During the last presidential campaign, the country was completely oblivious to this significant fact of American history. It was commonly said, and many people believed it, that Mr. Harding's deficiencies as a leader would be made good by the galaxy of best minds with which he would surround himself. It was a futile hope. Deficiencies in a leader cannot be made good in this way — certainly not under the American plan of government.

V

In the field of foreign relations, the most notable achievement of the Harding Administration has been connected with the Washington Conference. When one recalls the long succession of abortive European conferences that have been held during the past two years, the results which Mr. Hughes and his colleagues secured from the Washington gathering are entitled to more than perfunctory commendation.

It was not easy to secure an agreement on naval disarmament among nations which have found themselves able to agree on nothing else. And as for the Four Power Treaty, it is a fair prediction that this pact will some day rank as a master-stroke of far-sighted and efficient diplomacy, great in its influence for the preservation of peace. If these Washington agreements, by reason of delayed ratification in Europe, have not yet been endowed with their full force and effect, it is through no fault of the American Administration. So far as America is concerned, the ratifications are complete.

It would probably have been better for the world, and better for the United States, if the outstanding lesson of the Washington Conference had been more earnestly taken to heart. This conference demonstrated, in so far as such a thing is susceptible of occult demonstration, that an international consensus on even the most important questions affecting the peace of mankind is possible under one condition: namely, that America is ready to supply the initiative and the guidance. It is apparently not within the range of possibilities under any other condition. There appeared to be some ground for hoping, a year ago, that the success of the Washington Conference would be followed up by the exercise of American initiative on a broader scale. The occasion was opportune, but the Administration halted and let it pass. Possibly it feared that the sentiment of the country would not rally to such action, and it may be that this fear was justified. In neither of the two great political parties have the lessons of 1919-1920 been forgotten; in both there is a disinclination to let the country be drawn into anything that might be regarded as an 'entanglement,' with a resulting hostile reaction from the electorate.

The fundamental reason for so little display of America's international leadership in 1923 is that there was so much of it in 1919. Mr. Wilson, misjudging the attitude of his own countrymen, went too far and too fast. In the terminology of football, he 'ran ahead of his interference.' Permanent gains are not made by that process. So one can hardly blame Mr. Hughes if he prefers to move circumspectly; it would profit neither America nor the world were he to begin any enterprise that the mind of this country would not permit him to finish. The Administration cannot well take the lead in helping Europe out of political and financial chaos until the people of the United States are ready, not alone to tolerate, but to support it in so doing. That time may be approaching; there are some indications that it is. Meanwhile, the Administration has endeavored to maintain contact with the European situation through the medium of 'observers' and other representatives, whose status is unofficial but whose authority to speak the mind of the State Department is usually clear enough. From unofficial to official participation in a world conference will be but a short and easy step, when the time arrives, if it ever does arrive.

Apart from the hesitancy of public opinion in the United States, there is another factor of considerable importance in the situation. Europe has not, thus far, been willing to give politics a rest. Every attempt to settle such questions as reparations, sanctions, and the stabilization of finances, has been frustrated, during the past two years, by the exigencies of politics in the various countries concerned; and it is likely that such failures will be repeated so long as politicians continue to dominate the conferences. The main question at these periodical gatherings has not been, 'What is the best thing to do?' but, 'What is the most politic thing to

do?' — in other words, what action will best conduce to save a ministry's face, or keep it from tottering to ruin?

There is one way, therefore, in which Europe can hasten official assistance from America, if such is genuinely desired. This way is to adjourn politics for a season so far as international questions are concerned. Secretary Hughes, in his address at New Haven last December, indicated the channel through which this might be most easily accomplished. The fundamental trouble comes from the continued disorganization of finance and credit; the immediate desideratum is to restore these things to a stable basis. That is not a task for politicians, whether great or small. It is a job for a body of financial and economic experts, whose livelihood does not depend upon the popularity of their findings among the people of their respective countries. It is true that a plan for the alleviation of Europe's acute problems, if worked out by a body of experts, would be ineffective unless agreed to by the various governments; but a government would find it much easier to concur in an unpopular solution reached in this way than in one reached by any other procedure.

Before America can be of real assistance in Europe, therefore, some reorientation must take place overseas. England desires America's participation as a restraining hand upon the impatience of France. France, in turn, desires it in so far (but only in so far) as it may help compel the performance of German obligations. And Germany desires American intervention, to the end that the provisions of the Versailles Treaty may be relaxed. As for the other countries of Europe, they desire America to stretch a hand across the sea, but not an empty hand. At all European discussions of American participation in the affairs of the distracted Continent, there has been too much emphasis upon what

America might do if she were sufficiently generous — as generous as she seemed to be five years ago.

It is small wonder that Mr. Hughes should hesitate to take any step which might be construed as an encouragement to these diverse expectations. For the present, at least, America will enter no permanent political compact for the regulation of world-affairs. That is, or ought to be, a self-evident proposition. For the present, at least, the United States will participate in no attempted solution of Europe's economic situation based upon the cancellation of Europe's indebtedness to this country. The time may come, indeed is likely to come, when public opinion in the United States will support a different attitude; but that time is not yet. There are indications that both Europeans and Americans are gradually approaching a common point of view on the underlying facts of the existing world-situation; but the process is necessarily slow. Any attempt to hasten it unduly might be productive of serious harm. Watchful waiting, as the current of public opinion slowly undergoes essential change, is rarely a popular policy. Mr. Wilson found this to be the case; Mr. Harding cannot expect to find it otherwise.

VI

Turning from foreign to domestic affairs during the past two years, what has the Harding Administration managed to accomplish? The record here is not altogether barren of results, but it comes perilously near being so. Two sessions of Congress have virtually been frittered away. There has not been produced, during these two sessions, a single constructive piece of legislation that compares with the Congressional landmarks of the Wilson period. Throughout the years from 1913 to

1919 the Republican leaders bitterly criticized the way in which one monumental enactment after another was driven through Congress, with the full force of the President's influence behind it. They roundly denounced this 'executive usurpation of legislative power.' Recall the passage of the Adamson Law, for example. How the organs of Republican opinion throughout the country fanned themselves into indignation over what they termed the browbeating of Congress at the instance of the railway brotherhoods! The sole purpose of the measure, they cried out, was to help procure Mr. Wilson's reëlection. Well, if this law was born in iniquity, it is iniquitous still. And being so, one might have expected an overwhelmingly Republican Congress to lose no time in remedying this great wrong of 1916. During two whole sessions, however, a Republican Congress has not altered one jot or one tittle of the Adamson Law; neither has a Republican President recommended that it do anything of the sort.

The present outgoing Congress has abolished certain taxes, notably the excess-profits tax; it has revised the tariff and increased the duties on imports; it has doled out to the farmer some concessions, which thus far have profited him little. It has reduced the strength of the navy, cut down the army, and, to a rather disappointing degree, has redeemed the promise that the burden of national expenditures would be diminished. But it has shown no such constructive power as might properly have been expected from a reconstruction Congress. Rare opportunities have gone by default. It has idled, and in idling has opened its mind to mischief. The break-down of party lines and the substitution of *bloc* government, to the extent that this has taken place, is an indication of the way in which the discipline of both Houses has

deteriorated. Mr. Harding has not actively encouraged this *bloc* development; he is on record as deploring it. But he has not thrown the weight of his administration against it, as Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson would have done. Standing on a strict interpretation of his place in the American scheme of government, the President can disclaim responsibility for what Congress does or fails to do; but the country will not accept any such disclaimer nowadays. By the unwritten constitution of the United States the President is the titular leader of his party. He must either undertake the task of leading it in person, or must see that the party is provided with leadership from elsewhere. The mind of the average citizen makes no distinction between the President as the nation's chief executive and the President as the field-marshal of his party. It is so much easier to fix responsibility upon one man than upon five hundred, that nine out of every ten voters will follow this line of less resistance when it comes to assigning either praise or blame.

One cannot say, on the other hand, that Mr. Harding has been altogether lacking in courage or in persistence. It took courage to veto the soldiers' bonus bill; it has taken persistence to advocate the ship-subsidy measure so steadfastly as the President has done. Mr. Harding's messages to Congress, with the exception of his inaugural address, have shown no disposition to stand neutral, evade, or plead in avoidance. When he has convictions, he seems to have the courage of them. But many problems have found him without clear convictions, or, at any rate, without convictions which the country could recognize as clear and unequivocal. Nor should this occasion any surprise. Many years ago when Mr. Harding framed a set of rules for the guidance of his fellow-workers in

the office of the *Marion Star*, the first of his axioms was this: 'Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both.' But the trouble with this rule, in its application to a man in high public office, is that a given situation may entirely change while the process of hearing both sides goes on.

That is what happened last summer during the shopmen's strike. The President edged to one side and then to the other, ultimately emerging with a compromise, after the psychological moment for it had gone by. Had he stood upon his initial position, which was that the rulings of the Railway Labor Board must be implicitly obeyed by all parties, he would have made a far better impression upon all concerned. The emergency created by this strike has passed without disaster to the country; but thus far not a finger has been lifted at Washington to ensure that a similar emergency will not come upon us again. The President desires, of course, that freight rates shall be reduced; and in this the members of the agricultural *bloc* can be counted upon to support him enthusiastically. But he has shown no indications of a readiness to tackle the other end of the transportation problem, which is the problem of deflating the high scale of wages now being paid to all classes of railway labor. Abolishing the Railway Labor Board, and transferring its functions to the Interstate Commerce Commission, will not achieve this end. On no problem of domestic policy is the country more in need of presidential leadership than on this; yet from no quarter is leadership in sight.

VII

In American politics it is usually dangerous to make predictions. It is doubly dangerous when world-conditions are in so kaleidoscopic a situation

as they are just now. It is a safe prediction, however, that, if the Republican party, in full control of the national government, can make no more impressive record during the next twenty months than it has made during the past twenty-four, its leaders will have a deal of explaining to do when the electorate calls for an accounting in 1924. This does not mean, of course, that a Democratic triumph is already in sight. Far from it, despite the obtrusive optimism that exists in the ranks of the Democracy to-day. The Democratic Party presents for the moment the outward semblance of harmony; but this is only because the party, as such, has had no occasion during the past two years to pronounce itself on any great issue of public policy. Put it to the test to-morrow, and what would be its attitude on America's participation in Europe's affairs? Would it be any nearer unity than it was in 1920? It is easy enough to say that Mr. Harding is not leading the Republicans along the forward path; but who is leading the Democrats in any direction? Nor is it to be forgotten that on one question of internal policy, which is steadily looming larger, namely, the relaxing of the Volstead Law, it will be more difficult to prevent defections from the Democratic than from the Republican ranks when the show-down comes.

There is no good ground, moreover, for the assumption that the Republicans alone will suffer from the disintegration of party allegiance which is now going on by reason of sectional and vocational unrest. The *bloc* movement, with all that it implies, is bound to cut both ways. When the Western farmer, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, broke clear of his old party allegiance it was not the Republicans who suffered most. In some respects the developments of to-day are headed toward 1896, rather than toward 1912.

BOLSHEVISM AND RELIGION IN RUSSIA

BY R. O. G. URCH

I

In the world and in man [says Merezhkovsky], there are two poles or contrasts: the passive and the active, the submissive and the heroic, the eternally feminine and the eternally masculine. In the perfect man, the Man-God, these two contrasts are combined. When the Son appeals to the Father, He is passive, submissive, feminine: 'Not my will, but Thine be done!' When He addresses the world, He is active, heroic, masculine: 'I have overcome the world!' In the Russian people there is only one of these two poles — the religious-feminine. In contrast to the Western Catholic masculine Christianity, the Eastern Byzantine Christianity is feminine. Thus, in the Orthodox religion and the Russian people, we have the doubly feminine, a combination of the feminine and the feminine.

ATTRACTIVE as this crisp definition may be, there are undoubtedly elements in the Russian nature which are not so easily explained — elements from the East, which have not fully blended with those from the West. Thus, we are often confronted with unexpected outbursts on the part of individuals, and sometimes of the whole nation, which speak of lack of balance, an absence of harmony among the ingredients that compose the Russian character. Facts may be quoted proving almost any of the theories that have been put forward to explain the attitude of the Russian people toward the process which has overthrown the autocracy of the Tsar, and is now attacking the foundations of the Orthodox Church; but, nevertheless, all

theories are unsatisfactory. The average Russian may with truth be described as in a high degree either brave or cowardly, patient or impatient, honest or dishonest, tolerant or intolerant, humane or cruel. He is all this and more: he is, as has often been said before, a mixture of unblended extremes, from which the only thing that one may definitely and constantly expect is the unexpected.

The Russian writer Leskoff gives a picture of a typical Russian, who sits, day in, day out, behind the counter of his little shop, spending most of his time in quietly sliding backward and forward the balls of his abacus (a counting-frame used in all Russian shops and offices), alternating this occupation by sipping his tea from a saucer which he skillfully balances on three fingers. Here he is the most harmless, the most patient creature in the world. But once or twice in a year, an uncanny feeling steals over him: he becomes restless, just as if a thousand devils were tormenting him. At last his condition becomes unbearable, and he decides to exercise his tormentors. His one and only sovereign remedy is vodka. This he takes at first with caution; but his dose increases, and he is soon engaged in a real orgy, during which he smashes up furniture, hews down trees, tortures gypsies, and destroys whatever comes in his way. When the spell passes, he goes to the public baths, and thence to the Church. Here he penitently throws

himself before a Holy Picture, and with his forehead pressed to the mosaic floor, confesses his sin. He rises freed from all his devils, and the next day finds him behind his counter again, with his saucer of tea balanced on his three fingers as usual.

There is little hypocrisy about the average Russian; he is one of the sincerest of men. He is childlike in his faith; and when he has confessed and been forgiven, his sin troubles him no more. He has literally laid the burden of it all on his God.

Quoting Constantine Aksakoff and B. Rozanoff, Merezhkovsky continues: —

The essence of Russian history is abnegation, renunciation of authority, religious anarchy within a political monarchy. Sovereignty never tempted the Russian people; the people never strove to dress itself in state authority; but by giving up this authority to its chosen sovereign, itself wished to remain in its own vital, feminine, submissive element. It is just as if the Russian people separated from itself all that it had of the masculine, and gave it up to the ruling autocrat. All that was masculine in Russia was concentrated in the Tsar. The Tsar fell, and this fell, too, leaving only the absolute feminine. Instead of conscience, remained instinct. The religious instinct of the Russian people had been deceived by orthodoxy and autocracy. The Tsar was from God; while there was a Tsar, there was God; the Tsar ceased to exist, God also ceased to exist. This is why the transition to complete atheism was as easy as going into a bath and bathing in new waters: unchristening was accomplished in a moment.

There may be much truth in what Merezhkovsky says, but all his absolutisms hardly seem to be borne out by historical facts.

The Tsar was nominal head of the Orthodox Church. He fell in March, 1917; but there is no evidence to show that the Church fell too, or that any considerable antireligious movement

became general among the people. On the whole, the churches continued to attract worshipers; the people performed their devotions before Russia's many shrines; in Moscow, foot-passengers, cabmen, the fares in street-cars, continued to bare their heads and cross themselves on passing a church.

These were the ordinary outward signs of religious feeling, and, as such, may have been mere habit, which could not be thrown off in a moment; they are not conclusive proof that the heart of the people had remained unchanged. But, surely, if there had been a general change in the people's faith, these symbols of religion would gradually disappear, and there would arise some hostility toward the Church, which had proved such a deceiver. There were no great outbursts against the Church. Atheism was widely expressed, it is true, among the so-called 'Intelligentsia,' but this had been openly preached by them for two-score years, and was not a product of the revolution; and the Intelligentsia was certainly not the 'people.'

The March Revolution was rather unreligious than antireligious; the people acquiesced in it for economic reasons, but showed no hostility to the Church. Indeed, the Church itself was, in the main, with the people in this revolution: neither the one nor the other played any serious part in it, but just accepted it. The active antireligious elements came from abroad, later. Look even now at the leaders of Bolshevik Russia: Lenin, Trotsky, Zinovief, Kamenieff, Radek, Litvinov, Chicherin, and the rest. Few of the men who grasped the reins of government were in Russia in the spring of 1917. Few of them are of Russian nationality. They are the men who made the October Revolution: the Russian people as a whole had little active part in it then, except as instru-

ments; just as they have had little more than a passive part since. Russia's great millions are being herded and persecuted by a few men, mostly aliens, suffering untold privations, slaughtered in their thousands, yet still clinging to their religion. Their strange passivity may perhaps be explained by the peculiarly strong 'feminine' characteristic which Merezhkovsky ascribes to them.

Many Russian writers emphasize the Russian's deep consciousness of his own sinfulness. He goes to the Church for relief, rather than for strength to help him resist temptation in the future. He is convinced that he cannot resist; but he is just as convinced that the Church will cleanse him again. How can a man bear a lasting grudge against such an indulgent church? He may scoff at religion for a time; but all the while he *knows* that he will eventually come back and be forgiven. It is just to this extremely indulgent attitude that the Church owes its power over the Russian people. The Church was, in the past, a bridge which spanned the gulf between the aristocracy and the peasantry: it was the one thing they had in common.

The Tsar was the nominal head of the Church. Under him the Church was governed by the Holy Synod, at the head of which was the Procurator, a layman, who was in fact the minister of religion, being a member of the government. After the March Revolution, the Provisional Government appointed V. N. Lvoff as Procurator of the Holy Synod; and a convocation of bishops met in Moscow on August 15, 1917. This convocation was one of the greatest things in the history of the Russian Church: it decided to revive the patriarchate, which had been abrogated by Peter the Great two hundred years before; and steps were taken to elect a patriarch.

Three candidates were chosen by the members of the convocation — the metropolitans of Kharkoff, Novgorod, and Moscow. The names were written on slips of paper, and placed in an urn before the Vladimir Ikon of St. Mary, which had been brought to St. Saviour's Cathedral. The choice among the three was left to 'the Will of God'; and while the whole convocation was bowed in prayer, a bishop drew out one of the slips: it bore the name of Tikhon, Metropolitan of Moscow, who was now proclaimed duly elected Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia. (Tikhon had spent some years in America as a missionary.)

The election took place while the eight-day street battle for supremacy was in progress at Moscow, between the Bolsheviks and the Provisional Government. It was fortunate that the election had not been delayed, for the Bolsheviks now had to deal, not with a Church without a head, but with an organized body, which had the universal support of the people. The patriarchate was not an innovation, but simply a return to the old constitution of the Orthodox Church; and there was no question that the restoration was popular. In the fall of the Tsar, the Church had lost its lay head, but it had regained its ancient spiritual head.

II

Tikhon was enthroned on November 21, 1917. The ceremony took place at the Uspensky Cathedral in the Kremlin. The cathedral, throne, and vestments were the same used by Patriarch Nikon; and no one had worn the vestments or sat on the throne since Peter suspended the Patriarchate in 1721.

After the liturgy [says Proto-Hierarch A. Rozhdestvensky, in his description of the

ceremony] the new Patriarch, accompanied a procession round the Kremlin, which he sprinkled with Holy Water. The attitude of the Bolsheviks toward this ceremony was peculiar. They did not then feel themselves complete masters of the situation, and had taken up no definite aggressive position with regard to the Church, although their hostility was clear. The soldiers on guard at the Cathedral itself behaved very negligently; they did not bare their heads when the ikons and gonfalons passed; they smoked, talked loudly, and laughed. The Patriarch appeared from the Cathedral, a seemingly bent old man, in his round cowl surmounted by the cross, enveloped in the blue mantle of Patriarch Nikon; and I saw the soldiers momentarily bare their heads and rush toward the Patriarch, to receive his blessing through the railings. It was clear that their former attitude had been only superficial bluster, the fashion of the times; but now we saw their real feelings, the result of centuries of training.

The Church was very fortunate in their new Patriarch. Tikhon seemed to be an ideal man for his high position in those difficult times. He was as pacific as his name (which means 'peaceful'), but he was not weak, and he possessed an unusual amount of tact. He upheld the dignity and splendor of the Church; but in his private life and personal habits he was one of the simplest of men. The humblest as well as the highest had free access to their Patriarch, and they made such use of this privilege, that the archbishops advised Tikhon to 'make himself less cheap,' as his arduous round of duties would surely tell upon his health, and he must conserve his energies.

But Tikhon would not hear of any limitation to his accessibility: he received all, and gave them comfort, sympathy, and advice. He personally held services wherever he could, not only in Moscow, but also in other towns. The Soviet Government order-

ed that he should travel as an ordinary citizen, and he raised no protest; but the railway porters defied the Government, and on their own initiative placed a special carriage at his disposal. On his visit to Bogoroditsk, the industrial centre of the Moscow province, he was received by the workmen just as they had formerly received the Tsar. They erected a grand pavilion at short notice: the streets were literally full of people, among whom the Patriarch moved as freely as a shepherd among his flock. There had been fears that disturbances would be caused by the soldiery; but his visit was an unmixed triumph. The same must be said of his visits to Yaroslavl, Petrograd, and other places. At Yaroslavl the commissars themselves were forced to take part in his reception; they even dined with him, and all were photographed in the same group. The splendor of his reception at Petrograd, arranged by the people in spite of the Government, is reported to have been such as had never been witnessed there before.

The Bolsheviks moved cautiously against the Church. They began by placarding public places with the legend: 'Religion is a narcotic for the people,' and removing ikons from public places. Later, these ikons were, in some cases, allowed to be put back; and I can remember as late as 1920 seeing ikons in their usual places in such an official institution as the Academy of the General Staff at Vozdvizhenka, Moscow. The Bolsheviks seemed to recognize that the temper of the people was not yet sufficiently under control for drastic measures against the Church; so they declared that atheism and all forms of religion were private matters of conscience, and not to be disturbed so long as they did not interfere with the interests of the State. They organized regular antireligious

lectures at public places, and especially among the soldiers of the Red Army. At first, they removed religion from among the compulsory subjects on the school programmes, but left it there as an optional subject. Soon they found that practically all the children took this subject just as formerly, and they forbade its being taught at all in the schools. At the beginning of July, 1922, they decreed that the baptism of infants should cease, but that any person over eighteen might be baptized if he wished. They also issued another decree, that no children under eighteen years should be employed in any way on church premises, either for payment or voluntarily. Now they have issued a decree that all Bibles and books dealing with religious subjects shall be removed from schools and public libraries, 'so that the children and workmen shall not be subject to their pernicious influence.'

For the first four years of their rule, the Bolsheviks contented themselves in the main by carefully concentrating their efforts on the youth of the country and the Red Army. All the old elementary schools were closed in the course of 1918, or reorganized into the 'Uniform Labor School,' where religious instruction was strictly banned, and its place in the programme occupied by lectures on materialism and antireligion generally. Attempts were made by parents to give their children religious instruction at home; but it is difficult to estimate the success of their efforts, for, although the vast majority of the old teachers remained religious and anti-Bolshevist, the new Communistic teachers in the schools sought to undermine the influence of the home, and fostered among the children the spirit of insubordination to their parents. The general economic difficulties of parents also, with starvation literally staring them in the face all the time, deprived

them of leisure in which they might look after their children's spiritual welfare. This applies more to the larger towns than to the country, and especially to Moscow and Petrograd, where the people had only one interest — how to obtain food and fuel.

This state of things lasted till the spring of this year, when the Soviet Government introduced their 'New Economic Policy,' which allowed private persons to buy and sell. The food situation improved in the towns; but the villages, which until now had been living on the products of the soil in their immediate neighborhood, were overwhelmed by a great calamity. They had been forced to relinquish their reserves, as 'taxes in kind,' to the Government; and now that the crops had failed, they were reduced to starvation. In the course of a few months, in spite of the relief work of foreign organizations, over a million persons are admitted by the Soviet Government to have died of hunger.

Under these circumstances, the Soviet Government saw their opportunity of dealing the Church a serious blow and destroying its authority with the people. They declared that the Church was indifferent to the sufferings of the people; that, although men were dying like flies, and the churches were stored with treasure which might go far to relieve the general distress, the 'greedy priests and monks' would not part with their wealth for such a humane purpose. Gold and gems, they said, had many times in the past been yielded up by the Church to the Tsars, to help them prosecute unjust wars, and even since the Revolution had been given to anti-Bolshevist forces, for the purpose of carrying on civil war against the people.

The Patriarch appealed to the Government for permission to organize relief for the famine-stricken people, for

which purpose the Church would realize some of the valuables with which the churches were adorned. The Government refused to allow the Church, or any other internal organization, to administer relief except through the Government. The Patriarch demanded some guaranty that the Church treasure would really be used only for famine relief, but the Soviet Government would not allow any form of supervision. A decree was issued by the Government that churches and monasteries should give up all their precious metals and gems. The Patriarch issued instructions that the Church treasures should not be delivered; and in March, 1922, the Government began to send commissars, supported by soldiers and militia, to the churches, in order to sequester all valuables. Most of the priests were against the Government's forcible measures, and either actively or passively resisted the sequestering parties. Such a persistent campaign had been carried on by the Government through the press (which is a State monopoly), that the people were in great measure undecided as to what they should do. They were, on the whole, willing to strip their churches to relieve the famine districts; but most of them were convinced that a great proportion would be used for foreign propaganda, or find its way into the commissars' private pockets.

In many places fighting took place between the sequestering parties and the people; but, as the latter had no sort of organization, all opposition was overcome by the soldiery, but at the price of much bloodshed. In the early stages of the sequestration campaign, in March and April, 1922, there were serious disorders, with considerable loss of life, at Shuya, Smolensk, Tver, Moscow, Petrograd, and lesser disorders all over the country. The Soviet Government had, however, gained

many followers among the people and some among the Clergy, so that sections of the community generally took the side of the sequestrators. The Government had already taken stock of all the treasures in the various churches, which made concealment futile. Nevertheless, countless cases of concealment took place, but the Government had a simple course of action which suited all such occasions: they arrested all the priests and laymen connected with the church in question, and brought them before the tribunal, accused of stealing State property and, what was more serious, of resisting the measures of the Government. The most frequent penalty in such cases was death, and every day the Soviet official papers contained some such announcement as: 'Four priests (Svetozaroff, Rozhdestvensky, Yazikoff, Pokhlebkin) have been sentenced to death at Shuya for resisting the sequestration of Church valuables' (April 30); 'Twelve persons, including nine church dignitaries, have been condemned to be shot at Moscow for opposing sequestration parties of Church treasure' (10th May); 'Bishop Arsenius of Siberia has been sentenced to death by the Soviet Revolutionary Tribunal' (19th July).

These extracts have been taken purely at random. It is impossible at the present time to give any approximately adequate account of the martyred Russian priests and laymen who have died for their faith since the Revolution, as all records are in the hands of the Bolshevik authorities, and reports have been published of only some of their victims. In an article on 'Church and State,' written last April, Metropolitan Eulogius stated that, according to the Bolsheviks' own published statistics, they had killed twenty-eight bishops and over twelve hundred priests, up to that date.

III

By means of the famine and their sequestration policy, the Bolsheviks had managed to split the Church into two camps; they now turned their attention to the Patriarch himself. Patriarch Tikhon's attitude toward the Bolsheviks had, in the main, been forbearing; but on one or two occasions he had boldly denounced them in public for their attacks on religion.

On the first anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, in 1918, Tikhon publicly anathematized all the members of the Bolshevik Government for their persecution of religion and priests. They had, at this time, 'nationalized' all the property of the Church, so that the priests were left to live on charity, with the Government agitating against them among the people. Private property of all kinds was at this time abolished, buying and selling was prohibited. The people were divided into categories for the distribution of food by the State, some categories receiving more, others less.

Religion had not been nationalized, therefore the priests were not included in any categories: they had no food-cards, and by living they were actually committing a crime, for they were forbidden to buy food or anything — they were left to starve.

Tikhon was then subjected to house arrest, and this continued with intermittent relaxation for three and a half years. He was allowed to carry out the functions of his high office, but his movements were restricted.

The Bolsheviks still seemed uncertain how far they might venture against the Patriarch. In the first week of May, 1922, they summoned him to appear as a witness before the Revolutionary Tribunal, in the trial of a number of laymen and church dignitaries.

He was called and appeared under his lay name, Vassily Ivanovich Bellavin, a simple old man; but when he entered the court, all the spectators instinctively rose, and even the tribunal was awed for a time. From the witness-box, Tikhon blessed the spectators, and then submitted to cross-questioning. In a quiet, firm voice, but without defiance, he answered all questions and defended the attitude of the priests and himself. They acted, he said, according to the canons of the Church; it was not for him or them to judge whether these canons were or were not legal, as he and they were simply ministers, servants of God.

Even the Bolshevik papers were forced to admit that Tikhon bore himself with simple dignity in his humiliating position — the Patriarch of Moscow and All-Russia in a Bolshevik court! The Soviet Government did not gain any advantage from this cross-questioning of the Patriarch, and the chairman of the tribunal said, 'Citizen Bellavin, you may go.' Tikhon went home, but he was not left long in peace.

By their sequestration policy the Bolsheviks had seen what priests were inclined to side with the existing Government; and by appealing to the ambition and lower instincts of some of these, they induced them to agitate for a reform of the Orthodox Church. There were numerous arguments at the service of these agitators, but the strongest was addressed to the 'White Order,' inciting them to demand the same privileges, without the restrictions, as the 'Black Order' of priests.

Now the difference between these two orders is very great: the higher offices in the Church, from that of bishop upward, are filled by priests of the Black Order. These are celibates, and come from the monasteries. A

priest of the White Order may occupy only the lower positions, and he must marry once. If his wife dies, he may not marry again, but may enter a monastery and become a member of the Black Order, with all the privileges of a bachelor. All the parochial priests belong to the White Order. Before the Revolution they were poorly paid, and relied chiefly on the offerings of their parishioners. When the Bolsheviks nationalized all property, these priests were left destitute; but, in this respect, they were no worse off than the Black Clergy.

The most prominent among the agitators for reform were Bishop Antonin and a White priest named Krasnitsky. Bishop Antonin had already been publicly accused of atheism, and was of very doubtful character. His colleague, Krasnitsky, has since tried to prove him insane, and to have him placed in a lunatic asylum; but he is still at large and is at present head of the 'Church Administration' which the Bolsheviks have called into being. Krasnitsky is a clerical agent of the Soviet Government. In the name of religious reform, his task is to destroy religion, just as, in the name of liberty, the temporal Bolsheviks have destroyed liberty.

Now, when the time was considered ripe, a deputation of priests, including these two men, waited on Patriarch Tikhon and requested him to abdicate. What arguments they used is not known, but on May 12, 1922, the Patriarch is purported to have written and signed a paper to the following effect:—

In view of the extreme difficulties of the Church administration, which have brought me before the secular court, I consider it in the interests of the Church, until the meeting of the Convocation, temporarily to place at the head of the Church administration one of the Metropolitans.

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E

This came as a great blow to all Orthodox Russians. They had felt that, whatever happened, their Patriarch would not leave them, but would, if necessary, die at his post. The so-called 'abdication' seemed so unlike Tikhon's usual attitude toward his duty, that it took his flock completely by surprise. Yet it is noteworthy that among the people one seldom hears the Patriarch blamed: they wait for some explanation, with the great patience which Russians sometimes show. Their mild, but firm, Tikhon had on several occasions openly denounced the Bolsheviks, without taking any account of his own personal safety; surely no personal motives induced him to leave his post now.

They await an explanation of what took place between the Bolshevik priest-agents and the Patriarch, on that fatal May night. Their faith in Tikhon was so great that, if it were proved that he acted on unworthy motives, many would lose what remains of their faith in their God.

It is unlikely that Tikhon was moved by selfish or cowardly reasons: his whole irreproachable past promises us the contrary. According to the most likely rumors, Antonin and Krasnitsky convinced him that his immediate removal was certain in any case, and that he dare not risk leaving the Church without a head; but this does not explain why he appointed 'one of the Metropolitans' as his deputy, and not one particular Metropolitan by name. The indefinite nature of the appointment was little better than no appointment at all; for it gave the authority to no one, and removed responsibility from all.

The Church was left without a leader, and Tikhon retired to the Donskoi Monastery at Moscow, from which, according to various reports, he will shortly be brought to trial before the

Bolshevist secular 'court,' on a charge of resisting the sequestration of Church property.

A few days after Tikhon's retirement, Bishop Antonin published a violent article written by himself, under the title, 'Bring Tikhon to Justice.'

The Metropolitans were ignored, and under the auspices of the Bolshevist Government a 'Supreme Church Administration' was formed, with Bishop Antonin at its head and Krasnitsky as his deputy. These two, with others, created a church-reform party, to which they gave the attractive name of 'The Living Church'; and they announced that a Convocation, a sort of 'Church Constituent Assembly,' would be called in the early autumn; but as yet there has been no such convocation.

IV

Since Tikhon's retirement, the process of dissolution in the Church has been very rapid, and dissension has been fostered with great skill by the Soviet Government. The Supreme Church Administration contained elements which could not harmonize, and an occasional touch from the Government unbridled the passions of the unruly men who were nominally administering the affairs of the Church. Krasnitsky quarreled with Antonin, seized the seals of the Church, and issued his own orders, in spite of protests from his chief.

A 'Congress' was called at the beginning of August, not of the whole Church, but of the so-called 'Living-Church Party.' The Bolshevist Government placed the 'Third House of the Soviets' at the disposal of this Congress, which declared that it had the powers of a Church Constituent Assembly, and passed a resolution that, in future, the highest ecclesiastical authority should be the Convocation,

which should meet every three years; and all the executive power should be concentrated in the Supreme Church Administration.

This was only a confirmation of the powers which the Supreme Church Administration had already usurped and exercised during the last two and a half months. It announced at the Congress that it had deprived twenty-four bishops of their sees; and the Congress formally dismissed thirty-six more. The number of priests who had been driven out of their parishes with the aid of the Soviet Red soldiers is not definitely known; but the isolated accounts of such methods which come through indicate that there are very many such cases.

Either before or after 'dismissal,' such bishops and priests are usually arrested and tried by the Soviet tribunal for counter-revolution, or obstructing the sequestration of Church property. They are shot, banished to remote parts of Russia, or sentenced to long terms of imprisonment with hard labor. A few are 'converted,' and agree to serve in the new party; but, on the whole, the priests have proved worthy of their holy calling, and meet their fate with the same unflinching courage as did the martyrs of old.

Where there are so many laymen and priests who have quietly died for their religion, it seems unfair to emphasize the fate of individuals, except to typify the bearing of the hundreds and thousands who face death like Nature's real gentlemen. The Western world is apt to mistake Russia's disease for Russia, and has no idea of the sterling self-sacrificing qualities which may be found in the average Russian individual. We hear much about Russia's extremes, and judge her by them; but Russia also abounds in types of the highest manhood.

These types, and others, are being

martyred in their thousands, while the rest of the civilized world remains comparatively indifferent, or interested in Russia only so far as she may, or may not, be or become a profitable market for merchandise. Just as we glory in what our fathers unselfishly did, or are said to have done, for the purpose of freeing the world of oppression, future generations may blush at the part we are playing, the paltry concessions we are trying to negotiate with the dregs of humanity, who are soaking Russia's vast plains with Christian blood and tears.

What does the world know of Mgr. Benjamin, Metropolitan of Petrograd? He was brought before the Soviet tribunal last June, condemned to death because he would not deny his religion, and shot. He is said to have been offered his life, if he would make a written appeal for it to the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets. He refused, saying that he was ready to render his account to his God, but had committed no crime against the Bolshevik Government. The Soviet's hired assassin placed a revolver at the back of his neck and shot him. He is merely a type of the Russian Christians who uncomplainingly die violent deaths while Christian Europe arranges her Genoas and Hagues, and Christian America looks on. Outside the court, the people stoned a priest named Vedensky for giving evidence against Benjamin; but the soldiers rescued him. He has since been made Red Metropolitan of Siberia, in the place of Arsenius, who was martyred.

The self-appointed Supreme Church Administration passed a resolution at the party Congress that all churches should cease to pray for the Patriarch, that his name should in no way be mentioned in the Church services, and that the coming Convocation should be 'instructed' to unfrock him.

But there were numerous scenes of uproar at the Congress, during which priests and layman hurled invective at one another. The priest Krasnitsky installed himself in the chair and opened the first sitting with a notable speech, in which he demanded that steps should be taken to 'clear away all the reactionary bishops and fill their places with the rank and file of the White Clergy.' Their tactics, he said, must be revolutionary: they must follow the example of the Soviet Government, and sweep away all their enemies. This was the reason why they had excluded all the reactionary elements from their Congress.

Bishop Antonin, the nominal head of the party, was present; but, strange as it may seem, he was allowed there only as an observer, without the right to speak or vote. He petitioned his subordinates, and at last was allowed to address the gathering.

Antonin began by complaining of the treatment he was receiving, and declared that he was against the admission of the White Clergy to the higher offices of the Church. But he was not allowed to proceed: the chairman Krasnitsky cut him short by fiercely declaring, 'We have thrown off the yoke of episcopal monks! Shall we be bayed by this remnant, this Bishop Antonin?' Antonin angrily left the Congress, resigned his position, and formed a new party, which he called 'The Church-Revival Party.' Many others, notably the priest Kryloff, left the Congress in disgust. Some returned to the main body of Orthodox believers, now an illegal body; others joined Antonin's new party.

As reflected by the press, the Soviet Government were in high glee at the discord they had produced in the ranks of the clergy. They now declared: 'Mischief, thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt! The Government,

being communist and atheist, can take no sides, but only deplore the fact that Christians are so quarrelsome.'

But they were not quite so easy about the effect of their measures on the people. *Izvestia*, the official organ of the Government, wrote: 'We have stirred up a hornet's nest; we have created a bedlam'; and continues to explain that

whenever a leader of the 'Living-Church' Party appears in public, he is greeted with abuse. His sermons are interrupted; groups of disturbers ostentatiously leave the church and arrange meetings outside. If you go to any place where Bishop Antonin attempts to conduct a service or address a meeting, you may fancy you are in a mad-house.

'Some able hand is guiding the people's indignation,' said one of the Soviet newspapers; 'there are disturbances in every part of the country'; but it did not explain the rigorous and cruel methods employed to quell religious disturbances.

Shortly before this party Congress was opened, the Soviet press announced that the former Procurator of the Holy Synod, V. N. Lvoff, had been enrolled in the Supreme Church Administration. This man was present and made one of the most violent of the speeches.

We must comb out the clergy [he said]. I failed in 1917, but I shall not fail again. I shall make a thorough clearance of all reactionary and 'black-hundred' members who have crept into our parish Soviets. Down with all counter-revolutionary elements! Long live the White Clergy and the new Church movement.

The Congress closed in disorder, having considerably increased the chaos which had so rapidly developed in the administration of the Church. Antonin appealed to the Soviet Government to support his new Church-Revival Party,

and proclaim his administration as supreme in all Orthodox Church matters; but the rival administrations were left by the Soviets to fight it out between themselves. The result was that further splits occurred and new parties were formed. In the middle of October the Soviet Government announced that it had confirmed the establishment of a new Supreme Church Administration, composed of representatives of the Living-Church Party, the Church-Revival Party, and the Left Wing of the Living-Church Party, including both priests and laymen.

It has since been proved that the new administration is a sub-section of the Agitation Department of the Communist Party, and receives all instructions for reform directly from the Central Committee of the Communist Party, in Moscow.

V

The Soviet Government has severely crippled the Orthodox Russian Church, but it has not abolished religion. On the contrary, there is unquestionable evidence to show that, independent of the fate of the Established Church, there is a great revival of religious feeling among all sections of the community.

The martyred Russian Church has become more powerful in Russia than ever it was in the recent past, when it flourished outwardly as an organ of the government. In the words of Professor Pitirim-Sorokin, the well-known sociologist of Petrograd University, who was among the first of the banished Russian Intelligentsia to cross the frontier, —

The peasantry and factory workers now flock to the churches. But few of them will have anything to do with the priests of the new parties. The persecuted priests who have remained true to their faith are regarded by the masses with feelings akin to

reverence. The stoicism with which they are bearing their hard lot has won the general respect of all. The people visit the churches quite independent of the services, and pray before the Holy Ikons as of yore, but in greater numbers. Open opposition to the measures of the Soviet Government is not frequent, for the people are well acquainted with the ruthless hand of the godless authorities, and are, for the time being, cowed. But a great, though smothered, religious enthusiasm is growing in volume; and this in the Russian nature may easily develop into religious frenzy, which, in its turn, may sweep away the godless usurpers of power and spoilers of the Church, like so many flies.

But there is a still more notable thing, which may prove a factor in turning the tide. The remnants of the Russian Intelligentsia, who formerly adopted a negative attitude toward religion, or made irreligion their boast, are now seeking comfort in the Church, too. Many well-known men who were socialists and atheists now prostrate themselves before the Ikons in the churches, and feel no shame. These are the people who have been changed by the Revolution. They are extremely few in number, but they may yet play their part as leaders of the people in a spontaneous general crusade against the persecutors of the Faithful.

There is, however, one important fact, which should not be lost sight of. The youth of the country has for nearly five years been under the direct influence of the governing atheists, who have endeavored to teach them to scoff at religion. It cannot with any certainty be said what the results of this Bolshevik campaign have been; but it may be presumed that there are tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of children and young people with little experience of pre-Bolshevik life, who now regard Christianity as a creed unworn. These are the instruments with which the Bolsheviks hope to consolidate their usurped position. The results among children of their teachings of socialism, communism, and free

love are reflected to some extent by the official figures regarding child-criminals; and it should not be overlooked that the Soviet attitude toward unpolitical and unreligious crime is very indulgent.

In 1921 the punishment of child-crime was distributed among three commissariats (Education, Health, Justice). The Government official paper, the *Izvestia*, stated in August that the Commissariat for Education had dealt with 54,424 child-criminals in the course of 1921. The numbers of adults and children brought before the Commissariat for Justice in 1920 and 1921 are as follows:—

1920: First half-year	550,214
Second "	618,898
1921: First "	699,572
Second "	759,251

The following criminal adults and children were sentenced to various punishments:—

1920: First half-year	258,098
Second "	305,200
1921: First "	307,551
Second "	451,657

No separate figures for children convicted at this commissariat are available, and the same may be said with regard to the Commissariat for Health; but the *Izvestia* states that, from 1920 to 1922, street crimes in Russia increased by 240 per cent; in 1920, the proportion of children to the total number was 6 per cent, in 1922, it was 10 per cent.

The rank and file of the Red army consists of young men who were from 14 to 16 years old at the outbreak of the Revolution; and among them the Bolsheviks have found fertile ground for their negative doctrines. All the soldiers on a peace basis are required to devote seven hours a day to training, of which two hours must be spent in attending political and antireligious

lectures, or studying political and anti-religious subjects. In their barracks and in their training they are cut off from religious influences; yet reports say that many of them find their way into the churches, where they worship before the holy pictures. It is impossible, however, to know the real attitude of the Red soldiers toward religion, as we cannot know how far the widespread display of atheism among them is real or feigned.

The Bolsheviki seem to realize that they cannot stamp out religion in the adult population of Russia: the most they can do is to sow discord among believers, so that they may have no considerable united body to threaten them.

With the rising generations they hope for better results, and that the total disappearance of religion from Russia is only a matter of time. There may be many opinions as to whether religion is to become the factor that will overthrow the present régime; but there can be little doubt that, if it were overthrown at the present time, the Russian Church would immediately become the greatest force in the country. The Church would be independent, and purified by its martyrdom; for the dissenting clergy have no real following among the people. The Orthodox Russian Church is the one, perhaps the only, institution to which

all Russians owe allegiance, the most democratic thing in all Russia.

The autocracy of the Tsar [says Merezhkovsky] was a pyramid with its apex pointing upward: the individual enslaving all. The autocracy of the people is also a pyramid, but with its apex pointing downward: the individual enslaved by all. Orthodoxy, or the religious idea of the autocracy, was the axis round which autocracy turned, and it remained practically untouched by the Revolution, not understood. On this axis the pyramid easily turned over, pointing its apex downward; with like ease it will turn back, and point its apex upward again.

To-day, since writing the above, I have received news from Moscow that the Bolshevik Government is arranging a series of anti-religious meetings, burlesque religious processions, and blasphemous plays, on the occasion of the coming Christmas festival. The commission appointed to organize this Bolshevik Christmas is headed by the Bolshevik poet-laureate, Demian Biedny, and the prominent Communist Gorodetsky. The performances are to be given at Moscow, Petrograd, and other big towns.

A few days ago, Bishop Averkius was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Zhitomir.

At Yekaterinoslav, Bishop Agafit and Bishop Jonathan have been arrested this week.

FRANCE AND HER COLOR PROBLEM

BY PIERRE KHORAT

I

WHEN the World War became unavoidable, the German Government proposed that the colonies should be left out of the struggle. As they put it, the conflict concerned only states whose populations were European in race and mentality; numerous drawbacks would result if colored peoples were brought into the field. In principle, such a proposal was reasonable enough, and in several neutral countries France was blamed for demurring. But, while the Berlin Government was making this humanitarian suggestion, its agents in the Cameroon had assumed the offensive on the right bank of the Congo River.

Whether thoughtless or deliberate, their action justified every suspicion of duplicity. The French Government already had many grounds of suspicion, and could not disregard so unanswerable a reason for declining to enter into the covenant. Furthermore such a covenant was now impracticable.

Even if the Germans had been acting in good faith, — and perhaps self-interest made William II mean what he said in this case, — even if they had ordered their cruisers to make the bases at Tsingtao and in the Oceanian archipelagoes unavailable, guns and rifles would have gone off spontaneously in Africa. There were too many common frontiers, too many adjacent forts for commanders to remain inert, face to face, *in statu quo ante bellum*. So Britain brought her Indian warriors

to Europe and France brought in her colored contingents, to fill the place planned for them in the initial mobilization scheme.

The war went on far beyond the term prophesied for it in the beginning by all the experts. The British Empire had to call upon its Indian troops for reënforcements sufficient to help Field-Marshal French's 'contemptible little army' to keep the front until volunteers from the United Kingdom and from the Dominions, and, later on, conscription, could bring the required strength into the line. From a few thousand men at the beginning, the number of fighting men — yellow, brown, and black — enlisted by France approached a million. Apportioned according to their natural abilities among battlefields, workshops, and corps at the rear, they neutralized the effects of the Russian Revolution until the arrival of the Americans. During the struggle, where numbers were of greater importance than formerly, colonial contingents, and especially the black troops, proved of considerable value in filling gaps. Of a surety they did not 'win the war'; but they rendered the French army's stand less difficult during the period that extended from the hecatomb at Verdun until the intervention of the United States.

Such a result went far beyond what had been hoped at first. When, before the war, General Mangin advocated that the 'black power' should be used,

he was thinking mainly of overseas theatres of operation; but when they saw their colonial auxiliaries fighting side by side with home forces against a redoubtable enemy, the French people did not stint their praise. Public writers, whose function was to keep up 'the morale at the rear,' did not fail to harp on the grateful 'Sons of the Desert rushing to the help of the mother country assaulted by barbarians'; and those who read events only through the distorting glasses of electioneering politics waxed so enthusiastic as to propose that all native fighting men from overseas should be made citizens and voters by a grateful nation.

Precious little do the black, yellow, or brown fellows care about this. A place may be allotted them in the home forces in peace-time, because France is compelled by the disturbed condition of Europe to keep up an army as powerful as the army of 1914; but unprompted they would never dream of considering themselves on a par with Frenchmen born in Gascony or Normandy. The slogan, 'France is a nation with a hundred million inhabitants,' which General Mangin hit upon to describe the country's resources and power, may be broadly interpreted, with this understanding. It sums up, in fact, the discussion which has so long divided French colonial circles into supporters of 'association' and supporters of 'assimilation.'

Despite the ascertained effects of the latter theory, not only in the United States of America, but also in the old French colonies, — the West Indies, Reunion, India, and Senegal, — the supporters of assimilation will not admit that they have the worst of it. They would not be sorry to avail themselves of this problem concerning the colored soldiers, to renew an experiment which, up to the present, has always proved the reverse of successful.

II

Irrespective of the opinions of extremists, always on the decrease, who would submit the inhabitants of countries forced open to civilization by might of arms to a sort of slavery for the benefit of the conquerors, any colonial policy whatsoever can be designed only on the principle of *fraternity*, according to the Gospel, or on the principle of *equality*, according to J.-J. Rousseau. Recognized as a fundamental axiom for home consumption by nations with a European culture, the principle of equality has brought to them nothing but class-hatred, economic troubles, and revolutions. Inscribed in charters granted to colonies peopled with natives whose culture and mentality are different, it becomes, under the label of 'assimilation,' a ferment of demagoguery; that is to say, of the oppression of minorities by might of numbers.

On the contrary, the principle of fraternity allows the continuance of social classes, resulting from individual abilities, qualities, and defects. It simplifies the problems of home politics by freely accepting the idea of reciprocal rights and duties. Applied to colonial management, it defines the task of the colonizing nation, which then readily considers the welfare of the conquered people as favorable to its own interest, and a part of its own problem.

To assimilate a nation means to transform it to the likeness of the assimilator. Until the two nations have achieved moral unity, genuine assimilation is not possible. In fact, a common patrimony of general ideas is necessary, in order that the codes, legislation, institutions, which seem suitable for the assimilator, may work harmoniously with the assimilated. Both will then, as it were mentally, speak the same language.

Although he had never traveled outside of France, our great minister Colbert drew up, by sheer power of reasoning, a colonization policy for Canada. 'Call the natives to a community of life with the French, but only after instructing them in the maxims of our religion, and even in our manners, so that they may ultimately make, with those of ours who migrate to Canada, one and the same nation.' Such were his instructions to governors of New France, inviting them to consider religious missionaries as their best helpers. This condition of mind obtained in all leaders throughout the kingdom, and was indeed common to all great colonizers descended from the Latin race. In a new settlement, the church and the fort were built at the same time.

Verily, religious unity is a powerful aid in making Christian civilization accessible to savage people since, in nations of European origin, religion and civilization have, in the course of centuries, become synonymous. But religious unity is effective only if it is sustained, so that time may fix the stamp of religion upon the mentality of the subject race. Home politics may, on the other hand, prevent or hinder the success of the work undertaken by the agents of religious propaganda. In any case, results are long in coming; for every passing generation transmits to the next one only a small part of its ideal.

Furthermore, this method of assimilation must be administered delicately. Except with primitive peoples, where the 'nation' concept does not exist, 'the foreigner's religion' is likely to be so stressed and fostered by the lay authorities as to repel the subjects whose loyalty these authorities desire to secure. To be served by missionaries and not to serve them, as a former Governor-General of Indo-China, Paul

Bert, put it, would just amount to turning missionaries into the conqueror's political agents; they would be irretrievably discredited, and would gather round them only a mob of hypocrites, always ready to turn traitors or rebels.

The slogan of assimilation through religion is, therefore, applicable only if the time factor is fully allowed for; if religious propaganda is safe from distrustful and vexatious interference by lay authorities; and if the latter do not fret to transfer too precipitately into political institutions the social results of proselytizing. But nowadays such conditions are hardly obtainable. Christendom is too much rent by schisms, heresies, rationalism, and so forth; and these divisions, which influence home politics, chiefly in France, make it impossible to achieve moral unity in the colonies through religious commonalty.

III

Let us, then, consider the colonizing countries, especially those which, while maintaining an established church, admit liberty of conscience. Will they object to the propagation of dissident confessions among the inhabitants of their overseas possessions? Of course not, since it would be a contradiction in terms to prevent representatives of a different faith from preaching and making converts, within the limits of moral and public order. The desirable unity preparatory to assimilation is, therefore, unattainable.

Sometimes, too, the requirements of foreign policy further complicate the problem. France, for instance, like the British Empire, has become, to use the adopted phrase, a 'Moslem power.' Whom, then, would her leaders favor, if they introduced the religious factor into the unavoidable struggle against the fetishism and barbarian practices of

her African Negroes — the missionary or the Marabout? Obviously, reason and sentiment plead in favor of the first; but there are numerous 'anticlericals' who think themselves clever in preferring the other.

Be that as it may, Frenchmen have given up all attempts to base the assimilation of their colored peoples on a community of religious faith. I am well aware that, according to a certain school, race and religion are inseparable, for every race has the religion that suits its own particular mentality; and that therefore Negroes cannot adopt the white man's creeds and conform to them closely enough to become morally and politically assimilable to white men. No doubt such creeds become rather distorted when dogmatic discipline is relaxed, or when groups of converts rid themselves too completely of their white pastors' guidance; the return of the Negroes of the West Indies and Louisiana to the Voodoo cult is proof of this. But no general rule can be drawn from such examples; for it is found that, in so-called 'missionary' countries, natives whose ancestors have been Christian for several generations have, as regards moral law, the mentality of white men. And they might be entitled to inquire, in their turn, how many white men have gone back, through regression, to savage mentality.

Assimilators, unwilling or unable to use religion for their political purposes, have resorted to the government school as a substitute. They seem to have expected official education, besides metamorphosing exotic mentalities, to put an end to the very traditions of race or of nationality, by inducing a voluntary, or compulsory, adoption of the conquerors' language by the conquered peoples. But an imposed language will speak only if habitually practised. It will become transformed, sooner or later, through the natural

genius of the people which received it, and will become a dialect, like the Creole, as unintelligible to home folk as a foreign language.

As to the school, considered as an exclusive factor of assimilation, no one any longer questions its utter failure. Colored boys, taught according to the pedagogical methods obtaining in Europe, have not acquired a European mentality by cramming the rudiments of exact sciences, history, geography, and independent morals; a minority retains just enough of that intellectual baggage to scheme for berths in the administrative hierarchy. Genuinely 'uprooted,' they have only contempt for the field or the workshop from which they originate. Some of them — and their members are on the increase — take ship, at their own or the Budget's expense, and sail overseas, to pick up something of the white man's higher education. From their varied contacts with European civilization, they bring back titbits of knowledge and cargoes of pretensions. They claim, and proclaim, that adequate justice is never rendered to their merits, and that they are learned enough to emancipate their brethren from alien guardianship.

All colonizing peoples have been deceived by this mirage of education. All have built government schools, in which they have made a point of ignoring the pedagogy of volunteer educators, such as missionaries, whose experience was by no means contemptible. Placid Dutchmen, utilitarian Britishers, have not been clearer-sighted than overbearing Spaniards and French ideology-mongers. None guessed that, by broadcasting promiscuously a learning and ideas elaborated in the course of centuries in European societies, they were gorging weakling stomachs with food too rich; for 'no man putteth new wine into old bottles,' or 'a piece of new cloth unto an old garment.'

And this is why Japanese agitators, Indian baboos, Tunisian, Algerian, Egyptian, or Annamite young bloods are hostile to their teachers. They dream of supplanting them in the command of the masses, whose racial antagonisms these natives arouse and excite, the better to exploit and fleece them. Haiti, Liberia, and their like offer examples of what can be expected.

The army, too, has been considered as an agent of assimilation fully as efficient as the school by some military men daft on sociology. But the haunting remembrance of Rome calling barbarians to her legions has inspired attempts only in these countries where Romans and barbarians have been longest in agreement, that is to say, in the last theatres of the Punic Wars, where vestiges of Roman grandeur are impressive to this day. Frenchmen were the only ones to think that common life without any distinction as to races, in Algerian and Tunisian barracks and camps, would create indelible sympathies, and erase the differences of mentality between natives and settlers, so that there would be in Northern Africa a homogeneous people under common laws.

It must be acknowledged that the military failed as woefully as the pedagogues, yet with far less serious consequences. The failure hurts only sentiment, offended by the close promiscuity permitted between dissimilar races, and has no political after-effects. Native malcontents and reformers never come from barracks: they swarm from schools and universities.

Life in common, similar physical characteristics, the equity of the military status or charter, may attenuate the fundamental rancor of a conquered race; they are not adequate to bring about its assimilation. They would have to be supported by analogous morals and ideals. Now, Islamism

has erected between Frenchmen and Arabo-Berber populations a barrier which certain governing authorities, who thought themselves profound statesmen, have even strengthened. In order to obviate conflicts of creeds, men prevented Christianity, first from penetrating among the more accessible Berbers, and afterward from spreading among the Arabs. Thus no durable alliance could be established by marriages between natives and immigrants whom the former never ceased to consider as loathsome infidels. And yet, in the light of the results obtained with Canadian Boisbrûlés, one can imagine what would happen in Northern Africa from the mixing of races far less different from one another than Indians and Palefaces. Europeanized Berbers, Arab and Latin crossbreeds, if they were many, would protect French Northern Africa against the always possible outbursts of Moslem fanaticism.

IV

Supporters of association are less chimerical. They have realized that assimilators, always, like all ideologists, in far too great a hurry, would sow the wind to reap the whirlwind. The 'Indian Unrest,' so ably described by Sir Valentine Chirol, was in fact taken, by most colonials with an observing turn of mind, as a serious warning. Even previous to the World War, associationists were elaborating plans uninspired by orthodox doctrine, but in which the teachings of experience were taken into account rather than the dreams of theorists. Not being in office, they were unheeded. The tranquillity of the colonies during the struggle, despite the economical and general effort that war demanded of them; the fine behavior of the troops; the zeal of the laborers sent by the colonies to Europe; the conquest of a great part of

the Cameroon, were even turned by assimilators into arguments against association.

In France, however, people were thinking at last of the logical consequences flowing from the Wilsonian principle of nationalities. Spread among other folk after victory, it would be, sooner or later, put to the war-winners themselves, who by calling upon colored people for help could not but suggest to the latter comparisons with those ethnic minorities whose political bonds the Entente had cut, in the name of Right. No doubt, in accomplishing the work of justice, the Entente did show here and there that Might continued to be Right, but this selfsame Entente laid herself open to the misadventure of seeing her own exotic subjects claim against her the Right of Oppressed Nationalities. President Wilson did not, to be sure, foresee so remote and far-reaching an effect of his manifesto; a few colored agitators, who had acquired in the intellectual circles of old Europe, of America, and of Japan, a thin scientific veneer and formidable ambitions, realized that the moment was propitious to cut a figure, at any rate academically, as liberators or deliverers. Against their mouthings of theories founded on sentiment nothing can be expected; but appeals to interest are likely to be better listened to by such nations as will hear them.

It is, therefore, association for the development of the common demesne that should be resorted to for ensuring the political loyalty of 'inferior brethren,' whose inferiority, if indeed it exists, would be at any rate but a conventional phenomenon, and in any case quite a transitory one. An eminent professor in our Colonial School, Louis Vignon, teaches the necessary policy to future administrators and magistrates as follows: —

Such a policy is the art of leading populations, through their natural chieftains as intermediaries, without perturbing their creeds, methods of life, and habits; of limiting interference to an invitation to reform their customs in so far as these are too inconsistent with our moral and judicial ideas; the art of making them accept contact with settlers, or at least of helping them to suffer as little as possible from the intercourse; it is again the art of leading them without haste, at their own gait, toward a better social, political, and economic condition — a condition, however, always in accord with their mentality, and suited to their developing intellectual capacities.¹

And farther on: —

In a family, the father — and if France is not the father, she is the guardian — the father gives orders, and for their own good, to his youngsters. He says: 'You must.' Later on, as they grow up, the father still gives orders, but vouchsafes reasons and explanations; later on again, when his boys have become men, he listens to their motives, discusses, tempers, resolves, gives way ultimately . . . unless, on the strength of his experience, age, and responsibilities, he does oppose his veto.

Unless, also, experience derives from routine or greed. For then the veto results in disagreements, lawsuits, and recovered independence; but this is another story.

Such a theory of government sets aside the utopias of its assimilators as they deserve to be set aside. It is wise enough to preserve France's colonial demesne for a long time from inner storms; and it indicates means through which our subjects and protégés may be inspired with faith in the excellence of our régime, so that they may not seek in themselves, or elsewhere, greater wealth and tranquillity than is found with us. But such wealth is not

¹ Louis Vignon. *A Programme of Colonial Policy: The Question of the Natives.*

as yet open to all; vast tracts are even doomed to poverty and hardship because of poor natural possibilities, or the miserable condition of the inhabitants. Despite their wisdom, the theories taught to future colonial leaders would run great risks of proving, as do so many others, little more than idle speculations, did they not beget some really practical conclusion.

Well, then, it has long been an ascertained fact that material progress follows but belatedly in the wake of intellectual and political reforms; there has been a lack of balance between the desires with which the natives should be inspired and the means of satisfying them. War itself revealed the inadequacy of the material transformations undertaken here and there in various parts of our overseas dominions. The recruiting of soldiers and of laborers, the development and transport of natural produce, so necessary for the mother country, were hindered, and sometimes rendered impossible, by distances, precarious means of communication, local ignorance or unconcern.

On a par, therefore, with shielding France from the surprises of an uncertain future, and with spreading among subordinate peoples a sentiment of loyalty, is the notion of interesting them in the development of a material prosperity, of whose benefits they themselves would partake. In the new order of things, they would not be considered as slaves, or as herds of voters, but as *associates*, as partners, whose gallantry and loyalty would help to defend the joint property, whose toil would contribute to increase the firm's assets, and who would reap returns in proportion to profits.

Such is the initial, the basic, principle of the Sarraut plan. The present Colonial Minister has laid before Parliament a vast scheme of Public Works, which would transform French posses-

sions into centres of keen activity. Labor's wages would circulate among the natives as a great part of the capital invested; outside the yards, natives would readily 'make good,' because of the open markets which would foster the development of their own country's hidden riches. Medical assistance, sanitation, sanitary stations extended to remotest districts, would suppress the excessive ravages of mortality in which ignorance, superstitions, and routine are more instrumental than country and climate.

In professional schools and universities, established especially for its requirements, intelligent and industrious youth would study such sciences as are immediately practical for farmers, traders, contractors, and manufacturers. Through ports, railroads, telegraphs, canals, waterworks, a benumbed world would be awakened; situations less disappointing than the so-called liberal professions would be open to the future intellectual élite of our colored populations. By business practice, by systematic and sustained work, they would conquer what is far more satisfactory and substantial than a shabby and jaundiced mandarinat — the white man's respect. They would sit side by side with white men, not above or below them, in the mixed professional assemblies which governments consult and listen to because such bodies are more representative of the natives' and settlers' joint interests than are political parties. As to the masses, whence gifted individuals could rise into the upper classes, they would easily adapt themselves to their new circumstances; daily bread ensured, increased welfare, watchful justice, facilitated transactions, instruction sensibly given, would make them wary of spellbinders, and of the blandishments and trickery of politicians.

Grounded on the principle taught by

Louis Vignon at the Colonial School; protected by the armor forged by General Mangin; carried out according to Albert Sarraut's plan, the utilitarian policy designated by the term 'association' is obviously the one best suited for a colonizing nation anxious, as a sovereign power, to preserve the golden mean of government. At any rate, it is a convenient system of expediency, provided that, under pretense of neutrality or of respect for habits and customs, no forces inimical to the white man's educational guardianship are permitted to ferment and grow.

V

Will not the living together of exotic people and Frenchmen in the home country generate the most powerful of such inimical forces, which, ceaselessly increasing, as natives are discharged and return to their own communities, will eventually overthrow a laboriously built social edifice? And in the metropolis itself, will not this same force have its effect on the mentality of the race, and on the government's general policy? Certain friends of France seem to have feared, and some Frenchmen too have apprehended, that this might be the issue. Such misgivings might be justified, if the exceptional safeguards imposed on the nation by necessity, during and after the war, were to be extended and long continued.

Despite treaties and ententes, our safety is more threatened than ever. The perturbed post-war condition of the world, a prophetic description of which was given in the 'Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion,' contains the nucleus of even more violent catastrophes. The return of Alsace-Lorraine to the French does not make our population more numerous than it was in 1914. Military service has been re-

duced from three years to eighteen months as a result of victory. We have, therefore, to recruit from overseas about one sixth of the army's peace establishment. A hundred thousand Arabo-Berbers, Negroes, Malagasy, and Annamites are thus going to live our daily life, watch perhaps our domestic disputes, take pride in having become our defenders. They will be ceaselessly renewed, and will broadcast to the remotest limits of our frontiers in Africa and Asia the ideas suggested to them by contact with the European world. Well, is it not on the cards that what they will have seen will be so utterly different from what they were accustomed to see as to upset somewhat their judgment?

Frenchmen who have not lived among colored people eagerly express for them the benevolent curiosity and naïve admiration which Montesquieu so aptly described in his *Persian Letters*. Such feelings, which astonish and even disgust colonials, Creoles, and foreigners, who deem them inconsistent with traditional race hierarchy, influence in different degrees the Arabo-Berbers, Annamites, and Malagasy. The first-named, coming from a country where Europeans are numerous and where the interests frequently are inimical, accept with the condescension of the Believer for the Infidel those attentions and convivialities. The Annamites, despite their stout natural vanity, which is founded on historical records, a social fabric, a civilization quite independent of their present political condition, are more easily dazzled by the gratuitous and fulsome tokens of solicitude bestowed on them, but compare them, not without bitterness, with the social barriers that separate the two races in their own country. As to the Negroes, they bring to France the mentality of savages but little accustomed to reason. For the

present, it does not occur to them to demand the treatment accorded to their brethren hailing from the West Indies, Reunion, or the Four Communes, who are entirely assimilated, that is to say, considered by law as full-blown citizens.

The latter, those same full-blown citizens, combine an almost sickly touchiness with a boundless vanity. They are proud to send a few members to Parliament; they think it quite natural to be on exactly the same footing as white soldiers in the home forces; and to General Pershing's black regiments their condition appeared quite enviable.

Utterly different are the Africans recruited for Senegalese rifles battalions and colonial artillery batteries. The blemishes and vices of civilized folk are not yet grafted on their own deficiencies and vices; they have no heavy heredity of slavery, and demagoguery has not yet visited them. Lastly, and chiefly, they are not left to themselves, uncontrolled, under officers of their own race. They are led by colonial army officers and noncommissioned officers, who know them and handle them in a way suited to their mentality. Besides, while Frenchmen and Arabo-Berbers are, according to the assimilation theory, very much mixed in home forces recruited from Northern Africa, the white race still keeps, in accordance with the association theory, its prerogatives as to command in all native regiments (Annamites, Malagasy, Blacks) appertaining to the colonial army in France and in French Colonies.

But whatever may be the ideas implanted in all those auxiliaries by their sojourn in France, it can be questioned whether these ideas are calculated to act rapidly as a leaven in the minds of colonized populations. The hundred thousand men supplied by those popu-

lations to the French army come from very diverse countries. They are not all quartered together on French soil: at least two thirds of them are employed in Northern Africa, Syria, Morocco. When they go home, they disperse almost singly among sixty million people, and immense spaces part them. Well-nigh all of them fall again at once under the influence of race and environment. They are not attracted in crowds to the factories, for industry is still nascent in those countries; and they thus escape the dangerous activities of professional agitators, or impressionable masses of workers. Before long, they will recollect their European life only as a dream or — perhaps — as a nightmare.

They cannot, therefore, be compared now to emigrants settling in an adopted country. They remain outside social life; the intercourse they have with the inhabitants is not sufficient to modify even slightly the physical and moral type of the race. Compared with the racial increase among other really European peoples, the ethnic current which they constitute would be too small to escape rapid and complete absorption.

VI

Reciprocal reactions will be practically negligible, if not renewed for a great number of years. But persistence of that armed peace under the burden of which Europe staggers in unstable equilibrium must have a less stupefying effect. Within France, the influx of colored peoples will remain limited to a few garrison towns and a few manufacturing centres. It will perhaps manifest itself among local populations by a few modifications, analogous to the strain which, in the Mediterranean Languedoc, testifies to the long stay of Moslem Semites. Such reactions would be nothing like

the crossbreedings in the West Indies and Southern States, where the blacks, imported willy-nilly, and being more numerous than the white immigrants, constitute a particularist block, with political pretensions. But if, owing to circumstances, discharged auxiliaries gather in considerable groups in their countries of origin, they will carry back a queer mixture of longings and notions, with which fosterers of colonial development will have to reckon.

It is a fact proved by experience that exotic races, thrown into temporary contact with European civilization, perceive only their less admirable aspects, and retain chiefly the paradoxical rigmaroles which bamboozle the 'unconscious' masses. Should circumstances favor the gathering of crowds at some place where the economic metamorphosis of a region is being prepared for, discharged rankers and laborers back from Europe will be attracted thither by the advantages offered or promised. In mills and the yards of public works, they will constitute an élite of salaried nondescripts — exacting, caviling, impulsive; more engrossed with their rights than impressed with their duties; and thoroughly up to the latest methods of proletariat defense. White or colored employers, even if disposed to conduct their business and to treat their employees according to Europe's Christian spirit, will have to guard against a mob-psychology very

much like that which paralyzes Europe's renaissance or recovery. It is to facilitate France's recovery that Cabinet Minister Albert Sarraut wants to endow the Colonies, by means of his Development Works Plan, with the equipment they lack. Such works will bring together crowds of workmen and employees whose racial antagonisms will very soon embitter the labor disputes to be expected. And a mere glance at our British friends' affairs suffices to show to what lengths a Gandhi can, on racial grounds, beguile labor.

It is by no means light-heartedly, therefore, that France incurs such difficulties. Nor is it deliberately to humiliate her eventual enemies that she admits colored troops to her home forces. Let the influence of the 'mysterious conductor,' spoken of by Liebknecht, cease to be all-powerful in the origin, development, and sequels of the conflicts which constantly disturb old Europe, and the French will no more have to call to the rescue, on ancestral soil, their exotic auxiliaries. So long as she is exposed to German rancor or to Bolshevik scheming, so long will France have to rely on her soldiers' gallantry for her very existence. Whether most of them be Annamites, Malagasy, or Senegalese, matters but little: after all, it is again and always for the common salvation of Christendom that she will use them.

(A companion article, dealing with the color problem which the British Empire faces in Africa, will appear in the April issue.)

THE CASTE SYSTEM OF NORTH AMERICA

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

THE purpose of this article is to demonstrate that a caste system already exists in North America, and to consider the possibility that the system may, in the future, be extended and organized.

Caste is very frequently used as a synonym for class — usually the class of which the writer disapproves. Properly the word indicates an organization of society based solely on birth; and the most complete example of such an organization is that found to-day in Hindustan.

Hindu society is classified by innumerable divisions and subdivisions, into one or the other of which every Hindu must be born, and out of which he cannot escape. He may, it is true, become 'outcaste,' but in that case he has lost his place in society altogether; socially he has ceased to exist.

A Brahman who loses caste does not become a Kshatriya; he does not fall to a lower caste. He becomes casteless, though he may, by appropriate rites and purifications, regain his old caste. So that even an outcaste does not lose caste entirely. His original caste, and no other, is still latent in him and can be restored.

There are four main castes — the Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, corresponding traditionally to the occupations of priest, warrior, trader, and artisan. But, though this would suggest that caste was at one time a class-distinction, yet at the

present day a caste may include all classes, save that of priest, which is reserved to the Brahmans. Caste is no bar to any occupation. A rajah may be a Sudra; his cook may be a Brahman. The rajah is of a higher class than his cook, though of a very much lower caste; and though the Brahman will cook the rajah's dinner, he will not eat it with him, or permit his daughter to marry the rajah.

As it is easier for men of similar habits to work together, there will naturally be some tendency in the castes to monopolize particular employments; but every caste may have members in all classes, and of all degrees of distinction in society.

Though it is not looked upon with approval, marriage is possible between castes which are not widely separated. In particular, a legal marriage can take place between two contiguous castes. But in all such mixed marriages the children belong entirely to the lower caste. If, for instance, a Brahman marry a Kshatriya wife, the children will all be Kshatriyas. The blood of the higher castes may thus permeate downward into the lower, but that of the lower can never contaminate the higher. It is a valve-system, and works one way only. A Brahman can have no trace of Kshatriya, or any but Brahman blood. The least trace of any other would make him simply a member of the lower caste. But a Vaisya, or even a Sudra, might conceivably be one-half, three-

quarters, seven-eighths, or any other fraction, Brahman. He remains entirely of the lower caste.

As a result, while the Brahman blood remains pure, there must be a slow but constant tendency in all other castes to approximate to it.

Many authorities hold that the caste system arose from racial differences, long since obliterated by the gradual downward mixture of blood, — and, no doubt, by some upward mixture too, — and by long-continued similarity of life and environment. It is quite significant that the Hindu word for caste, *Varna*, means color, and that the castes are distinguished by color names — white, red, yellow, and black. To the Brahman the Sudra is a 'black man.' Experts, indeed, maintain that a difference in appearance can be seen between the fine-boned, light-skinned Brahman and the darker, coarser Sudra.

Certainly there are good grounds for regarding Hindu castes as color-distinctions.

I believe this to be a fair, though very incomplete, statement of caste, correct in its main outlines.

Such a system has never existed in Europe, because there has never been a race-competition sufficiently acute to justify it. Aristocracies have, from time to time, attempted to establish castes for the purpose of maintaining hereditary privilege; but the attempts have invariably failed. The races living in any one part of Europe have always been so similar as to amalgamate easily. Race in Europe is really homogenous, and, though a great deal is said about Teuton and Saxon and Celt, yet, in the first place, the terms are usually misapplied, and, in the second place, Teuton and Celt are first cousins at widest remove. The Huns, the only real aliens who ever invaded Europe, were beaten back and utterly destroyed.

All European aristocracies have been

constantly renewed from below. In Saxon times the ceorl who owned five hides of land was compelled to become a thegn. A thegn who became sufficiently powerful became an earl. His descendants were noble.

Very, very few of the titled families of England can trace a descent of five hundred years, and all have received constant influxes of plebeian blood. Any artisan may become a brewer; a wealthy brewer frequently becomes a peer of the realm; in a generation, his children are indistinguishable from the scions of the oldest families. The reason for this is, of course, that there is no blood-distinction between classes in Europe and accordingly mixture in any direction not only is possible, but is constantly taking place.

In European society there are classes, but no castes; for no hereditary element is distinct enough to be able to isolate itself.

II

But from the earliest times of European settlement a different condition has prevailed in America. We need not spend much time on the American Indian, for he has never been a part of the European culture of North America. He has been segregated and is dying out. He has never constituted a caste, because he has never been a fellow citizen.

But a second race was imported, with whom amalgamation was even less possible than with the Red Man. As they were required for labor, the Negroes could not be segregated; no geographical separation was possible between the farmer and his labor, as it was between the settler and the Indian. So the Negro became at once an inferior class, separated from the white by his color. The Red Indian has always remained outside the American polity; the Negro slave was from the beginning

inside it. His native culture was weak and easily destroyed, though it is said that to it we owe Jazz, and certain forms of the dance. In place of his native culture, he was given the usual culture of the American settler. He adopted a European language, religion, dress, and civilization, so far as he was capable—and was permitted. The American Negro is less African than the American white is European. He cannot be absorbed by the European; he cannot amalgamate, and he will not disappear.

The Negro, in fact, forms a true caste. This caste conforms in a curiously accurate way to the rules of Hindu caste. Marriage from below upward is forbidden, under penalty of the most cruel death devised by man. Intermixture of blood downward is, however, permitted, and is continually taking place without penalty. The child of mixed parentage belongs to the lower caste. He is Negro through and through, and the smallest trace of Negro blood is sufficient to constitute full negrohood. As a steady admixture of white blood is being introduced among the Negroes, while no fresh Negro blood can ever be introduced, the Negro is bound to approximate ever closer and closer to the white man. Even now there are many Negroes who can be detected as such only by one very intimately acquainted with the caste marks. But no matter how like a white man he may look, a Negro remains a Negro. He belongs to an inferior caste, contact with which contaminates. He may not occupy the same carriage, or sit at the same table. Certain occupations, such as sleeping-car attendant, are reserved to him. These are caste-distinctions.

But, you may object, the distinction between white man and Negro is a racial distinction. The white man must protect his race from degradation in the

presence of a large inferior race. This, you may say, is not Hindu caste. Hindu caste is an artificial division between members of the same race. And so we send missionaries to India to abolish caste.

We are apt to despise and ridicule what we are not familiar with. From the Hindu point of view, the Brahman is as far separated from the Sudra as the white man is from the Negro. The Brahman must protect the purity of his race from degradation by the inferior race of the Sudra. To the Brahman, the Sudra is a 'colored man,' and he protects his race by caste. What should we think if the Brahmans sent missionaries to abolish the distinction between a white man and some very white Negroes?

Caste is the natural protection of a higher race in the presence of a lower, and occurs whenever two races are compelled to live intermingled.

So there are already two castes in North America, the Negro and the white man. There are signs of more.

A very great number of books have been written on the 'New Immigration,' or the 'Alien Immigration.' Under these names is considered the recent large immigration into North America of Orientals, and of natives of eastern and southeastern Europe.

American writers have pointed out the anomaly of calling these immigrants 'aliens,' seeing that all inhabitants of North America, excepting the Red Indians, were originally aliens. But the word corresponds to a very real fact. The tradition of American civilization in the North is English, and any body of immigrants who are felt to be alien to that tradition are felt to be 'aliens.'

If the immigration had been entirely of English-speaking people we should never have heard of the alien. If it had included only Germans, French, Norwegians, and Northern Europeans, of

substantially the same breed and culture as the English, we should have heard very little of aliens.

It is precisely because he is felt to represent a race and a culture foreign to the English tradition, and difficult of assimilation, that the new immigrant is an alien.

III

There are three quite different kinds of aliens — the Oriental, the Eastern European, and the Jew. Of these the Oriental presents the simplest problem and may be considered first.

Oriental — Chinese, Japanese, and Indian — have settled in North America in considerable numbers. There are in the United States 426,574 by the last census, and the proportion in Canada must be about the same. They are naturally most numerous on the Pacific coast — in British Columbia and California. They concentrate in the cities, so that there is not a considerable city on the continent which has not its Oriental colony. They do not intermarry with the white population, since, on one side at any rate, intermarriage is regarded as degrading. They have appropriated the vocation of laundryman and, in some degree, that of market-gardener.

The Japanese take on Americanization very easily; and, although the Chinese are more tenacious of their national culture, yet they too are being naturalized, so that a few generations will produce Oriental-American citizens, who will be fully American, but who cannot be absorbed by the older American stock, since absorption can take place only through intermarriage.

In those parts of the country where Orientals are most numerous, the usual efforts for separation are already being made, and the next generation of Oriental-Americans will constitute a small caste. Its small size will not,

however, give any hopes of its extinction; for abundant fresh white blood will be poured into it, without, according to the invariable rule of caste, in the slightest affecting its Oriental nature. A half 'Chink' is a full Chink.

One point in Americanization should perhaps be emphasized here. So long as an alien remains alien; so long as he remains a possible citizen of his country of origin, he and his fellows will not form a caste. Caste appears with Americanization; for that process produces, in the case of a race which cannot be assimilated, American citizens who cannot be absorbed into the traditional American race-type. Like the Negro who has ceased to be African, the Oriental will cease to be Chinese or Japanese, and become American, but never Anglo-, or even Europeo-American.

The two remaining types of aliens, though very different, yet have one apparent point of resemblance. They are conceivably capable of being assimilated. We should not feel the same objection to our daughter marrying a Bulgar or a Jew, that we should feel to her marrying a Chinaman or a Negro.

But this is not the whole story. The Anglo-Saxon stock, as it is called, still constitutes fully two thirds of the population, and almost the whole of the rural population. This stock is quite certain that it intends to remain dominant, and to remain Anglo-Saxon. But, if it absorbs the present thirty-per-cent-alien population, it will certainly cease to be Anglo-Saxon. It is hardly possible for the present Americans to absorb the mass of Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Italians, Hungarians, and Jews, and to emerge unchanged. These peoples have a strong culture of their own. They have their own ideals of politics and government, and they are very strongly attached to them. Though they may learn to speak

English, and to use electric toasters, that will not make them New Englanders. Do the Americanizers fully realize that they are not merely Americanizing the alien — they are also on the road to alienize the American, or to institute caste?

There are abundant signs that the older American stock does not want to absorb these aliens, and that even the aliens are strangely blind to the advantages of absorption. The American workman is refusing to work beside 'Dagoes'; and in every industrial city of America there is an unabsorbed body of American citizens who are not Anglo-Saxons, and who do not wish to become so.

On the other hand, it has been said that some of the universities are attempting to limit their students on racial lines. The rumors may be false, and indeed have been denied; but the fact that they are current shows the trend of opinion. The old stock of America is beginning to realize that, if it wishes to preserve itself, it can do so only by forming a caste. Caste is the protection of one race against another which it regards as inferior.

A great deal of confusion has been brought into the question by this idea of Americanization. It has already been mentioned, but, even at the risk of repetition, it is necessary to describe the process and its ideals clearly.

We have numerous excellent societies devoted to the Americanization of the new immigrant. Here he is to be taught the English language, the accepted code of morals, the accepted culture of his adopted country, and is to be made in every way into a good American or Canadian citizen.

Once this is achieved, it is assumed that he will at once amalgamate with the older stock.

Now he does assimilate superficially. In about two generations he becomes externally an American, and would feel

himself a foreigner in the home of his ancestors. But it is not sufficient to assume the externals of the old stock, in order to become identical with it in culture. The Americanization of the alien does not mean, to the average American, that he, or his children, are to become partially alien, or that a blend is to be produced; it means that the alien is to be totally absorbed, to abandon his own culture in favor of the English culture of America. This the alien cannot do. He is what he is, because of his blood, his race, and he can no more change that than the leopard can change his spots. Even the Negro, whose native culture was very weak, and who for generations has been exposed to the American culture, is still mentally and culturally distinct from the white man. He has not become an inferior kind of white; he remains a Negro, with the peculiar mind of a Negro. He thinks and feels differently. And if the Negro cannot entirely lose his racial culture, how shall we suppose that vigorous races like the Slavs or the Jews will lose theirs? Americanization is possible, but it does not mean absorption. It means throwing into the melting pot the whole constitution and ideals of historic America.

Now we must consider the most interesting of all our new immigrants — the Jews. Although they have no geographical home, yet they constitute a distinct nation, an international nation, as it were. They are a proud, tenacious race, with an ancient and highly developed culture. They are fully the equals of the European in many respects; they, indeed, consider themselves the superior of the European in all respects; and they have not the slightest intention of losing their culture, or of allowing it to be contaminated, as they would consider it, by what is to them, the inferior culture of the European.

This attitude of superiority is fully reciprocated by the European. He thinks of the Jew very much as the Jew thinks of him. Under these conditions there may be mutual respect, mutual admiration even, but absorption — never.

A lady of Anglo-American descent was, by chance, staying at a hotel frequented by Jews of position. Two Jewish ladies near her were discussing a pleasure resort at which one of them had been staying. 'But, my dear,' said the other, 'were not a great many Gentiles there?'

'Oh, yes! there were a few. Just enough to be disagreeable.'

This is a perfectly natural attitude. The opposite of it is equally natural and equally common. But it is the spirit of caste.

For Judah is more than a religion — it is a nationality, with a national pride. The Jews at present constitute more than a quarter of the population of New York. They are segregating themselves in all the great cities. They neither convert nor are converted. If you are a Jew, you remain one, with all the great traditions of your race. If you are not — you can never be one. So that the Jew is constituting a caste, and, what makes it difficult for the European, he will consent to constitute no caste excepting the highest. Accordingly, the American caste system in its present condition has two highest castes: one, the European, has numbers: the other, the Jewish, has the greatest racial tenacity in history.

IV

The races, then, which appear to be tending toward a caste organization in North America are the Old Anglo-Saxon American, the Jewish, the Eastern European, the Oriental, and the Negro. There remains one nationality which

should not be forgotten, because it illustrates from the opposite side the factors which go to form a caste: I mean the French population in Quebec and in Louisiana.

The French Canadians of Quebec are a virile and flourishing race, with a well-preserved French culture. They keep themselves separate from the English; but the two nationalities live side by side on very excellent terms, only emphasized by occasional little squabbles. But the French Canadian does not constitute a caste, and never will. He preserves his national characteristics by strict segregation, and without this artificial aid would lose them in a very short time. Members of the French community who settle in non-French parts of the country tend to be absorbed by the English stock with which they live. Members of the English community who settle in Quebec tend to become French. Quebec is full of French MacDonalds and Rosses, descendants of Scottish soldiers who settled there at the English occupation.

In Quebec we have a culture which is national and local, but not founded on any distinction of race. So it cannot form a caste.

In Nova Scotia, where the French are in a minority, they have been absorbed in great numbers by the English population, without in any way interfering with the prevailing English culture. The few Negroes in Nova Scotia, although they have been there for generations, have never been absorbed. They constitute a caste, and a caste which is very rapidly getting whiter, without of course getting any less Negro.

Owing probably to the wide misuse of the word, caste, there is in this country a strong prejudice against anything supposed to resemble it. It is supposed to be undemocratic, although caste has nothing to do with political or religious

freedom and equality. Caste is not in itself necessarily a bad thing. Indeed, disinterested students of Hindu society claim that caste has given stability and tranquillity to the mixed races of Hindustan as no other institution could have done. They assert that Hindu culture is quite inconceivable without it. Under its rules the various races of India have attained nationhood. They made caste for themselves, as a remedy for their own difficulties; and we have no right to proclaim it bad because Europe, under entirely different circumstances, did something entirely different.

So, when we find a social system, closely resembling the Hindu caste system, growing up in North America, not as the result of legislation or reforms imposed from above, but apparently in spite of opposing legislation, and as the natural expression of the popular will, is it not best to realize that caste may after all have some good in it? Of course, you may not like the word. If so, call it by some other name, — purity of race, or what you will, — but do not pretend that it is not there.

At present we are living under an unregulated and unrecognized caste system, in which the caste rules are administered by lynch law, and in which the duties and obligations of the castes are undefined. We go about explaining what an undemocratic thing caste is, especially in Europe, where it does not exist; and then we enforce caste rules of unexampled ferocity on the Negro. We tell him one thing, and we do to him another.

Law is, we are told, the expression of the people's will. At present the people's will is caste. We do not call it by that name, but we have got the thing; and, if the races of North America are to preserve their traditions and culture, combining them into one great national culture, to which each may contribute its full quota without fear of destruction or of contamination, it is difficult to see what organization is better than that which is at present being elaborated — the organization of caste.

But please take particular note that this is not a plea for more legislation. It is all coming of itself.

A PROGRAMME FOR PRISON REFORM

EDITOR OF THE *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR, —

The time is ripe for an effort toward improvement in the prisoner's condition which is solidly based and free from emotion. This must lie in making it more generally advantageous to treat the prisoner well. The doctrine is not novel. In fact it is a hundred years since Elizabeth Fry first set forth the truth that the lot of the prisoner could be made tolerable only by giving him

productive work to do, and practically every step of progress in improving the lot of prisoners and lifting the level of prison administration has been brought about by applying Elizabeth Fry's doctrine. Productive employment in prisons is the only sound basis for their steady progress toward sound conditions. Furthermore, the productive employment must be organized in such manner that gradually the prisons will become self-supporting. As a business man I can see no necessity for the heavy

taxation imposed on law-abiding citizens in order to maintain able-bodied, mentally sound law-breakers.

The goal at which all efforts for amelioration should aim is that every prison shall be a workshop for restoring prisoners at the end of their term to civil life in condition to be useful members of the community. Unless the prison fulfills a remedial function; unless it brings about an actual improvement, physical, mentally, and morally, in those who are subjected to its treatment, it is, in a very large sense, a failure.

Happily progress has been made during the past ten years toward giving the prisoners productive labor, and enabling them to recover at least a part of their economic self-respect.

There is still an immense work to be done in this direction, and a little observation will show how serious are the obstacles. The prisoner cannot be occupied properly at productive labor unless there is a market for what he produces. Here there have arisen a great number of obstacles. Where can such a market be found in which prison products will not compete unfairly with the products of free labor? The logical market for prison products is in the commodity requirements of state institutions and departments — for only when the state sells its products to state institutions and departments is its selling department adequately protected from the manipulations of the politician. Unfair competition with the products of free labor is also eliminated by governmental consumption of prison products, and in working to better the condition of the prisoner we should not forget the welfare of the workman outside the prison, to say nothing of the welfare of the employer.

How can prison labor be directed so as to produce what the institutions can consume when, as too often has been the case, those institutions are numer-

ous, heterogeneous, and under diverse management? If you have, as was the case in the State of New York until recently, fifty-eight purchasing agents, each one exhibiting originality, or at least variation, in his requirements and standards, it is clear that the prison will hardly stand any chance of producing goods suitable for such an immense and unpredictable variety of commodities. This has wrecked many an attempt to employ prison labor on a productive basis and herein has lain one of the great obstacles to prison reform.

Some years ago efforts were begun to bring about uniform standards and centralized purchase within the states, so as to obviate the unreasonable variety of demands and multiplicity of purchasing agents. This movement, so obviously reasonable and economical, has made much progress. It has been embodied to a greater or less extent in the legislation of all but eight of the states, while twenty-three have the full provision, and there are grounds for hope that it will be pressed to acceptance and adoption in all the states of the Union. It is simply the application of the purchase methods adopted by all successful business corporations to the purchase methods of governments. A mere glance will show the advantages to be obtained from uniform standards and central purchase. They make it possible for the requirements of state institutions in such simple matters as shirts and shoes to be made uniform, and so enable the production of these articles by prison labor in such quantity and on such simple standards as to make their production economical.

An adequate market for prison products makes possible the payment of adequate wages to prisoners. If there is an established market and demand for the product of the prisoner's labor, and if he can produce the articles required at a reasonable price, he has already

taken his place among the profitable workers. It follows that he may, and in justice should, receive payment for his work. He is lifted from the level of a mere burden on society, and in some cases a menace to its welfare, into the class of the producer. If this can be recognized in the only proper manner, — by payment for his work and by giving him the conditions of labor in which self-respect will be possible, — plainly a very great step has been taken in the direction of making him once more a safe, useful, and self-respecting member of society.

That is the goal which enlightened and humane persons have kept before themselves from generation to generation. It is, of course, intolerable that men should be incarcerated under such conditions as are almost certain to degrade, if not to brutalize, them and which tend to make them thus a greater menace to the society which they have already injured. The very self-respect of the community, as well as the instinct for self-preservation, demands that it prevent the degradation of the prisoner and do all that is possible to bring him into sound and decent relationship with society. But the goal is still a long way off. The ideal set by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor is in brief: —

1. The administration of penal institutions by competent men and women, selected for their fitness to train prisoners and to conduct prisons on a basis so fair and just that the prisoners receive incentive to become law-abiding members of the community when released from prison.
2. The remanding of every person convicted of crime, after conviction and before sentence, to a classification station for thor-

ough examination, physical, mental, and according to work record and other previous experience in life.

3. The fixing of sentences according to the report and recommendations of this examination. The distribution of men and women physically and mentally capable of work to industrial prisons and of those physically and mentally diseased to hospitals or other custodial institutions.

The release of men and women from the industrial prisons only when so trained that they are competent to take a useful place in society.

4. The employment of all persons confined in industrial prisons at work as nearly as possible adapted to their capabilities and for which they receive adequate wages from which shall be deducted the cost of their keep — the balance of wages so paid to be the property of the prisoners and available for the support of their dependents or funded against the day of their release.
5. The abolition of the practice of confining persons sentenced for crime in jails under county control, with the resulting idleness and degradation, and the substitution of a system of state control over all persons convicted of crime, so that they may be taken care of under the state penal system.

Let us work together for an American prison system which will answer the age-long challenge — What shall be done with the men in prison?

Yours truly,

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SUPERVISED SUICIDE

ONE hears sometimes of Myopia Clubs — Myopia Hunt Clubs, for example. The name pleasantly suggests little troops of nearsighted cronies going about their sports together, secure in the equality of their handicaps. Similarly, I have for years wished to start a club for those who cannot learn to swim. I should like to name it with some word as sonorous as Myopia, and as popularly understood; some good Greek root by which the Athenians described those who could not get about in deep water. But I find that the Greek vocabulary for water sports is entirely positive and successful. Doubtless every Greek could swim. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is equally disappointing. It offers the ancient word *swimman*, but no term for those wights who could not float in the path of whales. The Latin is no better. Everyone remembers that Galba and the sailor always swam. In one old grammar even the farmer swims. 'Agricola natat. Natatne agricola?'

We seem to have no historical background, we non-natty folk. Yet, though our club is hard to name without circumlocution, its fellowship is delightful.

I used to be eligible for high office in this club. I am eligible now, but with a difference. I very nearly disqualified myself last July.

I had not known that my husband and all his relatives were such swimmers when I inadvertently married into their clan and went to spend the summer at their beach. To be on the safe side, I had carefully left my bathing-

suit at home. If I thought of the bathing-hour at all, I saw myself as a graceful social adjunct, with a parasol which would cast a little patch of cool-colored shade for tired swimmers who cared to loaf beside me.

'Of course, you 'll have Phineas teach you to swim,' said his sister Veronica at breakfast.

'I 'd love to,' said I, 'but I 'm sorry to say I left my suit at home.'

This excuse was poorly chosen. Phineas's sisters offered me an assortment. Their husbands offered their services as assistants for the lessons. 'The last girl we taught,' said one of the brothers-in-law encouragingly, 'won the fifty-yard back-stroke.'

'Well,' said I tersely, 'I shall win the fifty-yard sink.'

Phineas and Veronica conferred. Then Phineas interviewed me.

'You say,' said he, 'that you 've tried to learn?'

'Every summer,' I told him, 'since I was three.'

'And you sink?' queried he, professionally.

'Like a pair of scissors,' said I.

'Let me see how long you can hold your breath,' demanded Phineas unexpectedly, getting out his watch.

This had been my one accomplishment at college. In gymnasium examinations I broke the record every time for blowing up the little device that registers the capacity of the lungs. So, sitting on a pile of bleaching seaweed, with Phineas's watch twinkling in the bright sunshine beside me, I held my breath.

'Very good,' said Phineas. 'Now just walk up and down at a fair speed,

and see how long you can hold it while exercising.'

I obediently strode up and down the sand at a spanking pace, and held my breath again.

'All right,' said Phineas when I returned to him. 'One minute and seventeen seconds. We'll teach you first to swim under water. If you sink well, you'll be good at going down to the bottom and picking up pennies.'

I consulted Veronica. 'If a person is really desperate,' I began, 'and knows the strokes intellectually, would n't it be possible to dash in and swim off, just as an act of Faith?'

'Oh, do try it!' begged Veronica, charmed with the idea. 'Just plunge in, put your arms out like a prow, and there you'll be.'

As I swathed up my hair in layers of rubber, I thought of all the aquatic miracles: of Leander, and the Three Wise Men of Gotham, and the axe-head that swam. I waited until all my friends were well out beyond their depth, before I staged my *coup*.

'Come on in,' called Phineas, waving a periscopic hand.

'No,' I shouted. 'You and everybody else come ashore and stay ashore, and then I'll go in.'

Obediently they all swam in, and drew themselves up dripping, like trained seals on the sand.

Taking a running start, I dashed in, thrusting my arms ahead, as instructed, like a prow.

Perhaps a little champagne should have been broken over me. Something at least I lacked; certainly not faith. I knew that I was *not* swimming, but with that company watching, could I not simulate the act? If I made firm strokes with two hands and one foot, might I not urge myself along with the remaining foot on the sand, so as to look sufficiently expert? At least, I would affect the manner.

I made amazing headway. As I took long, luxurious strokes and long, convulsive leaps, I thought of those early pterodactyls that are said to have had a long, oar-shaped extra limb, which they used as a swimming-paddle at will.

My spectators rose up and waded in to observe me. 'What is that stroke?' I heard one ask. 'It looks a little like the dog-paddle to me.'

'Hum,' said Phineas. 'It looks a little like the fox-trot to me.'

To be taught to swim under water, day after day, by a family in whose eyes one would wish to appear always at one's best, gives one feelings that Mr. Pecksniff would call 'Mingled.' Politely each morning I begged my companions not to stop their sports for me. But when Phineas and I appeared for our dip, the entire diving, raft-racing, pole-climbing tribe gathered to attend my obsequies.

'Now fill your lungs about half full,' directed Phineas, 'and put your head under. Let your feet float up, hold your breath, and do the Dead Man's Float.'

'Show me,' gasped I, to gain time.

Instantly the whole family dropped beneath the waves. Toward me floated their submerged corpses, face down. Then I drew my long breath and went under, and sat completely down among the pebbles at the bottom of the bay. Death, I reflected, would have its little compensations: there would be no more sea. Vindictively I resolved to stay under forever, like a planted mine.

Much may be done for pride, but the love of life dies hard. I eventually came up. The cheering crowd approved me. 'Now,' said one of them, 'at least she is wet.'

Why they did not tire of me at this point, I do not know. They regretted only that they had not taken me in hand earlier.

As for myself the only course open seemed to be suicide. By this time I was happy to submerge. It is comparatively easy to say farewell to a kindly world, and to go and be a brother to the insensible clam. It is quite another thing to lift up the feet and swim.

'You don't *have* to lift 'em,' protested Phineas. 'Just *let* your feet come up, and you 'll swim in spite of yourself.'

I cannot say that I ever yet swam in spite of myself. But one afternoon I had an experience that taught me many things. I know now the sense in which an older generation spoke of 'experiencing religion.' I experienced the sea.

It happened in the windless calm of one of those late summer afternoons, when time and tide stand still. The seaweed underwater hardly stirred. We waded out far beyond the tethered dories, to a place where there was a clear area of deep water over white sand and feathery weeds.

'I'm going off a good distance,' said Phineas to his sister, 'and let her try to swim under water to me. You stay near and save her if she drowns.'

'How shall I know when she drowns?' asked Veronica, advancing to position.

'Watch her expression,' said Phineas. 'When she begins to look happy, she's drowning.'

As to drowning, I did not care. I wanted to swim far more than I wanted to live. I took a last look at the fair sky and the friendly boats at anchor, and then I dipped my head deep down into Buzzards Bay. The still soft water received me, and I felt for the first time the light lift of the sea. I let my feet drift lazily while I made my first true swimming-stroke. And then I opened my eyes under water, face down.

There is an advantage in deferring certain elemental experiences for mature years. Opening the eyes under

water is one of these. One sees more if one waits. Suffused unearthly lighting, wavering fronded things floating far down, the sense of wide, unfocused eyesight — one's vision takes on a larger, more suspended gaze. It is not so much what one sees: it is the novel sense of absolute sight that is astonishing.

Nine good strokes I made, and then Phineas scooped me up.

In the weeks that remained, I swam under water consistently. Guests at the beach considered me an expert performer, showing off. They looked on my submerged habit as a proof of my proficiency.

I considered it honorable to explain; whereupon the guests arrayed themselves with my already considerable consulting staff, and preached the gospel of fresh air. Another week, they said, and I would be swimming with my nose out.

Perhaps. When I think about it now, on cozy winter evenings safe ashore, it seems as if I might. If we were only all together again, on a summer morning, with a land breeze to flatten out the surface and a full tide ready to turn, could I not come up from my submarine practice and swim as I should? Mentally, I thrust my head up through the leisurely waves, and glance about. In imagination I take calm proficient breaths and go slipping along the water, like an eel.

In imagination only. That is all. I need not yet resign from that exclusive little club of those who cannot swim. But my standing is irregular, and I may be asked at any time to give up my member's badge, with its neat design of full-blown water-wings. For I have one memory that a non-swimming mortal cannot share — the memory of moving swiftly forward, face downward, wide-eyed, submerged, and horizontal, through the sea.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM time to time inquiries reach this office concerning the 'sale' of the *Atlantic*. In any and every case we should like to state that such rumors are utterly without foundation. We ask our readers to deny upon our authority that there is a vestige of truth in any such report.

* * *

A SEA change has come over biography in our day. We are no longer content to praise famous men, in the manner of Plutarch, as an example to the younger generation. With the advent of *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria*, our heroes grow human — all too human. Is it 'Satan among the Biographers'? Samuel McChord Crothers has been minister of the First Church (Unitarian) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 1894. Arthur Clutton-Brock is an English man of letters, lecturer, essayist, gardener, philosopher, and, incidentally, the art critic of the *London Times*.

* * *

The militant progress of the Roman Catholic Church, patent to all serious observers of the New Era, was recently signaled by the important conversion of Mr. Chesterton. Since it is evident that the aspirations of the Church to universal Christian dominion depend upon the success achieved in converting Anglo-Saxon peoples, it has seemed to the *Atlantic* an opportune moment to publish a discussion on this absorbingly interesting subject. It would be idle to seek a critic devoid of personal predilections, and the *Atlantic* has invited Hilaire Belloc to speak for his Church. Mr. Belloc is an historian of eminence, who has lived actively in the world and made his influence widely felt. In the next issue of the *Atlantic*, Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, will discuss the same issues from a widely different point of view.

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Of the days when the *Saturday Evening Post* had a circulation of two thousand, and

was sold to its new publisher, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, for \$100 down and \$900 to be paid in \$100 installments, Edward W. Bok writes with a peculiar intimacy, born of his many years' association with Mr. Curtis in publishing the *Ladies' Home Journal*. John A. Johnson, whose first story appears in this month's *Atlantic* writes us as follows: —

I have been a bank clerk, a business man and a school teacher, but all along I have had a secret ambition to be a writer. Last summer, I fitted up a one-room cabin in the woods, with a sleeping porch overhead, where I had the quail by day and the hoot-owl by night, and here my time was my own for three months. I read Russian novelists and wrote.

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Hunter, naturalist, and philosopher, Hans Coudenhove sends us another paper from Nyasaland, Africa. Some time ago he remarked in a letter ' . . . since 1905 I have not left the tropics. I have been hunting, chiefly for the pot, and prospecting; but the most passionate pursuit of my life, and the chief interest of my existence, is the study of the animal kingdom, not from a biological, but from a psychological, point of view.' Abbie Farwell Brown is a writer of stories for children, a successful novelist, and a poet not unfamiliar to our friends. Carl Sandburg, who among his other achievements has made poetry out of steel mills and the Chicago stockyards, is as authentic and autochthonous an American poet as any man living. He tells us, in this number of the *Atlantic*, among other things about poetry, that it 'is the capture of a picture, a song, or a flair, in a deliberate prism of words.'

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S. J. Whitmee, for fifteen years a missionary in Samoa, was obliged to leave on account of the ill health of his wife. In 1891 he returned to the islands. On his arrival his very first caller was Stevenson, and during his ministry the friendship between

the two men was very close. Every week the author came to the missionary for a lesson in the Samoan language. **Elizabeth Choate** is a young Boston writer, whose first paper, 'Pilgrimage,' appeared in the *Atlantic* for March 1922. **Robert M. Yerkes**, formerly professor of psychology in the University of Minnesota, is a member of the National Research Council at Washington, and editor of the *Journal of Comparative Psychology*. He was in charge of the army mental tests during the war. **L. Moresby** is an English author, a modern-minded and analytic writer of fiction, whose first story, 'The Coming Queen' appeared in the *Atlantic* for January 1922. **George Villiers** is an English poet, as yet quite unknown in America.

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William Bennett Munro, professor of municipal government at Harvard University, is the author of several standard books on government. As correspondent of the *London Times*, **R. O. G. Urch** has his present headquarters in Riga. From 1915 to 1920 he lived in Moscow, and while there spent several months in prison, in company with a number of Russian priests. He has been on friendly terms with several members of the Provisional Government. The paper which Mr. Urch sends at our request is written largely from first-hand knowledge. To everyone who holds high the interests of Christianity, this article is of great and terrible significance. The name of **Pierre Khorat** has long been known to readers of the French press as that of an authority on the subject of the French empire. **Ramsay Traquair** is a professor in the department of agriculture at McGill University, Montreal. **Adolph Lewisohn** is head of the firm of that name in New York City, president of the Tennessee Copper and Chemical Corporation, and of several other mining enterprises. He is President of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor.

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Recalling our 'Humor with a Gender' (December *Atlantic*), a reader sends us an example of humor neither male nor female.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

So provocative is Elizabeth Stanley Trotter's differentiation of masculine and feminine humor

that the tongue trips in its eagerness to query, discuss, confirm.

May I suggest that the sense of the ludicrous of each sex meets at one point? At the theatre, although the cleverest repartee may call forth a chortle only from the subtle few, both matrons at the matinée and men in the evening ripple or roar at the same place. Many an actor in many a play (as I have always believed was the case several years ago with Cyril Maude in 'Grumpy') owes much of his popularity to his intonation of a monosyllable. The confluence of the humor of the sexes is found in one word. The word is *Damn*.

A. H. D.

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It is interesting to receive a personal letter about that 'European Chaos' we read of so much in newspapers and magazines. An *Atlantic* contributor writes us from Vienna:—

The one thing which one does not see in Europe is work. In Vienna, the chief end of man and of woman appears to be to spend as much time as possible in the cafés — with the crown worth one seventy-four-thousandth of a dollar! In the Rhone valley the only work visible is that of the women washing clothes in the river in the manner of the stone age — almost no cattle in the fields, almost no boats in the stream. In Italy one has the Fascisti — a hopeful band in one respect, for they have at least discovered that nothing can be accomplished by sitting around a mahogany table and talking. Everywhere the 'laboring classes' are making most of the money, but with their hearts full of hatred they seem even unhappier than the deposed bourgeoisie. There is a strike every day. For nearly two weeks now Vienna has been without a newspaper. The cost of living mounts continually, even when reckoned in dollars — though it is still cheap according to American standards. Turkey is even more *agonisante* than when Loti wrote his beautifully just defense of it, and the least said about the unspeakable Greek the better. Can anything be hoped for from England, with *swaraj* rampant in India? Or from the United States now that it has been discovered that propaganda, properly concentrated upon one state legislature after another, can change the National Constitution at will? No, I am afraid that George Moore is right when he has Mr. Husband say, 'The world must continue its breakneck pace till it topples over into barbarism, emerging, much reduced, a smaller but more beautiful planet.' Too bad that Mark Twain's idea of giving extra votes to the intelligent could not be carried out — but I see no politician pro-

posing such a measure. And who would pick out the intelligent?

HARVEY WICKHAM.

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Here is encouragement with reference to the literary taste of the younger generation.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In an article entitled 'Literature in College,' published recently by you, Miss Elizabeth Drew confidently makes an assertion, concerning the literary taste of college undergraduates, which many of them are quick to refute. She says that over fifty per cent honestly prefer *If Winter Comes to Far From the Madding Crowd*. Certainly among those groups in several colleges with whom I have come in contact this is flagrantly untrue. And why does Miss Drew think that we who prefer Hardy are unable to give reasons? It is more often our elders who say, 'I don't know why I like it, but I do.' Youth, particularly college youth, generally defends its position to a fault — as I should now, did space permit.

I might add that our critical elders see us for the most part only in our hours of recreation, when the *joie-de-vivre*, the cynicism, the delightful caprices and inconsistencies of youth jingle in their ears like the bells of Folly; while our critical professors as a rule see us only through the hurried artificiality of examination papers. Could they both but listen to a few post-midnight discussions in our studies they might succeed in analyzing us more accurately.

LOUISE M. SANFORD.

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We hope all our readers cultivate their little gardens as intensively as does Dr. Blue.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One year ago to-day my daughter made me a birthday present of the *Atlantic*, for one year, and to-day she has done the same thing. Meanwhile she has taken a trip around the world. In India the guide faithfully placed an *Atlantic* in her room every night.

It is the only monthly magazine that comes to the house, which I read through every month. My wife reads it, then it goes to a pastor friend of mine, who gives it to a retired Major of the Regular Army, then to a retired minister, who returns it to me. The maid reads it, and then it goes to a family who take it to a church reading-room in Los Angeles.

You will probably think that I am doing more for the circulation than for the subscription department.

(DR.) JOHN G. BLUE.

One of the most useful and important letters that have followed in the wake of Earnest Elmo Calkins's article on 'The Technique of Being Deaf,' is the following:—

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As a friendly supplement to Mr. Calkins's article on 'The Technique of Being Deaf,' in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, may I add advice heretofore unpublished?

Years of contact with those who suffer from impaired hearing have taught me an easy, satisfying method of communication. It is as follows: Use an exaggerated lip movement when pronouncing your sentences. Let your facial expression magnify the thoughts you are trying to portray to your listeners. Remember they are doing you a favor in trying to listen to your conversation. Reward the effort by waiting until their eyes are upon you, thereby making it easier for them to understand. A deaf person knows more than you think he does. His expression is deceiving and he listens in a manner unknown to the normal head. Actions speak louder than words, so let your movements talk. Never shout to a deaf person. Outcries are injurious to the speaker and most humiliating for the listener. If a pocket device or hand invention is offered you to talk into, remember to hold it far enough away from your mouth so your auditor may watch your lips.

A wonderful teacher at the Speech Reading Guild on Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, asked me if anyone in my household had impaired hearing. I asked, 'Why?' She replied I had an open face. For a moment I did n't know whether I was unreserved, or maintained too expanded a mode of speech. Her second remark brought relief to my troubled mind. She said she could understand every word spoken!

'WANO.'

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We believe that we are doing notable historical service in collecting data on that wretchedly neglected figure in human history, Mrs. Noah. It seems that the patriarch Noah was her nephew as well as her husband.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Noah's nobility of character becomes all the more noteworthy in the light of Mr. Gay's evidence that she was the daughter of the godly Enoch, thus making her Noah's great-aunt and, at the very least, sixty-eight years his senior. There was probably more difference in their ages, for this figure is based on the assumption that she was her father's youngest daughter, born

just before his translation. After begetting the distinguished Methuselah, at the age of sixty-five, Enoch lived three hundred years 'and begat sons and daughters,' so Mrs. Noah might have been anywhere from sixty-eight to three hundred and sixty-eight years older than her husband. In any case, a lady who married her great-nephew must often have found need for patience and forbearance. She probably had dandled him on her knee when he was a baby and even administered such corporal punishment as she saw fit. The building of the Ark and stocking it with all the animals must have seemed to her a childish prank.

MARJORIE PAUL.

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We suggested in a recent *Atlantic* that, in view of the repeated mistakes of authors upon the times and motions of the moon, a Moon Censor be appointed to pass upon all manuscripts. But we find ourselves violently attacked in the name of freedom.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I object — as usual! No censors, moon or mundane. Give 'em rope, I say. I detected that false moon last June and it confirmed my suspicion that I was reading fiction and not plain fact. The moon is the acid test. No censors.

HENRY W. KEIGWIN.

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DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I think the outraged teacher from Seattle who objected to 'Oh, leave me lay' must be related to a neighbor of mine.

An ignorant but — as he would say — 'airified' negro boy asked me for some books to read. I said, 'Well, Theophilus, what sort of books do you want?' His reply was, 'Oh Mis' Cater, I reads everything from Jesse James to Plato.'

Upon my relating this story to my neighbor, she looked at me inquiringly and said, 'Of course he meant William James.'

A READER.

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The Christian Church has something to say about 'The Return of the Turk' (January *Atlantic*).

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article by Mr. Masterman in your January number, entitled 'The Return of the Turk,' is enlightening and impressive, but he does not do justice to the action of the Christian Churches in America. The Episcopal Church, in its general convention and afterwards in its National Council, the Federal Council of Churches, the Roman

Catholic Church through Archbishop Hayes, and the Methodist Church have used their 'influence and organization' to convince the Administration that it ought to intervene in Turkey and give police protection to American citizens there and their work in the schools, colleges, and hospitals. Protection to them and to their work would protect the native Christians also. Thus far the Administration has refused to do anything more than remonstrate. It has remonstrated vigorously, but the churches are not responsible for the failure of the Administration to do more.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

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Jazz shows no sign of abating, and the literature upon it grows. Here is an acute argument for the defense.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This evening I happened to pick up an ancient copy of the *Atlantic*. It was the June 1922 issue. I cannot resist the call to exhume one sentence that was found between the covers of that number and comment upon it.

G. Stanley Hall, in his 'Flapper Americana Novissima,' a rather flippant title for staid old *Atlantic*, refers to 'jazz, with its shocks, discords, blariness, siren effects, animal and all other noises, and its heterogeneous tempos, in which every possible liberty is taken with rhythm.' I protest. But it is to only half of this right ponderous sentence that I take exception. I agree with the assertion that jazz is *not* music — from an artistic point of view. The antonym for symphony is a horrible sounding word, but it is descriptive of jazz to a degree.

But difficult as it may be for the minuet mind of a schottische aesthete to grasp, there *is* a reason for the continued existence of jazz: and that reason is Tempo. In jazz anything, everything, if you like, is sacrificed to time except Time itself. Jazz exaggerates, emphasizes and accentuates tempo, but it holds time as inviolate of variation as Damrosch holds symphony of discord. Rhythm, 'the regular succession . . .' (*Webster*), the one, two, three, four of jazz holds its course as straight and true as the World in its present day trend toward the Dogs. The principal beats of the measure, one might observe, are spaced evenly with an accuracy that has been developed to an art.

And it is an art, I venture to say, that has come to stay at least until the time when we, in turn, are scandalized by the radical departures of the next succeeding 'Younger Generation' some few years hence.

ALFRED W. POND.